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MRS. FITZHERBERT'S VINDICATION.

THE inimitable Thackeray, in his satire on the Four Georges, asks, of the last of the bad lot, "What good in knowing that he actually did marry Mrs. Fitzherbert according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church; that her marriage settlements have been seen in London; that the names of the witnesses to her marriage are known?" The satirist, after a fashion, unconsciously becomes an object for satire himself, if he set down such a question in all seriousness. There is no higher good in all the world than the vindication of truth with regard to a woman's fair fame. As there is no blacker crime than the larceny of that most precious of all gems, so there can be nothing more grateful to the good than the restoration of what has suffered from the guilty connivance or the poisonous whisper of interested plotters.

Thackeray's picture of George the Fourth is so complete that one must think that no additional touch of any other artist could improve it in point of hideousness. Every toothsome trait of villainy is seen in the portrait of the "first gentleman of Europe." But the hand of the writer of the "Greville Memoirs" gave the finishing stroke that few would deem needful. Under the date of March 31, 1837, the writer makes an entry which brands George as the arch-scoundrel of his time or any other time. Among the many old people who have been taken off by the severe weather (he notes),

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one of the most remarkable is Mrs. Fitzherbert, who has died at Brighton at above eighty years of age. She was not a clever woman, he went on to say, but of a very noble spirit, disinterested, generous, honest and affectionate. He adds other fine qualities, and then proceeds to say that she was treated with uniform distinction and respect by the royal family (that is, William IV. and his consort). But the late King (George), he adds, who was a despicable creature, grudged her the allowance he was bound to make her, and he was always afraid lest she should make use of some of the documents in her possession to annoy or injure him. This mean and selfish apprehension led him to make various efforts to obtain possession of those the appearance of which he most dreaded, and among others one remarkable attempt was made by Sir William Knighton some years ago. Although a stranger to Mrs. Fitzherbert he called at her house one day when she was ill in bed, insisted upon seeing her and forced his way into her bedroom. She contrived somehow to get rid of him without his getting anything out of her, but this domiciliary visit determined her to make a final disposition of all the papers she possessed, that in the event of her death no advantage might be taken of them, either against her own memory or the interests of any other person. She accordingly selected those papers which she resolved to preserve, and which are supposed to be the documents and correspondence relating to her marriage with George IV., and made a packet of them, which was deposited at her banker's, and all other letters and papers she condemned to the flames. For this purpose she sent for the Duke of Wellington and Lord Albemarle, told them her determination, and in their presence had these papers burned. She assured them that everything was destroyed, and if after her death any pretended letters or documents were produced, they might give the most authoritative contradiction to their authenticity.

Now, it might well be inferred from this statement of the writer of the Memoirs that a piece of deception was practised by the old lady upon the agents of the sovereign. Lord Stourton, Mrs. Fitzherbert's relative and biographer, gave a somewhat different version of the transaction. He relates how, on the death of George IV., he (Lord Stourton) and Lord Albemarle, at the request of the Duke of Wellington, who was the executor for the late King, went over all the correspondence between the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert and destroyed all save what she desired to preserve. These were collected, sealed by the Duke, Sir William Knighton, Lord Albemarle and Lord Stourton, and deposited in Coutts' bank. From the Greville papers it would appear that the old lady had taken the precaution of depositing the letters she held most sacred,

for the purpose of protecting her own reputation, and then pretended that those which she submitted to the new King's emissaries were all that existed. This is a curious discrepancy—perhaps not intentional, but only the result of slovenliness in composition. But a discrepancy it certainly seems. If Mr. Greville be correct in his memorandum, there ought to have been another packet in Coutts' bank beside that placed there by the royal commissioners.

Amongst the points which the examination of the papers may elucidate is the question whether from the union of the Prince and this lady any issue proceeded. This point is now the subject of widespread discussion. Here in the United States there are several members of a family named Ord who believe they are descended from the present British royal dynasty by reason of that union. Should the claim be established, as a result of the revelations of the long-hidden papers, it can have no tangible effect on the succession, inasmuch as the British line was secured from the effects of commingling with any but royal blood by the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act, which was passed in the reign of George II. for the specific purpose of barring out all inferior strains and making unions such as that of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert, if not unlawful, at least what are known in Germany as morganatic. The Brunswick family may be said to have had the "morganatic" habit in a very aggravated form. Another member of the family, the Duke of Clarence, who afterward became King William IV., had picked up with an Irish actress known as Mrs. Jordan, and by her had ten children, all of whom were ennobled and became the Honorable Fitzclarences. The Duke of York, his brother, had a similar entanglement, though in a minor degree.

By that celebrated enactment it was decreed that no descendant of George II., except the offspring of such of the princes as were married to or might marry foreign princesses were incapable of marrying till the age of twenty-five, without the sovereign's consent, or after that age, in the event of the sovereign's refusal, without the consent of both houses of Parliament. The remarkable circumstance in connection with this sweeping enactment was that George II. was himself the grandson of a French lady, Miss Eleanor d'Oibreuse, who though of very inferior birth, was in comfortable circumstances. She captivated the second son of Duke George of Celle; and she had a pretty daughter, with whom, or the large fortune she inherited, the Elector George of Hanover fell in love and married; and from this union sprang the House of Hanover, and from that the House of Brunswick, by the marriage of Ernest Duke of Brunswick with Sophia, niece of the Elector who married the rich daughter of the plebeian French lady, Eleanor d'Oibreuse.

So that there was no small share of irony as to his own origin in the act of the Dutch monarch who got the British Parliament to pass a measure forbidding such unions as that which procured for the British people the blessings of a line so gifted with harmless mediocrity as the Guelphs. However striking the irony in the case may be, there is no getting over the fact that the law thus enacted effectually barred out the claims of any possible candidates for the honors of British royalty who could not show such credentials as that law insisted on. Hence it is not easy to understand the grounds upon which those who appealed, and successfully appealed, to the slumbering bigotry of the English populace, at this particular epoch, based their incitement to alarm.

The immediate cause why the Royal Marriage Act was introduced and passed was the marriage of the Duke of Cumberland with Mrs. Horton and of the Duke of Gloucester with the Countess Waldegrave. Both these matches the plebeian-blooded monarch, George II., regarded as beneath the dignity of the House of Brunswick. The effects of the Royal Marriage Act have been tragical on many occasions. It prevented the course of natural affection, and substituted state policy for the highest and purest emotion of human nature—the love that makes marriage the grand sacrament of humanity and consecrates it as a pledge of perpetuity while the world lasts. It gave rise to a hideous crop of immorality, sullying the noblest English houses, by restricting the choice of the royal princes and princesses to the narrow circle of petty German royalties. Writers of the day denounced the Act as an odious one, contrary to the laws of God and nature, and fraught with actual peril to the British Empire, by exposing it to the danger of having the crown, at some critical period, left without a legitimate successor.

One of the most flagrant examples of the iniquity of the Act was its operation in regard to the marriage of the Duke of Sussex to Lady Augusta Murray. They were first wedded in Rome, according, doubtless, to the Catholic rite, and when they returned to England in 1793 they were again married, according to the forms of the Established Church, in St. George's, Hanover Square, London—the most fashionable church in the metropolis. But old George III. set his face against the union and was determined to dissolve it, at whatever cost—on the empty plea of preserving unimpaired the succession to the crown. He got a suit instituted in the Court of Arches, wherein all ecclesiastical causes were tried; and the complaisant Judges acceded to his wishes by finding that not only was the Roman ceremony invalid, but even that conducted according to the English law in the English church! The result of that monstrous finding was that the King's own grandchild, the

offspring of the union, was rendered illegitimate. Could human injustice any further go?

George III. himself, it is interesting to note, had in his early life resolved to break through the brazen fetters of this atrocious Marriage Act. He had fallen in love with Lady Sarah Lenox, and would have married her if his father the King had not barred the project. The result was, according to the gossip of the day, that insanity that for several years made George's reign a period of serious danger to the country.

It was under such conditions that the Prince of Wales, who afterwards became King George IV., met the fascinating Mrs. Fitzherbert. If she was beautiful, he was handsome. He was just come of age, one of the most accomplished and magnetic of men. He was witty, learned, a master of languages, of elegant manners and fine speech. These dangerous accomplishments—to the hollow-hearted, such as he—had already worked havoc with the virtue of several susceptible beauties and brought dishonor to the domestic hearths of decent people.

Mrs. Fitzherbert, though twice a widow, was only twenty-five years old when the Prince of Wales first met her. It was at the opera house in London. She was in the box belonging to her relative, Lady Sefton. The moment the Prince laid eyes on her he was incurably smitten. He had no difficulty in obtaining an introduction, and he immediately proceeded to bring into play those batteries which he had found effective in overcoming the resistance of matron and maid. But he soon discovered that the *open sesame* of royalty which had proved fatal to poor "Perdita" (Mrs. Robinson) and a score of other victims was ineffectual in this case. The lady was a Catholic—and that made a world of difference. She belonged to an old English family—the Smythes, of Bambridge, Hampshire. She had been married, at the age of nineteen, to Mr. Edward Weld, of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire—another of the old English stock. He died within a year; and after a period of mourning she was wooed and won by Mr. Thomas Fitzherbert, of Swinnerton, Staffordshire. He died within three years of the marriage, and the event left her a second time a widow, at an age when most English girls deem it best to begin married life. She was the inheritor of a fortune sufficient to maintain her in elegance—a couple of thousand pounds a year. When she discovered the meaning of the Prince's attentions to her she immediately rejected them. He persisted in his importunities; wrote ballads, like "Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill," on her beauty, and sent them to her by some of his usual go-betweens. But, determined not to be annoyed by attentions she knew to be dishonorable, the lady packed up her

trunks and hied her off to France, where she had friends. Gossip at that particular time was by no means mealy-mouthed or chary of its pleasures. Though there was a stringent press law, there was a boldness in defying its provisions that denoted an impatience of restraint and a high public spirit. These were the days of "Junius" and the "Drapier Letters," or not far removed from that celebrated period, and John Wilkes and Horne Tooke were striking sounding blows on the shield of tyranny and clearing the way for the coming emancipation of the press. If the political writing of such a time demands our admiration because of its ability as well as its courage, it must also elicit our reprobation at times because of its license and the scandalous way in which it dealt with private character. Anonymous writers were allowed to pursue a course of open defamation toward the highest personages such as would not be tolerated now. Mrs. Fitzherbert was made the subject of such a villainous method of journalism. A pamphlet signed "Nemesis" gave currency to a slander affecting her reputation. The writer pretended to be familiar with her private life in France, and asserted that she had formed a friendship there with the Marquis de Bellois, which, it was hinted, was of too warm a character. It would seem that the motive of this vile attack was to turn the Prince of Wales against the lady. He had indeed manifested his regard for her so unmistakably that some desperate measures must be resorted to, in the belief of those to whom this attachment gave concern, to change his sentiments. Religious animus, it would seem, was the prime factor in the system of intrigue and calumny upon which they determined. The Prince was unremitting in his endeavors to discover her retreat, they knew; and so the story was started that she had retired from Plombiers, where she had been staying, and hidden herself in Paris under some assumed name, as a result of her acquaintance with the Marquis de Bellois. There was no mincing of words by the concocter of this vile attack; and so, in order to disprove its gravamen and give the scandal its quietus, we are at liberty to conclude, Mrs. Fitzherbert's kinsman, Mr. Errington, and her friend, Mr. Bouverie, advised her to return immediately to England.

According to "Nemesis," the Marquis de Bellois followed her to England and blackmailed her, on the threat of publishing certain letters of the Prince of Wales to Mrs. Fitzherbert, to the extent of a couple of hundred pounds. The fraudulent character of such a statement is shown by the fact that one of the details given in support of it was that Mrs. Fitzherbert's brother, Mr. Walter Smythe, was one of those who had given stories disgraceful to the Prince of Wales, in connection with the lady, and that he, too, had to be

bought off by large sums of money and valuable presents, and that much more was expended in the bribing of newspapers to suppress scandal and publish matter complimentary to Mrs. Fitzherbert. What was the meaning of this premeditated and methodical course of *scandalum magnatum?* The onslaught of the anonymous libeller who described himself or herself as "Nemesis" will supply the clue. It said: Mrs. Fitzherbert was at this time said to be in correspondence in France with the *gros* Abbé, the bastard brother of the Duke of Orleans, the Abbé Taylor and some Irish friars in many parts of Italy. The aim of this correspondence was said to be to harass the existing Administration, and to pave the way for the introduction of Catholics into Ireland."

"Said to be!" This is ever the elusive weapon of the slanderer and the poisoner of the mind. It is an old resort and as much in vogue to-day as ever. It was lately used in this country, more than once, by traffickers in this sort of merchandise, for a purpose as foul as in the days of George III. But let us consider the situation, the victim and the objects:

The period was toward the close of the eighteenth century—a time when nearly every penal statute ever passed against professors of the Catholic faith was in full operation. It was only a little time before that England had shown that the silent statute-books only expressed the living, active and destructive hatred of the Catholic system and Catholic people that burned in the hearts of the majority of Englishmen. The terrible riots associated with the name of Lord George Gordon testified to the depth and power of that fierce fanaticism; and that spirit was quite likely to assert itself once more in case it could be proved that the heir to the throne had entered into an alliance, regular or irregular, with one of the detested Papists. Lord George Gordon himself was actively at work stirring anew the smoldering fires that had already laid a large portion of London in ashes. He was under prosecution before the King's Bench for a libel on the Queen of France and the French Ambassador at the English Court, the Count d'Adhemar. During the trial Lord George commented with very great freedom on the connection said to exist between the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert—so busy had the tongue of scandal been in transforming a royal repulse into a royal victory over honor. He had stated that while in Paris he had held a conversation with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and he desired to have her testimony as to this, in order to prove an intrigue between the French and British Courts—the subject, he asserted, of that conversation. This, of course, was a renewal of the No Popery tactics, but it failed. Lord George actually attempted to serve a subpœna on the lady himself. He called at

her house for that purpose, but was turned out by the servants. Mrs. Fitzherbert's brother, Mr. Walter Smythe, accompanied by a friend, Mr. Orton, went to Lord George's residence next day and threatened him with serious consequences if he attempted to molest the lady again or take any liberties with her name—a fact that shows that the spirit of the Catholic gentry was in nowise cowed by the truculence of Lord George and his murderous henchmen in that time of brutal terrorizing and persecution. The fanatic lord wrote a letter to the Prime Minister, Mr. Pitt, describing the incident and closing with a minatory sort of demand that the matter be brought to the attention of the House of Commons in order to show "the overbearing disposition of the Papists." This was the old story of the wolf and the lamb with a vengeance, all the circumstances taken into account.

Lord George's action in the matter attracted to the case of the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert an instant and widespread interest. It immediately began to be discussed in the newspapers, in the coffee houses, in the drawing rooms. Everybody was asking his or her neighbor had there been really a marriage. Then appeared on the stage a firebrand of a worse type than Gordon because more able and logical. This was the celebrated, or, more properly speaking, notorious person known as Horne Tooke—a poulterer's son whose real name was John Horne, but who had Tooke added to it in order to qualify for a legacy left him on that condition. He put forth a pamphlet, in which he addressed Mrs. Fitzherbert repeatedly as the Princes of Wales, asserted that a marriage had taken place, that it was celebrated by a priest whose name he knew, and pronounced it to be a nullity because of the law forbidding unions between people of royal blood and subjects. This pamphlet created a tremendous sensation—not so much because it related to a fact forbidden by statute, but because of the religion of one of the parties. The excitement over the publication was not confined to England; it spread over Europe in the courts and fashionable circles. It created something like a frenzy among the English masses. Some mysterious pressure appeared to have been exerted over Tooke and unknown agents seemed to have bought up the pamphlet, for no copy of it could be had a few days after it was suddenly sprung on the public. Tooke was pressed to repeat or confirm what he had previously stated, but he preserved a rigid silence. It was a most serious thing to allege that the heir to the crown had married a Papist; it almost amounted to treason against the Constitution, under the Act of Settlement. The matter did find its way into Parliament when the discussion of the debts of the Prince of Wales came on in the course of the estimates. Mr.

Fox was put up to say that there was no truth in the rumored marriage, and that the lady who was known to be living with the Prince had no canonical claim to be his wife; and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was as great a friend of the Prince as Fox was, delivered a speech in eulogy of the lady referred to which charmed the House by its elegance but left everybody in a state of mystification as to what the status of the lady really was.

But despite the Prince's denial, by proxy, and despite what Fox and Pitt and Sheridan had affirmed, a marriage had taken place—a perfectly valid marriage, though contrary to the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act—a marriage unprecedented in the conditions which led up to it and by those with which it was surrounded. All the particulars connected with it have now come to light, through the liberality of King Edward in allowing the papers on the subject, after seventy years of repose in the vaults of Coutts' bank, to be used for publication. Mr. W. H. Wilkins takes up the story of Mrs. Fitzherbert's life which Lord Stourton, her relative, had left unfinished, and we are now in full possession of all the facts relating to this unexampled romance of royalty. The marriage took place on the 15th of December, 1785, at Mrs. Fitzherbert's residence, in Park Lane, London, the bride being given away by her uncle, Mr. Henry Errington, and one of her two brothers, Mr. John Smythe, acting as witness. The Rev. Robert Burt, a young Church of England clergyman, officiated. Mrs. Fitzherbert wished to have the ceremony performed by a Catholic priest, but the law at that time made it a serious offense for a priest to join in marriage a member of his own Church and one of the English Church; in the case of the Prince of Wales such an act would probably be construed as treason. But the marriage, as it was, was in every respect valid; and so Prince George genteelly lied when he told Fox, on his honor, there was no marriage with the lady, so that the House of Commons might have no hesitation about paying His Royal Highness' debts, that he might be enabled to go on untrammelled in his pleasant career of dalliance with sirens and singers.

How the marriage was contrived is one of those romances in real life which eclipse the effort of dramatist or fiction writer. It was brought about by a bold trick. The Prince had become quite an adept in inventions intended for the accomplishment of his plans either to entrap female innocence or indulge his low tastes with pugilists, horsey men and betting men. One time he would be the Honorable Mr. Elliott, another a night watchman, another a lackey, and so on. Like the Caliph Haroun al Raschid he loved to roam around big cities at night time, but with a far different purpose; and his nocturnal amusements frequently got him into scrapes that

required a good deal of money to hush up or escape from. He had laid siege in vain to the heart of the beautiful widow of Edward Weld. She was as prudent as she was beautiful. When she saw that his attentions and compliments meant more than the accepted *persiflage* of society she plainly discouraged them. When he protested his devotion she reminded him of the Royal Marriage Act and the Countess of Waldegrave's reply to his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, under similar circumstances, that "she was too inconsiderable to be his wife and too considerable to be his mistress." She took care to emphasize her earnestness of purpose by leaving the country and putting the sea between them; but this only inflamed the Prince, accustomed to have neither resistance nor denial where his passions were concerned, all the more violently. Mrs. Fitzherbert had been brought up in a convent in France, and was deeply imbued with the Catholic sentiment and principle. Not for any consideration whatever would she give up her faith; and she was well aware that the Prince could not change his and remain heir to the throne. But she could hardly resist his pleadings when he made her believe that his life was at stake in the matter. He got up a story that he had stabbed himself in desperation and would die of his wounds unless she consented to come and see him at Carlton House and give him some hope. She relented, and getting the Duchess of Devonshire, a lady of unsullied reputation, to accompany her, she went there and found the Prince, with Lord Southampton and three other friends. Who the three were Mr. Wilkins' narrative does not say, but other authorities give the names of Charles James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Edmund Burke. We do not believe the latter to have been a performer in such a disgraceful deception; he was a man of the highest honor; the others were the very opposite, in many ways. The idea was that "some sort of a ceremony" should be gone through before these witnesses.

To some extent this piece of black villainy was successful. Mrs. Fitzherbert, on seeing the Prince pale, exhausted and blood-dabbled, believed that he had really endeavored to play the part of Romeo, and she almost fainted. When she came to herself, the Prince began a series of passionate protestations that nothing would induce him to live unless she consented to become his wife. Alarmed at the terrible alternative, she gave a half-hearted assent; a ring was borrowed from the Duchess of Devonshire, the Prince put it on her finger before all the witnesses. This was taken as a betrothal ceremony, and the lady with her friend then left the house, the Prince feeling very much better and calmer. The truth of the matter seems to be that the Prince had made no attempt on his life, but had been bled by his doctor—for bleeding and cupping were much

in vogue at the time as a means of relieving pain; and he had got the royal blood daubed about his clothes in order to pretend that he had really stabbed himself in a paroxysm of despair for love of her. This play was carried to perfection on the stage of real life. Reading of it at this day, the story appears almost incredible. But it is cold, hard, stolid fact—a sober chapter from the history of the present royal family of great Britain.

We doubt that the annals of base rascality ever recorded a parallel for this vile plot against a noble woman, with a royal prince and heir apparent as the principal conspirator. It is one of the blackest chapters in the life of that handsome profligate on whom a cynical fate had bestowed the palm of "first gentleman in Europe."

Mrs. Fitzherbert was not long ere she realized the mistake into which her commiseration and weakness had inveigled her. On reaching home she wrote an indignant letter to Lord Southampton, reproaching him and his companions for their unmanly conduct and repudiating any sort of obligation as accruing from such a farcical ceremony. To emphasize her displeasure, she immediately quitted England again. She remained in France for more than a year. This was the time when the libeller "Nemesis" was busy with her good name in the interests of the anti-Catholic party.

But the "first gentleman" was not to be balked of his quarry so easily. There were some tricks left him still. He sent letter after letter to Mrs. Fitzherbert imploring her to return and promising her a real marriage that would fulfil every requirement of her Church. He wrote her a letter thirty-seven pages long—the longest amatory missive, probably, ever penned—urging his suit and his reasons why she should favor it. It was a lying letter. The Prince stated the deliberate falsehood that his father "would connive at their union," notwithstanding the Royal Marriage Act, for the reason that he (the King) hated him (the Prince) so much that he would like nothing better than an excuse for setting aside his claim to the crown in favor of his favorite, the Duke of York. It would be difficult indeed to imagine any device more malignantly artful than this.

It was successful—and this is hardly to be wondered at. The lady was now persuaded that she was really loved and respected by this persistent, passionate wooer and that she was necessary to his existence, as he had, she believed, once painfully demonstrated. She did not believe that a Prince could fall so low as to tell a lie. She did not know that he had confessed that he did not know how to speak the truth, and blamed his mother, the Queen, for having taught him and his brothers the art of equivocation—a terrible

charge in the mouth of a son. He was determined to marry her, even though by doing so he forfeited his right of succession. He would grant every condition she demanded; all that he asked in return was that the union should be kept secret. She was at length satisfied; if it were a secret marriage it was a valid one, satisfying her conscience and her honor. She was, after all, only woman; and how few women there were who would have resisted a royal suitor so strenuously under similar circumstances! This is a very important point to consider before apportioning the blame in this royal drama or tragedy.

Mr. Wilkins, in endeavoring to explain how it came about that a woman of so pure and noble a character could be induced to make such a surrender of her principles as to assent to a secret marriage, formulates the theory that she really loved the Prince of Wales. It is not at all improbable. All chroniclers describe him as a very fascinating personage. There is no doubt that he had a wheedling tongue as well as a charming way among both men and women. She may, too, have thought that she would be serving the interests of her persecuted co-religionists in England and Ireland by entering into such an alliance with one who was to sit on the throne of Great Britain. That paragraph in "Nemesis'" letter about Irish monks and the plan for "introducing Catholics into Ireland" throws a lurid light upon the episode. Though the writer seemed to have been under the impression that all the Catholics in Ireland had, as a high judicial authority had declared, no longer any legal existence, they might be restored to life by a little encouragement such as the union of one of their co-religionists with the heir to the English crown would undoubtedly afford. The meaning of Lord George Gordon's appearance on the stage must not be overlooked. This fact, taken in connection with the libel of "Nemesis," has a tremendous bearing on the significance of the case. It shows us the underlying motive for the hostility of the press of the time toward Mrs. Fitzherbert and explains the villainy of the libels on her stainless character.

Much light on this interesting phase of the subject is to be derived by a perusal of a work that appeared many years ago dealing with the affairs of the English Court in the reigns of George III. and George IV. It was written by an historian named Robert Huish, and entitled "Memoirs of George the Fourth;" and the spirit in which the work was carried through suggests an appeal to pruriency rather than any love of genuine historical inquiry. But despite this unsavory tendency the work is extremely valuable because of the evident pains the author took to pick up every scrap of tittle-tattle bearing on his subject and the remarkable attention with

which he followed every movement of all the personages who filled the stage during the memorable period with which he deals. Mr. Huish professed to be acquainted with every detail of the royal *mésalliance;* he even put forward as semi-authentic some versions of private conversations between the Prince of Wales and the lady after they had been married—not as Thackeray said, according to the Catholic rite, but still validly—and yet he is shown by the papers recently disclosed to have been on an entirely false scent. Mr. Fox himself was present at the marriage, he asserted; likewise Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Burke; also Mr. Errington and Mr. Throgmorton; and the priest who performed the ceremony was the Abbé Seychamp. This belief, given as history, is now shown to have no basis but the merest gossip of the coffee houses. We can form some opinion of the ideas of honor entertained by those who were at the bottom of this plot to inflame the animosity of the mob and the mob leaders—fanatics like Lord George Gordon—from the fact that Horne Tooke, who asserted emphatically that he knew the name of the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony, remaining silent while it was being discussed whether it was a Catholic priest, when he knew—unless he was a liar—all about the case.

To offset the effect of those inflammatory appeals to bigotry a new campaign was begun with the object of showing that if there was any danger of a lapse of faith in the connection of the Prince with the lady it was not on her part it was to be feared. Huish's "Memoirs" give at some length the particulars of a private conversation between the pair, obtained through some mysterious channel—an eavesdropping domestic or a page, it is hinted—over the disavowal of the marriage by the Prince through the agency of Mr. Fox, in the House of Commons. The lady was very indignant at this disavowal, but the Prince succeeds at length in soothing her ruffled feelings, and he says:

"We might reasonably have expected long ago to be traduced for impiety, for I believe, Fitzherbert, you have not been at Mass since our union."

"No," replied Mrs. Fitzherbert, "nor do I purpose to attend the celebration any more; the Catholic faith was the religion of my ancestors and of those men to whom I gave my hand. . . . I am now in a new relation of life, and disposed to consult the honor and happiness of my present connections. . . . Not that religion is a matter of indifference, far from it. It is the heart which constitutes the essence of true religion; without it ceremonies are absurd, and with it they are unnecessary; at least they form so unimportant a part of public and private devotion that I can conscientiously conform, and I will conform, to the established modes

of the realm. Besides, I have no present objection to share my George's fate in future life; the idea of a separation, even there, is painful."

There is not much to excite admiration in this apparent magnanimity of soul, as the composer of it intended to be understood. If the lady had shown her disregard for the faith for whose forms she had been so pertinacious a stickler before their union, the Prince, on his part, had elicited the sentiment by the declaration that it would be ludicrous if either of them had been censured for "a predilection for any particular form of faith." At least this was what the reporter of the interview, or the concocter, had given as his sentiments on a matter concerning which, as the future head of the Established Church in England and Ireland, he would be called upon at some time to deal.

There is nothing in the authentic records of the lady's career to show that she ever adopted such an attitude toward her own religion or that of her liege lord and husband. The story is manifestly an effort of Mr. Huish's imagination. In several passages of the "Memoirs" his bitter anti-Catholic bias is plainly manifested.

That Fox denied emphatically that the marriage had taken place is a matter of public notoriety; and that in the course of the denial he had given it to be understood that the denial was based on the authority of a letter he had received from the Prince himself is equally well known. Mr. Huish affirms his belief that no such letter ever existed, but that does not establish anything one way or the other. The Prince, as we have seen, would not hesitate at mendacity when such a course would seem to serve his immediate purposes. He was at that particular time in desperate straits for money, and his denial of the marriage would clear the air and help him to get relief. These facts would easily explain the tangle that ensued over the incident. Fox and the Prince soon fell out over the occurrence, and never after were they on the same friendly terms as they had been before it.

Notwithstanding denials and equivocations, however, the belief that Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince were really wedded obtained such widespread credence that some desperate expedient was necessary on his part to avert disastrous consequences. Immense pressure was put on Mrs. Fitzherbert, as people still called her, in order to coerce her or induce her to leave the country, so that the Prince of Wales might be at liberty to comply with the wishes of the King and Queen that he might marry a member of some of the European royal families. She was subjected to threats of being prosecuted for high treason; she was offered an annuity of twenty thousands pounds a year and the rank of duchess. All these bland-

ishments and menaces the lady steadfastly resisted, until a coolness arose between her and her inconstant husband over attentions he had been paying to another lady. This led to an estrangement, and then, but not until then, did he consent to form an alliance such as his parents desired. The announcement of his engagement to the Princess Caroline of Brunswick soon afterwards came; and later on the Princess arrived in England for the purpose of fulfilling the engagement. It was an ill-starred event. Neither of the parties liked the other, and soon the Prince found that he had perjured himself and committed bigamy only to begin a life of misery and remorse—if any such feeling could arise in so callous and sensual a breast.

It is not relavent here to enter into any survey of the miserable years that ensued upon this most remarkable of royal marriages. It began by the Prince of Wales getting drunk during the festivities and ended by his accusing the Princess of the same shameful conduct as he himself had exhibited since he came to man's estate. The ill-assorted pair separated, and then the Prince reverted to his old passion. He endeavored to effect a reconciliation with the lady whom he had previously wedded. In June, 1796, after he had definitely parted from the Princess Caroline (who had borne him a child, the Princess Charlotte) he again approached Mrs. Fitzherbert with a view to resuming marital relations. She yielded. For this she has been severely blamed. No doubt the case looks extremely bad on the surface. Condonation of bigamy, not to mention numerous other offenses against morality, is a course hardly to be defended or palliated. But in this case there were conditions that had no parallel. Mrs. Fitzherbert did not yield until she first consulted the Roman Court, and, after weighing all the evidence most carefully the authorities there decided that her first duty was to her husband, whenever he claimed it. The most powerful reasons that ever prompted any woman to comply were involved in this unexampled dilemma of divided duty. The Prince, for instance, had actually threatened that, if the lady did not return to him, he himself would make public the fact of their marriage and bring down the law of Praemunire on herself and her family and have their property confiscated.

The abyss on the edge of which the chief actors in this strange drama were actually standing at the time can only be perceived by the light of events that have since transpired. We get a glimpse of it in the ferocious appeals to the dormant dragon of bigotry made by Lord George Gordon; and a still clearer one in Lord Brougham's Memoirs. That distinguished lawyer confesses that it was his intention, as counsel for Queen Caroline, in case George IV. pressed

his charges against her to the last extreme, to use the marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert as a *dernier ressort,* and so getting the King tumbled from his throne as a violator of the Act of Settlement. It is true that Brougham had no proof of this marriage, but he intended to put it forward as a matter accepted and throw the onus of denial on the King's counsel. We now know how near he was to the wind in steering this bold course, and how narrow was the escape of England from another great civil war with a religious question at the bottom like the two preceding ones.

An incident that occurred in the year 1804 vividly illustrates the strength and intensity of the stream of bigotry then flowing in English society. Lady Horatia Seymour, who had been a close personal friend of Mrs. Fitzherbert's, had manifested the esteem in which she held that lady by confiding to her the guardianship of her youngest daughter. Mrs. Fitzherbert had taken charge of the little girl when she was a mere infant, and it was Lady Seymour's wish, expressed to her on her death bed, that Mrs. Fitzherbert should continue to be her guardian until the young lady had attained her majority. This request Lady Seymour had solemnly conjured the Prince of Wales to see carried out—no doubt for good and sufficient reasons distrusting her husband and relatives, as Protestants, to respect her dying wishes in the matter. The Prince undertook the duty, and moreover took on himself the whole cost of the child's maintenance and education, since her own fortune was a very limited one. Lord Hugh Seymour, who was an admiral, was absent in West Indian waters at the time his wife died, died shortly afterwards himself, and by the terms of his will he bequeathed the guardianship of the child to his lady, he being ignorant of her death. Had Lady Seymour survived him but a single day she would be empowered in law to intrust the child's guardianship to whomsoever she pleased, but as the matter stood her relatives determined to take the child from the care of Mrs. Fitzherbert. The little Miss Seymour was a very weakly, fragile girl, and it was with the utmost difficulty her tender-hearted guardian kept her alive. This fact was strongly urged upon the court when the litigation over the question was in progress. The relatives were unmoved by this very serious consideration. They cared not whether the child lived or died, so that she was removed from the influence of one who was a member of the detested Church of Rome. An affidavit from the Prince of Wales and another from the Bishop of Winchester were exhibited, testifying that the girl was being educated in the religion of her parents, according to the stipulation upon which the guardianship was undertaken. Mr. Huish, the American chronicler of court scandals, does not hesitate

to mingle the vulgarest bigotry with the most prurient depiction in his narrative of this transaction, talking of priestly intrigue and dark superstition, while, in contradiction of his own admission that the Prince of Wales had failed to make any impression on the heart of Mrs. Fitzherbert until he had pressed for her hand in marriage, he does not hesitate to ventilate the foul rumor prevalent at the time of the trial that the child in question was not really the child of Lord and Lady Seymour, but of the "illicit connexion" between the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert. "We know not, in the whole range of human society," he writes, referring to the Bishop of Winchester, "a more execrable character than that of a time-serving priest, a man of holiness and sanctity, who for the sake of present or future emolument will truckle at the feet of his superiors and be ready at their command to further their designs, however deep those designs may be steeped in infamy and vice." Such an ecclesiastic may indeed merit the contempt of honest men, but there is a creature compared with whom the subservient priest is as an angel of light—and this is the retailer of vile and unfounded slander upon the fairest and most delicate thing in all creation, a woman's honor.

This remarkable case of guardianship was withdrawn from the court by consent and left to the settlement of the Marquis of Hertford, as head of the Seymour family. His decision was that the child be left under the guardianship of Mrs. Fitzherbert, according to her mother's wish, and so the bigots were foiled in their scheme of heartless vindictiveness.

The Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert finally parted in the year 1808. Some other star—Lady Jersey or the Marchioness of Conyngham—had swum into the ken of the satiated George, whose facility for dropping those who had served his turn in any way made him notorious, if not unrivalled, among royal inconstants. But George acted better by Mrs. Fitzherbert, to his credit be it said, than to most others on whom his dangerous admiration was bestowed. He made a will in her favor, attesting his loyalty to her in most impressive and indeed, all things considered, what may be described as manly fashion; and when a good many years later he lay dead his courtiers found a locket containing a miniature of Mrs. Fitzherbert lying close to his heart. He was a rascal, but he had some little redeeming grace after all.

In literary style the will of George IV. could not, probably, be surpassed by his severe critic, Thackeray himself, who described him as being unable to compose a letter in tolerable English. It is fervid and forceful in its sincerity, for when he wrote it the Prince believed himself to be a dying man, having been overcome by some sudden and inexplicable form of illness, for which copious bleeding

became immediately necessary, even though the effect of such treatment might be grave, if not fatal. It was while his life thus hung in the balance that he felt impelled to make some reparation for the wrong that he and his friends in the Ministry had done Mrs. Fitzherbert, and so drew up the remarkable document which now for the first time has seen the light of publicity along with the marriage certificate and the other papers bearing on the episode. The subjoined few sentences taken from the document will prove that George could write when he so desired:

> By this, my last will and testament, I now bequeath, give and settle at my death all my property of every description, denomination and sort, personal and other, *to my Maria Fitzherbert, my wife, the wife of my heart and soul.* Although by the law of this country she could not avail herself publicly of that name, *still such she is in the eyes of heaven; was, is and ever will be such in mine.* And for the truth of which assertion I appeal to that gracious God whom I have here invoked to witness this my last disposition of my property, together with such explanations and declarations as are necessary for me to make to enable me to quit this life with a clear conscience and even without a sigh, except at the thought of leaving her (and, perhaps, too, without first receiving the blessing of her forgiveness), *who is my real and true wife,* and who is dearer to me, even millions of times dearer to me, than that life I am now going to resign.

The passages printed in italics were underscored by the royal testator as he drew the instrument.

The London *Tablet,* which has devoted considerable space to and displayed commendable spirit in the vindication of Mrs. Fitzherbert, had asked why the lady did not insist on being married by a Catholic priest, and answered the question itself by saying that the question would hardly have occurred to any one in 1785. But the fact that it did occur actually to Mrs. Fitzherbert has been elicited by the raising of the question. A letter from a Brighton priest, the Rev. T. Johnston, to the editor of the *Tablet* throws quite an interesting light on the matter. It is in a sense an historical document:

> May I give another answer by saying that I believe the question did really occur to Mrs. Fitzherbert herself, that she did ask for and actually got a Catholic priest who blessed the marriage? Probably no record was kept of this, as there were complications enough already.
>
> The ceremony according to the Church of England was necessary to give her any chance of position before the world, and therefore she accepted it. But she thought of her Catholic conscience, too. There was no need to publish the ceremony by the priest; she would trust to tradition by the mouths of her friends, and that some one some day would say what I am saying now.
>
> The tradition here is very strong. Father Cullen came to Brighton in 1818 and died in 1850. He was the intimate friend of Mrs. Fitzherbert; indeed, they put their heads and purses together to build our church and to give a house to the priest. Father Cullen would certainly have known the details of the marriage. Before he died Canon Rymer came, with whom afterwards I was curate for several years. In all our conversations on the subject, the Canon always told me that the marriage lines were in Coutts' Bank, but that the marriage had been blessed by a Roman Catholic priest.
>
> Having Mrs. Fitzherbert's body in my keeping, I feel that, in a sense, her fair fame is in my keeping, too, and therefore I venture to write.
>
> This is no reflection on the work of Mr. Wilkins, who has so admirably vindicated her honor before men. I want only to add my word, that her good name may be perfect before her Catholic brethren.

Much discussion is now going on over the problem whether any

issue resulted from this royal union. It is stated that there are certain descendants who pass under the name of Ord. In Georgetown College it is a tradition that one of the pupils who passed under the name of James Ord was the son of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert, and there are living Ords—all Catholics, it is stated—who claim descent from him. This is, however, a matter that need not be discussed here or now. It will be recollected by readers of English fiction of the early Victorian era that a great many romantic novels bore the name of "G. P. R. James." Common rumor interpreted these initials as the denotement of a royal parentage—George Prince Regent. The surname agrees with the Christian name of the Ord claimant. This is a suggestive little sidelight on a very obscure question.

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THE NEO-SCHOLASTIC MOVEMENT.

A RETROSPECT AND A PROSPECT.

THE pontificate which ended with the death of Joachim Pecci on Monday, July 20, 1903, was in many respects the most noteworthy of a series of striking Papal reigns. For more than the traditional "years of Peter" the Apostolic Chair had known an occupant who united in his person the farsightedness of the diplomat, the elegance of the man of letters, the ripe judgment of the scholar and the reasoning power of the trained logician.

Leo XIII. commanded the attention and compelled the admiration of the world as a statesman and as a ruler. Assuming the triple crown and the pastoral staff of the city at a time when the strife of the national Italian crisis seemed almost to have passed away, he succeeded to a legacy of political difficulty peculiarly embarrassing. Rome was the capital of the new kingdom; the Popes were no longer masters in the Eternal City; people were becoming accustomed to the new order of things, and whatever deep feelings may have been stirred by the thunder of the cannon at Porta Pia, they were fast being forgotten again in the ordinary daily routine.

Many were the forecasts, many the auguries for the future reign. How the august Pontiff faced the dangers of his time and wrung even from the lips of those whose sympathy and ideals had little or nothing in common with his own a measure of commendation and

praise is well known. His singleness of purpose amidst a multiplicity of detail, his high and far-reaching moral influence, his indomitable patience and ready tact have gone far to make that Church over which he ruled for a quarter of a century more appreciated and less misunderstood by the non-Catholic world than any mere courtly splendor or regal success could have done. Leo XIII., while protesting, as Pius IX. had done before him, against an intolerable state of affairs and reminding the world by a perpetually uncompromising *non possumus* of the political injustice of his position, did far more to advance the true interests of religion and further the cause of humanity than did many of his predecessors, to whom the peculiar situation in which he found himself placed was foreign and undreamed of.

But the effects of his pontificate within the Church are perhaps even more striking than the growth of appreciation without. His rule was characterized by expansion. The ceaseless activity of his pastoral care found scope not only in the creation of new dioceses and in the administration inseparable from his hierarchical position. His political relations with the States of Europe and Asia as well as with the countries of the New World and his government of the Church itself in its varied environment earned for his judgment, tact and breadth of principle the highest encomiums from students of the political sciences. Question after question, during the twenty-five years of his reign, was brought to him for solution or was forced upon his consideration by the circumstances that gave it birth. One has only to glance through the collected epistles, allocutions, encyclical letters to realize the vast and varied range of the problems, religious, moral and social, with which he grappled. Hardly a country to which a share of his thought and solicitude was not given. Scarce a burning question debated in the arena of politics or agitated by public opinion that does not find a solution couched in the elegant language and polished style of the Pontiff. Education and social theories, separated Eastern Christians and the provisions of the French Concordat, Catholic schools in Manitoba and the Kulturkampf in Germany—these are but samples of the problems that claimed his attention and care. Was it, we may ask, the accademia and the diplomatic training that he received there that fitted him for the work that he performed, or was it to his teachers of the "Society," both at Viterbo and at the Roman College—humanities, philosophy, theology—that he owed those luminous guiding principles which directed his policy, influenced his judgment and characterized his whole pontificate?

It would be impossible to estimate accurately all the causes that came into play. The natural gifts of a ready wit, a marvelous

memory and a logical application of facts and their import were united in Leo XIII. with a profound grasp of the great principles of the Thomistic system of philosophy. If he did not owe all, he owed much to the luminous teaching of Thomas Aquinas, saint and doctor of the Church. Indeed, he recognized this debt, and in so doing at once paid a graceful tribute to St. Thomas and used the prerogative of his high station in the interests of the flock committed to his care.

In one of the earliest of his encyclicals, the famous "Aeterni Patris," of 1879, the language in which he sums up his estimate of the works of the Angelic Doctor might be considered too full of hyperbole and superlative, if the encyclical were not so terribly in earnest. He proposes the writings and principles of St. Thomas as possessing "a full selection of subjects, a beautiful arrangement of their divisions, the best method of treating them, certainty of principles, strength of argument, perspicuity and propriety in language and the power of explaining deep mysteries.[1] He upholds "the pure streams of wisdom which flow from the Angelic Doctor as from a perennial and copious spring"[2] as the argument and foundation of faith, the antidote to social, political and moral evils, the true safeguard of all the sciences and arts. In this connection he carefully and wisely notes the complementary nature of the physical sciences and of philosophy. "For the fruitful exercise and increase of these sciences," he continues, "it is not enough that we consider facts and contemplate nature. When the facts are well known we must rise higher and give our thoughts with great care to understanding the nature of corporeal things, as well as to the investigation of the laws which they obey and of the principles from which spring their order, their unity in variety and their common likeness in diversity. It is marvelous what power and light and help are given to these investigations by scholastic philosophy if it be wisely used."[3]

We recognize in this letter addressed to the whole episcopate the earnest student and ardent admirer of Thomas Aquinas risen to the position of a master in Israel. We perceive with what a sharp and clear-cut distinction he metes out to each its proper sphere of usefulness. Looking, as he does, to the natural sciences for the discovery, tabulation and investigation of facts; appealing to philosophy for the laws and principles which illuminate and explain them. In much the same strain has a recent writer in the *Contemporary Review* shown the eternally misunderstood relationship

[1] "Aeterni Patris," translated by Father Rawes, D. D., p. 26.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 34.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 37.

in something of its right proportions—the new facts that the experimental sciences are continually bringing into view and the unalterable nature of the laws of thought, the shifting conditions of society and the eternal sanction of the natural moral code.[4]

The new learning—or, rather, the new phases of the old errors—takes form in the monism of Haeckel, or the one evolution thesis of Herbert Spencer, and invades the realm of philosophy. And because all really popular hold on a theology other than that included in the natural science is well nigh lost, it invades the province of theology as well, and with characteristic audacity cuts all the gordian knots of real difficulty by appealing to principles of science of which science, as science, knows absolutely nothing. Thus all things vanish in a chaos not of facts or even of sober speculations, but of doubt. One of the most metaphysical of metaphysical abstractions—matter—forms the groundwork, the beginning and the end of a "scientific" monism. A metaphysical and transcendental concept, as yet improperly conjured out of sparse indications of variation, forms the evolutionistic scheme to which the solution of the world of physical beings must be squared. All things must fall into line. They must be forced to fit in with the plan.

But this is not science. It is philosophy masquerading. The quarrel is not and can never be with the facts, but with inductions; not with science, but with speculation wilder than the worst that ever disfigured the decay of scholasticism. Leo XIII., pursuing all through a consistent line of policy, did undoubted service to humanity in recalling the minds of men to sane principles and to a healthy system of thought.

The encyclical praises, urges, exhorts, commands. "Let, then, teachers carefully chosen by you (the Bishops) do their best to instil the doctrine of Thomas Aquinas into the minds of their hearers, and let them clearly point out its solidity and excellence above all other teaching. Let this doctrine be the light of all places of learning which you may have already opened or may hereafter open. Let it be used for the refutation of errors that are gaining ground."[5] It would be difficult to couch the recommendation of any doctrine in stronger language. A traditional system such as that of St. Thomas, weighty on account of its own convincing force in the domain of natural thought, praised by a succession of Pontiffs,

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 39.

[5] *Cf.* the interesting essay, "The Being of God in the Light of Physical Science," in Cambridge Theological Essays, Macmillan, 1905, which, while proceeding on lines widely divergent from those of scholasticism, gives an excellent appreciation of the scope, work and tendency of science as science and not worked arbitrarily into part of a metaphysical system.

honored by the assembled fathers in more than one ecumenical council—at Trent the "Summa Theologiae" lay open upon the altar—would not seem to have been in need of such an encyclical as the "Aeterni Patris." And yet, all this notwithstanding, there was a reason to justify it, a reason given naturally upon the broadest lines, since in such a document it is not necessary for a Pope to particularize. Such a reason might be found to exist in the philosophical innovations of the sixteenth century.

Outside the Church the world does not stand still. Conservatism is necessarily, by the very march of events, a waning principle, and in the hurried rush for new truth, old truths not seldom are thrown aside. Time is needed for the equaling up of new and old, for the nice adjustment of a newer range of scientific fact to the principles of a standard system of philosophical thought. Facts may have to be reconsidered, principles may need restatement. Caution and prudence ought to prevail, but human nature is impatient, and time is short at best. More than a span of life is needed for the construction of a science that is perpetually bringing new data into view, and the impatience of man must find a philosophy at once to square with his growing half knowledge of science, or else he will not stop to consider—philosophy must shift for itself, discredited and thrust into the lumber room of antiquated notions.

Such was at least one of the causes of innovation.

Within the Church, too, as well as without, philosophy was undergoing a process of multiplication, though, perhaps naturally, to a less extent. It is always allowable to speculate upon questions that are open. It is permissible to modernize what is old, to restate in terms understanded of the people. In this there is no novelty of doctrine, no departure, even, from old methods; for to speak intelligibly the teachers must speak the language of the taught. To explain to the rude, uncouth terms may legitimately be employed. But there is a danger, and the best intentions are not always able to avert it.

Long before Descartes had flung the lighted torch of his doubt into the tinder of the philosophic world. Within as well as without the Church new systems and accommodations began to be made, apparently upon the ashes of the old. For the time was ripe. Philosophy had fallen from her high estate. The solid work of the great scholastics had dwindled to the proportions of vain speculation in their followers. True, following on the religious crisis of the Reformation, the scholastic discipline was revived and expanded as a powerful and keen weapon in the hands of the theologians. The work of Cajetan and Suarez was not mere comment. But there were mere commentators, and the commentaries grew upon

the shelves, cramping what might have been a natural circulation of blood in a living system. Though philosophy stagnated, the world was not ready for Giordano Bruno. It hailed the advent of Descartes, and systems multiplied. Hence the condemned propositions; for philosophical speculation touched upon the dogmas of revelation. Hence, also, far more than on account of any progress in the physical sciences, the words of Leo XIII.: "Some Catholic philosophers, . . . undervaluing the inheritance of ancient wisdom, have chosen rather to invent new things than to extend and perfect the old by new truths."[6]

Thus it was his work to call the attention of the Christian world to the philosophical dangers peculiar to the time, and to direct the rulers of the dioceses to follow the example he was setting for them at Rome.

He traced the rise and growth of materialism, socialism, anarchy, atheism to their sources in false and misleading systems of human knowledge, and he proposed as a remedy for the intellectual evils that made possible such unhappy doctrines and their miserable practical outcome the "golden wisdom of St. Thomas."

So the encyclical bore its note of warning and its summons to action to all the "patriarchs, primates, Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic world," and the reform of philosophy, the return to the ancient tradition, the renewal of the teaching, pure and simple, of Aquinas was inaugurated. To Rome Lorenzelli was called from Bologna. Satolli came from Perugia. The text of St. Thomas was placed in the hands of the students at Propaganda. The name of the great Cardinal Franzelin added lustre to the Gregoriana. He, indeed, was no longer actually a professor. Certain changes were made in the teaching staff and in the same direction. Palmieri, the noted theologian, retired; but a few years later saw him preaching the panegyric of St. Thomas at the Minerva, showing his approval of the movement. Other illustrious names might be added—Remer C. de Mandato, Billot and de Maria. And Lepidi expounded St. Thomas at the Minerva.

Not, indeed, that Thomistic lore was anything really new to the Catholic schools. To no small extent the ground for the movement had been prepared beforehand by Liberatore, Sanseverino, Talamo and others. Father Harper had already given to the world his monumental "Metaphysic of the Schools." Scholasticism could not be an innovation in the homes of Catholic theology. But, apart from the purely theological aspect, it was in danger of becoming in the worst sense stereotyped. The *dicit sanctus Thomas*, like the *ipse dixit* of the Pythagoreans, threatened to be a stumbling block

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 32.

in the way of the understanding. St. Thomas himself would have been the first to perceive the dangerous tendency and to guard against it.

And now twenty-six years have passed since the "Aeterni Patris" was written. More than three generations of ecclesiastical students have come and gone—not from the universities of Rome alone, but from all those colleges and seminaries in which the encyclical bore fruit. The Institute at Louvain, the Catholic University at Washington, Freiburg, Inisbruck, the Institute at Paris, the Diocesan Seminary at Rochester, in the State of New York, can be cited as typical institutions in which the instructions of the Holy Father have been followed, and with no slight success. The Stonyhurst Manuals of Philosophy, the work of the essayists in English and American periodicals—to speak only of English writings—the "Aquinas Ethicus" and recent translation into English of the "Summa contra Gentiles" are monuments of the ready response and devotion to the express wishes of Leo XIII. They are more than that. They are evidences of the possibility of giving the work of St. Thomas to the English-speaking people in an English garb, and their reception at the hands of the public has justified the undertaking. The thinking world, alien to Catholic thought or trained upon other lines than ours, has begun to place some hitherto unrealized value upon the scholastic principles and method. Writers are seen to be approaching a standpoint not unfamiliar to scholastics, and, through Kant and Hegel, and even from men of scientific rather than philosophical training, a reaction seems to be setting in towards the system of Aristotle and Aquinas. For the most part, though there are exceptions, it is not acknowledged, because it is not appreciated by those in whose work it is most to be recognized. There is not often a definite setting forth of the argument and conclusions of St. Thomas as in the fourth dialogue of Alciphron,[7] except in some of the more modern works which include many systems of philosophy under one definite topic, and which cannot reasonably omit a mention of the leading philosopher of the schools. It will be remembered that Lewes in his "History of Philosophy" passes over scholasticism as unworthy of mention, noting that it has a theological bearing and is presumably, therefore, entirely untrustworthy. Nor is his the only opinion to the same effect. The whole period is not even yet one to which over much attention is paid in the universities, though the "Summa contra Gentiles" can be offered in the schools at Oxford, and it cannot be denied that there are signs justifying the thought that the influence of the scholastic forms of thought is steadily growing.

[7] Dialogue IV., sec. 30.

But, on the other hand, if the scholastic system in its most perfect form of exposition be passed over without more than at most a cursory attention, it cannot be denied that several strong currents of thought are setting in the direction of its principles. One at least may be cited. From such apparently diametrically opposed a basis as that upon which the science of psychophysiology was originated comes one of the most striking testimonies to the worth of the Thomistic system as opposed to more modern philosophies. The laboratory of Wundt was begun in 1878. It is the starting point of a trajectory of thought through materialism to a psycho-material theory of being. From a possibility of matter explaining itself in terms of matter observation has run through the gamut of possibilities to the old system admitting two orders, a physical and a psychical. As long ago now as 1892 Dubois Reymond asserted that no conceivable arrangement or movement of material particles could aid us in understanding the realm of conscience. The material, in other words, cannot be made the formula of the immaterial. The physiometric appliances of Leipsig and of all those other centres which have sprung from the laboratory of Wundt are now being put to their legitimate use. These appliances, marvelous in their ingenuity and adaptation, measure the requisite bodily states preceding, concomitant with or succeeding to the mental or psychic, and the attempt to reduce psychical states to any formula expressed in material terms is well nigh entirely given up. The physical investigations, if they have not found the soul, have made their profession of faith in its existence. The installation of laboratories of psychophysiology at the Institute of Louvain and the Catholic University of Washington has, far from militating against the received teachings of the school, gone far to confirm the principles of Thomism.

Still, scholasticism is not a word of good reputation; the old misunderstanding has grown into a fixed idea. It is held to be synonymous with unfounded *a priori* reasoning, vain and trivial speculation and "hair-splitting." That is its unfortunate heritage from the decadent scholastics, and perhaps even to a greater extent from the warring schools of the sixteenth century. But the name and title do not so much signify; and, provided the system be appreciated at something approaching its true worth, it does not matter whence or how the appreciation arises.

We have already seen the strong tone of the Papal document which gave direction and impetus to the Neo-Scholastic Movement. Certain of its more palpable results during the last quarter of a century are before our eyes. We have noted the perhaps unconscious reaction in favor of the Thomistic philosophy taking place

in other centres of thought. In the theological school of Propaganda Cardinal Satolli has been followed by the subtle Servite Lepicier. Laurenti, the ready logician, and Stagni have taken the schools of Archbishop Lorenzelli. And so at the other centres of Roman learning—the Gregorian, the Appolinare, the Minerva. With whatever resources they had they threw themselves into the work, and the first teachers prepared their successors for the chairs which they themselves vacated. Teachers have come and gone in the universities of Rome as elsewhere; many of them men of broad and enlightened views, sound Thomists who have listened with profit to the teachers of other schools. Spain and Portugal were traditionalist to the core, but their zeal for the traditional teaching received fresh life from the encouragement. In Belgium, Germany and America the reply to the encyclical took the form of new schools,2 class rooms, laboratories. The Institut Catholique at Paris had its Mgr. d'Hulst; Louvain, Mgr. Mercier, with his able staff of helpers. Reviews were founded—the *Juris Thomas*, the *Revue Néo-Scholastique*, the *Revue Thomiste*. The movement was inaugurated and much was done to ensure its welfare, but it has not been altogether the magnificent success that it might have been.

The Polity of the Church is one that is admirably adapted to all times and places. Her work is to spread abroad the kindly light of Christianity and to safeguard the deposit of faith. Indirectly, indeed, but none the less happily and authoritatively, she preserves and safeguards human philosophy as well. She takes note of and accepts all truth from whatsoever source, not to incorporate it into the already complete sum of Divine Revelation, but to bend it to the service of theology. In its light she gradually unfolds the treasures originally committed to her keeping. By its principles she defends the faith, and she illustrates dogma by examples drawn from science. No truth can offend her nor can any contradict her teaching, for all truth, natural and supernatural alike, is unified in its divine origin.

It might be asked, in view of the development in the natural sciences, if the return to scholasticism was not to be considered a retrograde movement. Was it not giving up much that had been gained, ignoring the work of scientific progress? On the face of it, it looked such. To go back to the twelfth century for principles of knowledge when the lore of five hundred years and more had been heaping up its rich stores of discovery; to hark back to a time when the scientific method, in popular opinion at any rate, was totally unknown. It looked like shirking the burden of possible conflict, finding a refuge by closing the eyes to scientific achievement. Certain it was that dangerous opinions, anarchical theories

and destructive speculations were rife, and, apparently, no system of thought was sufficiently strong to cope with them. Europe had known the crisis of revolution, but because thrones were not then actually falling it did not at all follow that anarchy and socialism were not an instant menace to society. There were in 1879, as there are to-day, presages of coming evil. The problems press upon all, rulers and citizens alike.

Again, it might be asked, was the revival calculated to cut the knots of all problems and provide an antidote for the moral sickness of the nations? Was the appeal to reason to have more effect than Leo's previous admonitions in the name of the faith? Where the encyclicals "Inscrutabili" and "Quod Apostolici" did not strike home, would the "Aeterni Patris" be heard?

The miasma of the French Revolution—to the philosopher more an indication than a fact—was still hanging over the world. The march towards anarchy in the name of reason was, with halts and stops, nevertheless steadily advancing. What system could stop it? Was it at all probable that a revived scholasticism could deflect the advance of ideas?

Less than a year after his coronation the Pope had issued his encyclical, in the name of religion condemning communism, socialism and nihilism as fruits of the Reformation; and now, in the face of the three questions just indicated, he unhesitatingly points towards the true scholastic philosophy as the champion of truth and the defender of the faith. Properly understood, he was right. The course which he recommended was in no sense a retrograde one.

There are certain principles of knowledge, old as reason itself, that are to be found embedded in the foundations of all philosophies. Without them there can be neither order, nor system, nor, for the matter of that, even thought. There are others not to be found anywhere and haphazard, but, like the first, principles legitimately inferred from the meanest and most meagre data, principles that no new facts or discoveries can wreck. It is no question of a defense of faith and morals alone. The fate of knowledge is bound up in the fate of these principles. Without them, or with substitutes for them, the mind, proclaiming itself free and flaunting its liberty, runs a riotous course. The call of Leo XIII. was to go back to the principles and to the system of St. Thomas. It was not to move the hands of the clock back through five centuries. That would have been useless as well as retrograde, for the aspect of the problems to be dealt with was a new one. The dangerous theories and subversive opinions were not those precisely with which St. Thomas had to contend in his day. They were only a

phase of the restless spirit of novelty. He had proposed just such a task and based his work upon the perennial principles of sound reason. Leo XIII. made his appeal to those same perennial principles and luminous truths. The twentieth century was not to be forced back into the twelfth, but the stereotyped, or disregarded, or abandoned principles belonging to no age or place were to be properly reinstated and interpreted anew, and their best extant exposition was to be found in the works of St. Thomas. If the human mind, cramped and warped as it was and is by the false views of materialism and socialism, could be made to see and understand the true principles of science and philosophy, there was no reason why its suicidal course should not be moderated, deflected, arrested even.

Still, though the neo-scholastic movement was a thing to be desired, and, indeed, was in no small measure necessitated by the disintegration of philosophy and the threatened collapse of the social fabric, it has not altogether fulfilled the sturdy hopes that were raised upon it. Perhaps there has not yet been time for it to accomplish much, and its results are as yet to be looked for rather in the study than in the market place. As a system it has not yet been recognized as it should be by the professors of other schools, and, what is more to be deplored, of those in whose training its influence has been chiefly exerted, there are many who affect to despise the scholastic philosophy and prefer to take their valuation of its merits from those who stigmatize it as a tissue of wordy speculation and hair-splitting dialectic. The mere fact that one can say "many" in this connection shows that something is amiss. Omitting those whose talents are naturally given to other branches of knowledge and whose interest leads them to fields of study other than philosophical, there is still a very considerable margin to be accounted for. It seems strange that one should find to-day, not laymen only, but priests who have been through the mill of the schools, closing their text-books and writing finis to their notes on leaving the class of philosophy with a genuine sigh of relief. "Now we are free! Now for the subjects of interest! Now for true priestly studies!" They may or may not have drunk deep of the perennial spring. The text, at least, was in their hands. Their teachers, presumably, did their best. But—to adapt the quotation, "simul ac ratio tua coepit vociferari natura rerum"—the terrors of the mind did not take flight, nor did the walls of the world fall. And there was—there must have been—a reason for the lack of interest, the insipidity of those two or three years spent in the pursuit of divine philosophy.

If I may be permitted to venture an opinion as to the nature of

this reason, I should unhesitatingly put forward the fact that no system can prove interesting or even useful to its full extent that lacks its historical setting and chronological environment. And it may, perhaps, be said that, as a result of the encyclical "Aeterni Patris," the philosophy of St. Thomas was restored to its legitimate sphere of usefulness, but, divorced from its thirteenth century setting, imported into a wholly alien atmosphere. Instead of reconstructing as did the angel of the schools, drawing the eternal truths of reason into touch with the state of scientific knowledge, such as it was, of his own time; instead of levelling up the products of the Zeitgeist to the principles of the schools, the system of St. Thomas was imported *en bloc* and opened—a black letter page of the Middle Ages in the electric light of the nineteenth century—to the bewildered gaze of inquiring students. The text was in their hands, the professors expounded, but there was no coloring, no context, no adaptation, no framework of historical setting. The student who plodded industriously through his work went out into the world to find that the world spoke a jargon unintelligible to him. Doubtless the worldly mind understood as much of his thought as he did of its new systems. For the critique of the pure reason cannot be pulverized in two lines of Latin, nor can Hegel's idealism be refuted in a mere wave of the professional hand. One may laugh at the absurdities of Haeckel if one pleases, but a smile will not be of much use in freeing those who have been caught in the astounding maze of his assertions or in helping them to truer views. There may have been—there were—honorable exceptions. But the truest end of the "Aeterni Patris" has, in the main, not been attained. The life-giving touches have been left out, and the real restoration of Catholic philosophy has hardly yet begun. St. Thomas has still to appear in the frock coat and silk hat of the present day, and, thus garbed, he will be as much the Angelic Doctor as in the white habit of the Dominican friar.

If the spirit of St. Thomas is to do the work now that he so ably performed while he lived, it must descend to the arena of twentieth century questions and give them battle on their own ground. The spirit will be the same, living and vigorous. The system will not be in any sense a new one. No principles need be imported, none rejected. As it is, the principles are taught, but more or less out of harmony with the questions to which they are applied. They must be understood if any real or permanent advantage is to be looked for in an up-to-date form. It is idle to present the system with the crude science to which it is related. People have not the patience to distinguish between the really valuable and the worthless in which it is embedded, and if crudities of science are offered

to the twentieth century along with no matter how excellent a doctrine, they will, if not actually damn it, at least minimize its force to the last degree. We need the whole framework of the Thomistic philosophy filled in with all the work of modern science. This in itself is no slight task; it is enormous. And it needs an intellect like that of St. Thomas to accomplish it. A clever man may do much walking in or near the beaten track. Something of a genius is required here.

Moreover, any philosophical system as such is impersonal. Even were we in actual possession of a scholasticism brought up to date, it would only be useful in the class room in the hands of a good professor. He could make it of enthralling interest by supplying the historical framework. Thomas Aquinas is not a mere system, no matter how wonderfully complete and speculatively true. He was a man, a personality of striking features, and he has a history. We all know a little about him, his studies, his master, Albertus Magnus. But do many of us know what he learnt from that same Albert the Great? What of his teacher's work he employed in his own; why he expanded here, omitted there; leant rather to one metaphysic than to scattered dissertations on natural science? Aristotle? Yes; and Plato and the Alexandrians, the Fathers Eastern and Western. Every scrap of his teaching has a history, a history as absorbingly interesting as can well be, for it is the record of human thought.

We profess our firm belief in the articles of the Apostles' Creed. But our understanding of its meaning is broadened and deepened in the complex structure of sentiment, emotion, imagination, to no harm of that true intellectual understanding in which these have root, in proportion as we group around its abstract statements of the theological fact, the circumstances of its origins, its historical setting and the vicissitudes through which it has been handed on to us. Nothing of this changes their meaning in the least degree, but it helps us undoubtedly to a precision of thought in its regard which is not readily obtained without it. Not for nothing are the old heresies exposed and studied in the class rooms of theology. The solid structure of dogma is filled in and colored and presented strikingly to our mind as having something more than a mere theoretical meaning. And it is the same with the doctrines of the school of St. Thomas. The world in general—the polite world at any rate—knows that there is a system of philosophy called by his name. It is acquainted with the fact that his, out of the many schools that flourished during the Middle Ages, is that which has received the approbation of the Church Catholic. The rank and file of our own students know a little more than this. There was a

Boethius, a Scotus, a Cajetan, a Suarez. There is also a de Maria, a Mercier, a Mill and, it might be added, a Bain and a Haeckel. But the perspective is all wrong. The environment of history is lacking. As well might one attempt to get a true grasp of Greek philosophy by reading no more than the writings of Diogenes Laertius—better, for there is a sketching in of circumstantial history in the "Lives of the Philosophers."

To accomplish its work thoroughly and efficiently Neo-Scholasticism awaits a philosopher and a historian capable of setting the scenes and binding the scattered parts into a philosophical and historical unity.

I do not for an instant presume to say that the Neo-Scholastic movement has in any sense been futile or useless. It has undoubtedly already done a great work in the service of truth, and in some cases has done a work that can only be characterized by the epithet of excellence. But it has not done all that it might have accomplished, and it might have accomplished so much in twenty-five years.

Historical works were necessary, and they have been slow to come. There is Gonzales, there is Wulf and there is Turner. An adaptation of St. Thomas was required. There is Mercier and Lorenzelli and de Mandato and Maher and Rickaby. In theology —where the need of adaptation is hardly so apparent—there is Paquet and Pesch and Billot and Hürter. But neither has the history nor the adaptation of philosophy as a whole been conclusively satisfactory. The call to arms was sounded in 1879. We are in 1905, and the last edge and polish has not yet been put upon the trusty ancient weapons.

From a purely human standpoint and quite apart from the divine authority of the teaching Church, two things are necessary for the understanding of the faith as well as of secular knowledge—its history and its meaning. The historians have outstripped the philosophers in their zeal for the things of God. But history is worthless, impotent and even misleading when a question of utter truth is agitated unless it has the direct support of reason, and philosophy is paralyzed without the help of history. They must work together. Speculatively, perhaps, philosophy can stand alone —but in a magnificent isolation that will attract few to her shrine. Practically, and to accomplish the end and aim of Leo XIII. as expressed in the "Aeterni Patris," philosophy must call in the aid of history to be of any practical use in stemming the broadest dangers of the age in which we live. Once more, a Thomas Aquinas was wanted in the thirteenth century to collect the scattered fragments of truth, to weld the good and the true of all

human knowledge into one coherent and concordant system, to relate the human to the divine. A Thomas Aquinas was found, and his work, like that of Aristotle before him, will endure forever. In this twentieth century a Thomas Aquinas is needed again, to collect anew the newer gifts of nature; to blend the results of the experimental method with the enduring fundamental principles; to relate the modern problems, physical, logical, metaphysical, moral and social, to the eternal verities, and to gather up and focus all the rays of light that are streaming from the natural sciences and historical studies upon the truth that is beyond all truths precious; which is obscured by materialism, atheism and false moral, social and political theories; which constitutes the natural happiness and safeguards the welfare of man.

Thus, and thus alone, will neo-scholasticism fulfil its high destiny. Thus alone will research and industry bear fruit, for philosophy and science must live in wedlock. Thus alone can the far-sighted policy of Leo XIII., expressed succinctly and authoritatively in the encyclical "Aeterni Patris," take shape and steer the bark of human wisdom clear from the dangers that beset it.

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NAPOLEON'S GUNNER.

IN THE last quarter of the eighteenth century there dwelt at Nancy, in France, a hard-working, God-fearing baker named Drouot, blessed with a large family if not with wealth.[1] Of his twelve children one was destined to win fame in times when there were many famous men. This was Antoine Drouot, born at Nancy on January 11, 1774. Of him long afterwards the French historian Thiers remarked that "no man in our times has better deserved the attention of history." Antoine Drouot early showed promise of future distinction by his eager desire for knowledge and his love of work to attain it. A quite little child he sought admission of his own accord to a school kept by Christian Brothers, but was refused as too young. He went through the entire course

[1] The sources from which this brief biographical sketch have been drawn are: 1. "Biographie du Général Drouot," par J. Nollet, Paris, 1850. 2. "Le Général Drouot," par H. Lepage, Nancy, 1847. 3. "Notice Historique sur le Général Drouot," en tête de son proces, Paris, 1816. 4. "Eloge Funébre du Général Drouot," par le R. Pére Lacordaire, O. P., Bruxelles, 1847.

given at the college of Nancy, and in his last year was at the head of the class of mathematics out of sixty pupils. He knew his Latin authors well, to whom he devoted his early mornings and evenings, studying by the light from his father's oven at morn and by the lamp round which the family gathered of an evening.

Antoine was of a pious and retiring disposition, and his wish as a boy was to become a Carthusian. But the flood of revolution had swept away the monasteries from France. A life of discipline and self-sacrifice could only be found then in the army. Drouot became a soldier and, as Lacordaire said, under the brilliant uniform of an officer he was what he would have been under the cowl of a monk. In 1793 he left his native place to gain on foot Châlons, a town eighty miles away, and there in the humble dress of his class presented himself before Laplace, the greatest mathematician of his day, to be examined for admission to an artillery school. The other candidates were mostly army cadets, and they ridiculed the idea of the poor Nancy boy passing. But though Laplace pushed his examination beyond its strict limits, he could not puzzle Drouot, and at last, contrary to his custom, told the lad that he had passed among the first. With the generosity of youth, to efface their previous scorn, his fellow candidates chaired him through the streets after the examinations were over. Long afterwards Laplace told Napoleon that never had he known an examen more brilliantly passed than by Drouot. Of that day Drouot used to say that it was the best of his life. The result was that France being in want of officers for its artillery, Drouot immediately received a commission as second lieutenant in the First Artillery Regiment at Metz. There he devoted himself entirely to his profession, and so kept aloof from dangerous amusements and dangerous political intrigues, in which too many young officers at that time got entangled and were ruined. One day some of his joyous comrades tried to entice him forth from his humble lodging. They found him busily studying the movements of an artillery battery with the help of some blocks he had made to represent guns and ammunition wagons. They saw that it was not surliness that kept him from their company, and thenceforth they left him to his studies.

The student was quickly called to put his theoretical knowledge into use in action. It was at Dunkirk against the English on September 8, 1793, that Drouot was for the first time under fire. In the absence of his captain and lieutenant he led his battery into action, drove the enemy from a redoubt, installed his guns therein and played so heavily with them on the foe that they were forced to leave a position that commanded Dunkirk, then held by the French. Drouot was then barely nineteen, and General Moreau, who

witnessed the capture of the redoubt, said it was one of the finest feats of arms of that campaign, and done, too, he added, by a mere boy. It is said that in this action a civil commissary of the French Convention told Drouot he had better desist—his men wanted rest. "Not so," replied the boyish officer; "victorious troops need no rest." He took part in the remainder of the campaign, being present at the battle of Fleurus, which handed Belgium over to the French Republic. His early promotion was rapid, and in 1799 we find him with rank of captain inspecting the armament of Bayonne. There, while examining with a lighted taper the chamber of a cannon, some undischarged powder exploded and injured one of his eyes so that for six weeks he was in hospital. He next took the field in Italy, and at the battle of La Trebbia he handled his battery so well that Macdonald, his commander, never forgot what he owed Drouot on that occasion—a debt that the marshal repaid Drouot with interest, as we shall see.

Drouot's battery of artillery was reputed the smartest and best disciplined in his regiment. He was an exacting yet just commander. His men feared and loved him. Never, unlike too many other officers, did he bully and swear at his men. Once, greatly provoked, he let slip an unseemly word. His soldiers, astonished, exclaimed: "*Tiens*, our captain must be vexed indeed." The secret of his self-command lay hidden in his deeply religious principles.

Appointed to the artillery staff of the army of the Rhine under Moreau, he was present on December 3, 1800, at the battle of Hohenlinden, where

> Louder than the bolts of heaven
> Far flashed the red artillery.

During the armistice that ensued Drouot was sent to inspect the Austrian arsenals in Styria. He had to make the return journey on foot, for his three horses were heavily laden with objects of interest to the French artillery. His report on this scientific mission was so highly thought of by Monge and other scientists that it was ordered to be kept for reference in the archives of the French War Office. General Pernety, who as colonel was at this time Drouot's chief, describes him as zealous, exact, never idle, devoting his spare time to mathematics, beloved and honored by his equals and by his superiors, simple and modest, though unequaled in his professional acquirements, temperate in his habits, and never asking others to do what he would not do himself. In drilling his men to throw up field works he was as ready with pick and spade as any private among them.

About this time Drouot was put in command of the artillery

attached to the military school at La Fère. At the same time he had to look after the clothing of his regiment, a post where even honest men thought they might add to their scanty pay. One day a clothier offered Drouot a gift of six hundred francs, saying that all the predecessors of Drouot had accepted such gifts. "You can afford to make such gifts?" replied Drouot. "Then I accept it, but take this sum and put it to the credit of the regiment." The man was rebuked and the regiment enriched by Drouot's honesty. Soon after this incident Drouot was called to the bedside of his dying father, and he never left it until his father had breathed his last.

Drouot longed for active service, to which his comrades and even many of his own men were daily being drafted. His turn came, but it was to go afloat on board the forty-gun frigate Hortense. He took part as gunner in an action in which two French frigates captured, after a sharp fight, two British war vessels convoying a fleet of merchant ships. He accompanied an expedition to Martinique and was in the action fought with Sir Robert Calder's squadron. He would have been on board the Berwick at the battle of Trafalgar had he not been ordered back to France. Drouot was no sailor and suffered terribly on shipboard if it was at all rough. The one thing that roused him then was a fight. He was glad to be ashore, to enjoy the woods and fields of France, which he wrote had never seemed to him more lovely. His new work was to superintend the arms factories at Maubeuge and Charleroi, a business task he did thoroughly well while disliking it. His whole heart was with his artillery in the field. An accident near Maubeuge nearly cut short his career. He was riding, and as was his wont, was reading as he rode, when his horse stumbled, threw him and bolted. He was dragged along by a foot caught in a stirrup, his head banging against the cobbles of the road. When the horse at last was stopped, all expected to find Drouot dead. His head had been protected by the long skirts of his coat, its pockets filled with official documents, that had acted as a pillow for his head. He was senseless and much shaken, but escaped with a month in bed.

In March, 1808, Drouot was sent to Spain. Soon after reaching Madrid its people rose against the French, but the insurrection was quelled with stern severity. Drouot had a narrow escape. He had endeared himself to his landlord in the house where he lodged, as he had done wherever he dwelt. He was somewhat surprised that his host one day gave him notice to quit, alleging some lame excuse. The man knew of the coming insurrection, could not as a patriot warn Drouot, as his friend did not want to see him killed

under his roof. Drouot left early next day, when he was hunted through the streets by two bands of insurrectionists and barely regained headquarters in safety. He was charged, in consequence of this rising, to convert the Retiro, a suburban palace of the Spanish Kings, into a citadel to overawe their capital. Early and late he worked at his task, never allowing himself time to partake, as other officers did, in the gaieties of a gay town, and yet, quaintly remarks his biographer, Drouot was not yet thirty-four years of age.

Their defeat at Baylen forced the French to evacuate Madrid. Napoleon himself came to restore the French position. The Emperor was quick in discerning men's merits, and he soon discovered Drouot's abilities. He employed him to reorganize the artillery that had suffered in the French retirement north; he saw him at work with his guns in the field; he saw him bombard and capture the Retiro, the Madrid citadel he had constructed and which the Spaniards sought to retain. The Emperor rewarded Drouot by promoting him to be colonel major of the Foot Artillery of the Imperial Guards. Thenceforth all his service was to be done under the Emperor's own eyes. Drouot had become Napoleon's gunner.

It is doubtful if ever Napoleon felt personally interested in the Peninsular wars. Spanish guerillas, Portuguese peasants, British red-coats might be left to one of his marshals; he would war with a Kaiser or a Czar on the banks of the Danube or the Vistula, with hundreds of thousands of pawns—each with a man's soul in it—on the board. Anyhow Napoleon soon left Spain and ordered his guards to follow him. He had decided on war with Austria. Drouot left Valladolid with the artillery of the guard on March 20, 1809, and passing through Paris, Strassburg and Ulm, reached Vienna on the last day of May, having covered the march at the rate of at least seven leagues a day—rapid movement of troops in pre-railroad days. Drouot spent all June in bringing his batteries to perfection. At daily guard mounting before the imperial palace one or other of the batteries was passed in inspection by the Emperor.

On the eve and during the battle of Wagram, fought on July 6, 1809, artillery took a leading part. At a critical moment the Emperor, riding on his white Persian steed along his lines, shouted, "Where is Drouot?" That officer was with his batteries and had dismounted the better to direct the fire of his pieces. The Emperor bid Drouot support with all the artillery he could collect the columns that he was about to hurl on the enemy. "Crush the enemy, Drouot, even if you have to expend ten thousand rounds." Drouot quickly got one hundred guns into line and opened with

grape shot on the foe. Largely by this Wagram was won by the French. It was a costly and indecisive victory. The artillery suffered much, losing 326 officers and men killed and 971 wounded. Drouot was wounded by a musket ball, but having had his wound bandaged, he continued fighting. One battery of his regiment out of ten guns and eighty men had at nightfall only five guns uninjured and one officer and ten men left alive, but nearly all wounded. The Emperor said to Drouot that the victory was due to his gunners. At St. Helena he regretted that he had not after Wagram named Drouot in his despatches. He promoted him, however, to be a colonel in the Guards, a rank that was equivalent to that of a general of brigade in the army. Drouot was also promoted to the rank of officer of the Legion of Honor and made a baron of the Empire. None deserved his honors more than "the conscientious Drouot," as England's most recent historian of Napoleon calls him;[2] none sought honors less than he did. "Desiring neither glory nor power, all sorts of favors came to him unasked," wrote one of Drouot's brother officers at this time. "Where others are urged by ambition and self-love, he is guided by duty." The high opinion of Drouot held by his superiors and equals was held by those he commanded. An artilleryman who had served under him, having heard a false report that Drouot was dead—it was towards the close of Drouot's life—wrote to congratulate his old commander on the report being unfounded. "I hold," said the writer, "that science is a fine thing, but not all. A man will not risk his life for one he loves not. At Wagram, would we have fought so well had we not loved you? . . . I never met a colonel who could handle men as you did. You were strict, I know, but just. You never spoke roughly nor swore at us; you never lost your temper with us; you always treated us as men like yourself." How many acts of kindness Drouot did to his men God alone knows. Some have come to light, as, for instance, that when he had now and again a regimental fund to dispose of he sent it to the Mayors of the villages to be distributed to the needy relatives of well conducted men of his regiment. The delight of the men on hearing of such acts reconciled them to the hardships of their service.

Drouot's love for his regiment was intense. "I love the artillery," he wrote to General Evain, "with all my heart. My greatest happiness would be never to leave it." A stain on the honor of his corps was more than he could bear. While in garrison at Vincennes

[2] J. H. Holland, "Life of Napoleon I.," London, 1904. For much about Napoleon's religious belief see the same author's "Napoleonic Studies," London, 1904.

several soldiers committed suicide, among them two of his corps. As a Christian and as a soldier these cowardly crimes revolted him so that he went beyond the limits the law allowed and buried the corpse of one of the self-slain men in a ditch by the roadside. For this the Emperor summoned Drouot before him. Pleased with Drouot's determination to stop suicides among his men, Napoleon simply warned Drouot to respect the civil law and let him off with a reprimand inserted in the orders to the army, but without mentioning Drouot by name.

Drouot's life in garrison as colonel at Vincennes was simple. He rose daily at four, breakfasted on coffee and bread such as his men had served to them, and then spent some hours in his office in letter writing and accounts or in professional studies. He assisted at all the drills and target practices of his regiment. He neglected nothing to make his men good gunners, and organized schools and lectures for their intellectual improvement. His only relaxation was a ride or a visit to a fellow-officer in garrison in Paris, the General Evain, whom we have already named—a man after Drouot's own pattern. Under the gorgeous uniform of colonel of the Horse Artillery of the Guards, Drouot remained what he had been as a simple lieutenant at Metz. But, as Tennyson says:

> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.

Officer of the Legion of Honor, Baron of the Empire, colonel of a crack corps of the most crack division of an army commanded by the greatest of soldiers, Drouot was ever the same religious, hard-working, simple-hearted baker's son.

The Russian campaign of 1812 and the retreat from Moscow brought out all Drouot's best qualities, professional and moral. On the march of his regiment across Germany and Poland, whenever it halted in some interesting locality, he invited his officers to visit with him here a cathedral, here a factory of importance, or it might be, as at Freyberg, in Saxony, some man of science like the famous mineralogist Werner, who was not a little surprised at a body of French officers calling on him, until he understood that they belonged to a scientific corps. Drouot was a student of mineralogy, and later on pointed out the value of the iron ores of Elba, since so profitably worked. He kept up his studious habits even in this campaign. A French dragoon officer has recorded how one night Napoleon arose at midnight from his couch in a peasant's hut that was his temporary palace, and going to its door gazed at the silent bivouac of the army that slept around him. Seeing a lamp burning in the direction where his artillery were, he sent an aide-de-camp to inquire who watched so late. "Sire, it is General Drouot at his

work," reported the officer. Yet Drouot had fought all that day and was up at dawn to take part in another long day of fighting.

At the battle of Borodino, on September 7, 1812, his artillery carried on a long duel with that of the Russians. When at last the Great Redoubt was captured by the French cavalry, Drouot limbered up his guns and at a gallop took position near it, only to find it menaced by a mass of Russian horsemen. "Gentlemen," cried Drouot, "yonder cavalry is about to charge us. The artillery of the Guard never retires." And his brave gunners plied their cannons so well that the great mass gallantly riding at the guns were thrown into confusion and forced to retire. The whole Russian army then retreated and Napoleon was lured on to Moscow. After the burning of that city Drouot's regiment was quartered in a neighboring village. Drouot found corn and a mill to grind it, and his men had their daily ration of bread and a double one of meat. He had also laid by stores for the winter. It was discipline that kept his men in comfort while their comrades of other regiments starved amid the booty of an imperial capital. Unfortunately, when the retreat began Drouot had to abandon his stores for lack of transport. During the retreat to keep up the spirits of his men by his example, in spite of the frost he shaved daily in the open air, his mirror hung at the back of a baggage wagon. He encouraged his men to warm themselves by chopping wood or even by breaking blocks of ice to circulate their blood before going to sleep, instead of roasting themselves by bivouac fires when these were to be had. His generosity was shown on many occasions. Receiving one day a small but under the circumstances a rare gift of some ground coffee and sugar, he shared it with his comrades. Meeting a half-frozen French family flying from the ruins of Moscow, he gave it all the contents of his brandy flask. Not a man of any great physical strength, his health was never better than at the end of this fatal campaign. Asked once to account for this, he replied: "Ah, two things have always helped me in this and in all the difficulties of life. I have never feared poverty nor death." Napoleon christened him rightly "The Wise Man of the Grand Army." For his services in the retreat Drouot was promoted to be general and one of the Emperor's personal aide-de-camp. Thenceforth until after Waterloo he was to be constantly at the Emperor's side.

Shortly after the fatal passage of the Berisina, after having had the honor of firing the last shots fired by the French on Russian soil, Drouot had to abandon his guns and blow up the caissons, which he had dragged through the retreat, for he had not horses enough left to drag them further. When Napoleon returned to Paris Drouot followed him and was charged to supervise the reform-

ing of the artillery of the Guard. Astonished Europe, which had seen the Grand Army destroyed by the frosts of Russia, found in the spring of 1813 Napoleon provided with a fresh army. It seemed as if he had only to stamp his foot on the soil of France and soldiers sprung up. He opened the campaign in Saxony with five army corps, composed, however, mostly of recruits, notably of weak physique, perhaps from having been born in the year of the reign of terror, stiffened by some thirty thousand veterans drawn from Spain or from garrisons in France and Italy. This campaign, deeply interesting to the military student, need not detain our attention except to mention Drouot's part in it. He was mostly employed by the Emperor in directing the movements of the artillery, especially at the battles of Lützen, Bautzen and Dresden, the last great battles Napoleon was destined to win. In an artillery combat at Dresden Drouot was directing the fire of his young gunners in a way that Napoleon did not think the best. Leaping off his horse, the Emperor actually rushed up to Drouot and pulled his ears as he might those of a peccant school boy. Drouot coolly continued his work, pointing out to the Emperor that he was doing it in the best possible way. The Emperor's unseemly rage melted into a smile and Drouot had the best of it both with his master and with the enemy. In September, 1813, he was promoted to be aide major general of the Imperial Guard, a post equivalent to chief of the staff of that picked army corps. "God grant," he wrote to his friend Evain, "that I may fulfill well my new duties. I shall not lack zeal and devotion in the Emperor's service, but will they suffice?"

In the three days' "Battle of the Nations" at Leipzig, on October 16, 18 and 19, Drouot was constantly in the field directing the artillery. He accompanied the Emperor in his retreat to France, and at Hanau with his guns forced a way for the Emperor through an opposing force of Austrians and Bavarians which tried to bar the way. The Emperor had even doubted that Drouot's attempt could succeed, and indeed it was won by much skill and courage. The gunners had to defend themselves with their carbines, swords and handspikes against a desperate charge of Bavarian dragoons. Drouot had to fight for his life, sword in hand, and was about to be cut down by a Bavarian trooper when the latter was bayoneted by a French artilleryman. The brush of Horace Vernet has put on canvas this episode, and his picture hangs in the galleries of Versailles.

Drouot, who had been made a Count of the Empire immediately after Leipzig, took part in Napoleon's defensive campaign in 1814. Its plan was to beat in detail the armies of the allies advancing

along the Marne and Seine on Paris, then to march eastwards, draw together the garrisons in the south and east of France and the French troops shut up in Germany, and with the whole combined force to fall on the rear of the invaders of France. But the plan was doomed to failure when once the allies were united on rapidly marching on Paris. Napoleon's forces were as weak as those of the invaders were overwhelming. For one man he lost, they could afford to lose ten. He had no reserves. Every day brought them fresh troops from the plains of Hungary, from the forests of Pomerania and the steppes of Russia. Drouot, as usual, showed his skill in the various battles of this campaign, but he knew its futility. Once at supper with his officers on a day that the fighting had been favorable to the French, Napoleon exclaimed: "Another such a victory and I shall be on the Vistula once more." His officers were silent and hopeless. "I see, gentlemen, your enthusiasm has died out. But you, Drouot, don't you think that to succeed I need only a hundred men of your stamp?" With much wit and modesty, Drouot replied: "Say, sire, a hundred thousand men." Napoleon thought highly of Drouot's military abilities. At St. Helena he said that he did not know two men to equal Murat and Drouot, the one in handling cavalry, the other artillery. He added that Drouot was fit to command a hundred thousand men. Drouot never obtruded his advice. Had Napoleon asked for it, perhaps the abdication of the Emperor at Fontainebleau on April 4, 1814, might never have come to pass.

So far we have seen what Drouot was as a soldier. We shall now see what he was as a man. The test of a man is adversity. When Napoleon fell all his marshals left him. Some because they were glutted with glory and wealth and wanted to enjoy their laurels and gold, others more nobly because they loved their country better than its alien Emperor. Drouot, poor and faithful, followed his master to Elba, was its governor for ten months, for which he refused any salary except board and lodging and the loan of a horse, although his private fortune did not exceed five hundred dollars a year! Much against his judgment, out of loyalty to his sovereign, Drouot accompanied Napoleon on his return from Elba. He fought at Ligny and at Waterloo, wearing out a whole stable of horses in seeing to the execution of Napoleon's orders on those two days. It was by Drouot's advice that Napoleon delayed until midday his attack on the English position at Waterloo, the ground being too sodden to allow of artillery acting until the sun had dried the soil. The advice from an artillerist's point of view was good, but Drouot reproached himself for it and believed it had contributed to the loss of the battle. He returned with Napoleon to Paris.

In the Chamber of Peers, of which Napoleon had made him a member, Drouot in reply to some wild words of Ney's, made his one solitary speech in Parliament and gave a clear, vivid account of the success at Ligny and the defeat at Waterloo. The provisional government obliged Napoleon to abdicate, to retire to Malmaison, and thence to begin his last journey that was to end at St. Helena.

Drouot would have gone with his master had not a higher duty kept him back. He had been put in command of what remained of the Imperial Guard, for it was known that he alone could prevent that formidable body of veterans from making a last desperate attack on the allies. He led them away across the Loire when Paris capitulated and kept them disciplined. Drouot saw that this was his present duty; later he would rejoin his master in prison or in exile, whichever it might be. While Drouot is carrying out this noble duty we may endeavor to find an answer to a question that his conduct suggests.

Drouot was all his life a man of austere virtue and practiced his religion. Much has been said, and more we shall have to say, that proves this assertion. Taking it as exact, let us ask ourselves how it was that Drouot was so devoted to Napoleon? It is easy to reply that Drouot was fascinated by his master's military genius, that he was grateful to him for his favors. But others had been so fascinated and so favored, and had left their master to his fate. Besides, Drouot was too calm to be moved even by the glitter of genius, and he really owed Napoleon little for favors, for all he had received from the Emperor were rewards that scantily repaid his services. We think there was in Napoleon some stronger attraction than genius and gratitude which drew Drouot towards him. We would suggest that the loadstone that attracted him was Napoleon's religion. Certainly Napoleon was not a dutiful son of our Holy Mother the Church. His conduct towards the gentle and saintly Pius VII. alone would suffice to prove this. Even his work, now being destroyed, of restoring Catholic worship in France, does not prove his Catholicity. His motive may have been to use the Church as a sort of moral gendarme in the service of the State. He knew the power of the Catholic Church and its Head. He wrote to Cacault, his agent in Rome, to treat the Pope as if His Holiness had two hundred thousand bayonets at his command. All this proves that he valued the Church as an instrument of government, just as he had for a like reason approved of and adopted Mahommedanism in Egypt. The notes attributed to Comte de Montholon on Napoleon's religious sentiments expressed at St. Helena are unfortunately of no historic value. Bertrand, with Drouot, the Emperor's most faithful companion in adversity, has shown their

imaginary character.[3] A passage from them on the divinity of Christ has become famous from having been "enshrined in Newman's prose," exalted by Lacordaire's oratory and set forth in Nicolas' philosophical studies of Christianity. But if Bertrand has robbed us of this which we prized, he has left us a glimpse of Napoleon's religious belief. He tells us that as Emperor and as exile Napoleon always practiced, no doubt to a very limited extent indeed, his religion. As to his belief, he constantly repeated in court and camp that he believed all that his parish priest believed. M. Frédéric Masson, of the French Academy, an authority on all that concerns Napoleon, lately published in the Paris *Gaulois* an article in which he shows that Napoleon was a believer. He considers the first words of the Emperor's will, "I die in the Apostolic and Roman religion in which I was born," to be a solemn and exact profession of faith. He points to the extreme care with which Napoleon insisted on his relatives being married according to the laws of the Church. Even his own resistance to such a marriage with Josephine and his refusal to receive Holy Communion before his coronation, M. Masson contends, proves that Napoleon's conscience refused to profane the sacraments of the Church. An unbeliever would not have hesitated in such a way. Had Napoleon used in his will the usual formula, "I die in the religion in which I have lived," it would have been a falsehood; but with the help of a Corsican priest he died as he had *not* lived, a Catholic. M. Masson concludes that the Emperor held to the faith of his forefathers even when he did not practice it, and even worse, persecuted it.

There is a story which we should like to think true, told at third hand, on Drouot's authority, that Napoleon once said to his officers after a great victory that not that day, but that of his First Communion, was the happiest of his life. All except Drouot expressed surprise. "Ah," said the Emperor, "you, Drouot, at least understand me." May we not think that Drouot pierced the mask under which his master hid his faith? This would explain the extraordinary devotion of Drouot to the Emperor—a devotion that led him to Elba, that was on the point of leading him to St. Helena when Napoleon's death supervened. To fan into flame the slumbering embers of his master's faith, Drouot would have lived and died in exile, though the dearest wish of his heart, often expressed, was to retire and to await death in the parish where he had been baptized.

That wish was now to be gratified. The Bourbon government,

[3] See the "Précis Historiques" of Brussels for the year 1870, pp. 20 and 38, for Général Bertrand's refutation of the widely accepted errors concerning Napoleon's religious belief.

neither forgetful nor forgiving, placed Drouot's name on the list of those to be prosecuted for taking part in Napoleon's return from Elba. Drouot at once relinquished his command of the Guards, to whom he had set the example of taking the white cockade and the oath of allegiance to King Louis XVIII., and went to Paris to give himself up at the military prison. He was refused admission until he had demanded it on three successive days. "I never in my life," he would say laughingly, "asked but two places, first a seat in a school, then a cell in a prison. I was refused both at first." He was kept seven months in prison awaiting trial. At last the day came when he had to plead in defense of his life. His defense was that he had previous to the return from Elba been concerned in no conspiracy to bring about a return of which he disapproved; that as a soldier in the service of the sovereign of Elba he was bound to obey that sovereign's commands, and that, even according to French law, he was then no longer a French subject and so no traitor. Some witnesses appeared of their own accord and bore out Drouot's statement that he had disapproved of the Emperor's return. One witness only had Drouot called, and that was the loyal Marshal Macdonald. He testified to Drouot's important services to France and the dynasty in pacifying the Guards after Waterloo. Drouot was acquitted. Next evening the King sent for Drouot, spoke to him with much of that tact his friends wanted, and assured the general he would allow of no appeal being made against the finding of the court-martial. Then, at the early age of forty-two, General Drouot sheathed his sword and retired to Nancy, the place of his birth.

There he spent his remaining years, living a laborious simple life. He studied much such subjects as fortifications and agriculture. He wrote much, but except a few papers in specialist periodicals, all he wrote is lost, his manuscripts having been burned by himself. He fulfilled to the letter what Napoleon said of him to Dr. O'Meara at St. Helena: "Drouot is a man who would, so far as he was personally concerned, live as happily on forty *sous* a day as on the revenues of a kingdom. Full of charity and religion, his morality, honesty and simplicity would have done honor to the purest days of the Roman Republic." It was only in 1824 that the government paid Drouot the pension due to him as a retired general. It offered him the arrears of this pension. This he refused. At Napoleon's death he became entitled under the Emperor's will to a legacy of two hundred thousand francs. Napoleon's estate did not suffice to pay the legacies in full and Drouot only received less than half the above amount. He received a small pension as Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. His whole income amounted to about twelve

thousand five hundred francs, or about two thousand five hundred dollars annually. Of this he reserved for his own wants a sum of five hundred dollars. This, with his modest house and garden, sufficed him. The rest he gave away in charities. His pension from the Legion of Honor was paid over to private soldiers in need who had won the cross of the legion. It was not until after his death that they learned the name of their well-doer. The hospitals and orphanages of Nancy greatly benefited by his charity, as an inspection of their records shows. But he was of those who "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame." In the practice of his religion he was most exact, attending regularly the services in his parish church and receiving Holy Communion in it several times in the year. On his death-bed he stated that all through life he had practiced his religion whenever he could, but that he had been in circumstances where its practice was impossible.

In his civic duties he was an example to all his fellow-citizens. He who had commanded a hundred and fifty guns in action, in times of civil trouble donned the uniform of a simple lieutenant of artillery of the National Guard of Nancy. As such he saved the workmen of the place from being involved in a sanguinary conflict with the troops. In 1830, at the request of King Louis Philippe, he put on his general's uniform once more and took command of the troops at Metz. He saved the Cathedral from desecration by a revolutionary mob and received the thanks of its Bishop for this. His infirmities, however, compelled him to relinquish the command as soon as the place was pacified. Louis Philippe made him a Peer of France, but his health prevented him from ever taking his seat in the Upper House. His fellow-citizens had wished to send him to the Chamber of Deputies. He was found ineligible, as he had not the property qualifications required! But he took an indirect part in legislative labors, and when it was proposed to fortify Paris, a long memorandum he sent to the committee of the Upper House was carefully considered and in part adopted.

He was an active member both of the Agricultural and of the Royal Scientific Societies of Nancy, and the papers he contributed to their transactions are models of style and even now not devoid of interest. One paper is of special interest, dealing with the history of the Polish troops in Napoleon's service. It makes us regret that we have not more papers from his pen on subjects connected with the great Napoleon. His devotion to him never waned. He was on the eve of starting for St. Helena when the news reached him that the Emperor was dead. Ordering his horse and sending for one of Napoleon's veteran captains, who was his constant companion in his rides, the two old soldiers rode out to some woods far

from the city and there dismounting wandered in silent, tearless grief amid the trees. "He is dead—he is dead—the Emperor, and I shall never see him again in this world" were Drouot's only words. His companion has recorded his belief that that day was the most cruel in Drouot's life. Every year on the anniversary of the Emperor's death, as on that of the defeat at Waterloo, Drouot denied himself to all visitors and spent the day in solitude and prayer. It was some consolation to Drouot when his master's ashes were brought back to France, but what consoled him most, even at the hour of his own death, was the hope that he would meet Napoleon again in a happier world. A few days before the end he said: "If you could assure me that I should die to-morrow, weak as I am, I should leap with joy, for then I should be about to meet my father and mother and my Emperor."

During the last years of his life Drouot was so stricken by infirmities that he was often a prisoner in his room, and he was obliged to renounce his one great relaxation—riding on horseback. He then took to gardening until he became totally blind, and he could only take exercise by walking in his garden guided by a wire he had had stretched across it. After receiving with great devotion the last sacraments, Drouot went to his reward at 6 o'clock in the morning of March 24, 1847. He desired that no honors should be paid him after death. His city and his country disregarded his wish. A public funeral was given him with military honors. Nancy placed in one of its public squares the statue of him whose likeness an artist had only been able to take by stealth. His bust was placed in the palace of Versailles among those of France's most illustrious soldiers. Paris gave his name to one of its streets. The greatest pulpit orator of France in the nineteenth century, Lacordaire, preached his funeral oration, and what was then the first newspaper in the world, the London *Times*, paid a lengthy tribute to the memory of the greatest artillery officer of one who had been England's greatest enemy. Drouot died poor. Even his gold laced uniform of general he had sold to give away its value in alms. When his brother protested that it should be left as an heirloom in the family, Drouot replied that it were better his nephews should forget that their uncle had been a general and remember only that their grandfather had been a baker. Truly, as the great Dominican orator had said, General Drouot was "the rarest if not the most perfect man the first half of the nineteenth century had produced."

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ANCIENT IRELAND AND ITS QUEENS.

THERE is a curious legend that about five thousand years ago Ireland was colonized by a woman, who is called in some of the old histories the granddaughter of Noah. The seventeenth century transcription of the "Chronicum Scotorum" says she was "the daughter of one of the Greeks," and bore the names of Heru, Ceasair or Berva (Banva). An important fourteenth century compilation known as the book of Ballymote and another noteworthy manuscript, the book of Lecain, quote a work of the fifth century as authority for the story, while the "Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland," which were collected and edited in the seventeenth century by the four Franciscan friars known as the "Four Masters," begin by telling us that A. M. 2242 (according to the chronology of the Septuagint), "forty days before the Deluge, Ceasair came to Ireland with fifty girls and three men, Bith, Fintan and Lavra." The latter is styled their conductor and is mentioned as the first man ever buried in Erin. In one version of the tale he is represented as Ceasair's brother and Bith as their father, and we are told that they were of the race of Cain, but Fintan, who figures as husband of this antediluvian lady pioneer, was a descendant of Seth, and therefore an adorer of the true God. The whole party are supposed to have originally dwelt on the banks of the Tigris, but while endeavoring to escape the Deluge in a boat built by Fintan, they reached the Irish shore, where, according to some accounts, they perished of pestilence, notwithstanding that among their number was a lady physician named Eaba. A sequel of the legend, however, narrates that Fintan's life was miraculously preserved through thirty or forty centuries, during which he underwent various transmigrations.

The whole fable seems to have a mythological foundation with Scriptural additions.

The significant legends of the original peopling of Ireland must be chiefly sought in such versions or abstracts as we still possess of the lost "Books of Invasions." The oldest *résumé* extant of these is to be found in the twelfth century manuscript known as the "Book of Leinster," one of the great treasures of Celtic literature. Other editions are in the "Book of Ballymote," and the "Book of Lecain," while a particularly valuable one belongs to Lord Ashburnham.

We are told that the first inhabitants of Ireland after the flood came through the Mediterranean from Scythia of Middle Greece, led by a chief named Partholan. They arrived, according to the

"Annals of Clonmacnoise" (a compendium of Irish history of which one copy is in the British Museum), "in the twenty-first year of the age of Abraham, and in the twelfth year of Semiramis, Empress of Assyria." In an old work on the "Antiquities and Origin of Cambridge" it is stated that the ships of "Partholyan" and his followers encountered during their wanderings upon the seas the vessel of a British prince, who gave them a grant of lands in the then unpeopled Ireland. This romance was in Queen Elizabeth's reign made one of the grounds whereby the sovereigns of England laid claim to Ireland.

Partholan was supposed to have resided at one time on an island in the river Erne with his Queen, Elgnatha on Delgnait. Her favorite grayhound, Saimer, was one day slain there by her husband (so at least it is recorded), for which reason the spot received the name "Inish Saimer," which it bears to this day. This colony is also supposed to have been wiped out by pestilence.

Nemedius, the leader of the next band of immigrants, is also called a Greek or a Scythian. It is related that Macha, his wife, was buried near Armagh, which word is a compound of the Gaelic for hill and Macha. Nemedius, or the "Holy One," is, like Partholan, a mythological personage; indeed, he is sometimes represented as a descendant of the latter. He is probably "Dia," the chief deity of the Celts, and Macha is one of the appellatives of "Ana," the mother of the gods. This colony was almost annihilated by the "Fomorians," a race of "African pirates," descendants of Cham. The few Nemedians who escaped divided into three bands, one of which migrated to Northern Europe, while another colonized Britain and the third made its way back to Greece, returning again thence, however, under the name of "Firbolgs" to retake possession of Ireland.

We are told that Achy (or the "Chevalier"), the last King of the Firbolg race, espoused the daughter of Magh Mor, monarch of the Celtiberians (a valiant people of mixed Celtic and Iberian blood), of Spain. Her name was Taillte, a form of which is said to survive in Telltown, the name of a village in Meath, near where her foster son, "Lewy of the Long Hand," who was really a war god of the ancient Irish, was supposed to have instituted national games in her honor. Taillte's husband fell in the battle of South Moytura, near Cong, in Mayo, which, according to the Four Masters, took place A. M. 3303, and of which there are minute accounts in some exceedingly ancient manuscripts, one of which is in the British Museum.

Of course, such descriptions must be imaginary, but several graves of the cremation period have been found on the spot, show-

ing that ethnic struggles did undoubtedly take place in the neighborhood.

Probably the Firbolgs were really Iberians, a short, swarthy pre-Celtic race believed to have come from Egypt or Arabia, and whose descendants yet form part of the population of Connaught.

As mentioned above, another company of the survivors of the Nemedian colony went to Scandinavia. In time they, too, returned to Ireland under the name of "Tuatha de Danaan," or the tribes of De (God) and Ana (the mother of the gods). Modern research has repudiated the notion that these Tuatha de Danaan were a human race, and has proved them to be the divinities of the ancient Celt. Between ten and fourteen centuries before Christ, according to the Irish chronologists, came the Milesians into Ireland. The latest authorities on the subject, however, aver that this immigration took place at a period just preceding the Christian era.

Three Tuatha de Danaan Queens—Eire, Banva and Fiola—are mentioned in the old histories as having fallen in the battle against the new invaders. With them fell their husbands, MacCuill, MacCecht and MacGriene, who were really the gods of the sea, of the plough and of the sun. Each was known under various appellations, and MacCuill, under the name of "Lir," appears undoubtedly to be the prototype of "King Lear," while his son, another Celtic Neptune called "Mananaan MacLir," is yet commemorated in the name of the Isle of "Man."

Many authorities consider that the names of "Ireland" and "Erin" are derived from "Eire," which word is thought to be etymologically connected with "Aryan." In the bardic poems the island is also called "Fiola" and "Banva."

The "Four Masters" and other annalists in describing the struggle between the sons of Milesius, or the "Noble One," and the Tuatha de Danaan mention that in the battle of Slieve Mis (in Kerry) fell Scota, the daughter of Pharoah, wife of Milesius, and tradition still points out her grave in a glen near Tralee.

The legend that Scota was the daughter of a Pharoah received official notice in the fifteenth century. For when Edward I. claimed the overlordship of the Kings of Scotland on the grounds of his descent from the elder son of their common ancestor, Brute the Trojan, the matter was referred to the Papal Court, and the Scotch commissioner in Rome alleged that his sovereign traced his ancestry back to the Pharoahs through Heremon (son of Milesius and Scota), from whom, or from whose brother Heber, nearly all the Kings of Ireland and Scotland, including those of the House of Stuart, boasted descent.

The story of Scota's Egyptian birth may, however, have easily

grown out of another myth wherein Gadhelus, the eponymous ancestor of the Gaels or Milesians, figures as a contemporary of Moses and as the husband of "Scota," daughter of the Pharoah who was drowned in the Red Sea.

Up to the eleventh century Ireland was called "Scotia," and "Scotia Major" up to even a later date, Scotland being known as "Scotia Minor;" but there seems no satisfactory explanation of the similarity between the words Scota and Scotia, unless Scota, like Britannia, be an allegorical personage.

In the "Dinseancus Mor," a topographical poem by a bard of the sixth century, and in another piece of verse ascribed to the eleventh we learn that Tara, which many authorities claim to have been the oldest royal residence in Europe of whose site we can be certain, was named after "Tea," the cousin and wife of Heremon. This princess, even before landing, obtained a promise from her lord that he would give her "her choice hill of Erinn," where every prince of her race should dwell forever. She chose Drum Cain, or the "beautiful hill," which, although only five hundred feet in height, commanded a view of nearly the whole limestone plain of Ireland.

According to the bardic tale Tea had a sepulchre prepared for herself outside the fortress modeled on the pattern of one of a British Queen of Spanish birth, whose body was taken back to her native land for burial. Tea is supposed to have seen this tomb before coming to Ireland, and she marked out from memory with the pin of her brooch the proportions of a similar grave mound on Drum Cain. Hence the hill acquired the name of "Tea-mur," or Tea's mound, which through the Latinized form of the word became Tara. It seems a pity to spoil this pretty story by confessing that "Teamur" is really an archaic Gaelic term for a balcony or a place commanding a wide view.

It is difficult to find even such legendary accounts of the consorts of the other more or less mythical Irish Kings who reigned before the Christian era. We read, however, that "Hugony the Great" married Ceasair, daughter to a King of the Gauls. The "Four Masters" state that Hugony ruled over the whole of Western Europe as far as "Muir Torrian," which means either the Mediterranean or the Tyrrhean Sea, and died A. M. 4606, that is about B. C. 633.

Ugony's great-grandson, "Lavra of the Ships," King of Ireland about B. C. 550, married Moriath, daughter of the King of West Munster, and the tale of their courtship, found in the "Yellow Book of Lecain," is full of that charm peculiar to the old Celtic compositions. Larva's father and grandfather were treacherously slain by

his uncle, "Coffey the Slender," and he himself was so cruelly treated that he lost in early childhood the power of speech; but it returned to him suddenly one day after he had reached man's estate, whereupon his uncle, who had usurped the throne, endeavored to drive him out of the country. But he only fled, accompanied by his faithful harper, Craftine, into West Munster, where Scoriath, a petty sovereign, took them under his particular protection. Now, Scoriath had a beautiful daughter, whose heart Lavra won, but he could find no opportunity to declare his love for her, as her parents never trusted her out of their sight. One evening, however, Craftine played so exquisitely on his harp that the King and Queen became fascinated and inadvertently withdrew their attention from the princess, whom Lavra hastily persuaded to follow him to a more retired spot. As soon as the lovers were out of hearing Craftine proceeded to lull the whole company to sleep by the power of music, nor suffered them to awake until his master and Lady Moriath had plighted their vows and reappeared in the hall. Nevertheless, the Queen's suspicions were soon aroused by the demeanor of her daughter, and presently the story of the ruse had to be confessed. At first Scoriath was infuriated, but quickly calmed down and bestowed the maiden's hand on the royal exile. Shortly afterwards Lavra made a voyage to Gaul and induced his cousin, the King of that country, to supply him with a band of 2,200 warriors, by whose aid he defeated and slew Coffey. These Gaulish troops were armed with broad-headed green spears called "Leighlin," from which word the name of Leinster has been derived.

At a period which the eleventh century annalist Tigernach (copies of whose works are in the Bodleian Library and the British Museum) considered the beginning of authentic Irish history, "Macha of the Golden Tressses" reigned in Ireland. Although modern authorities regard her as a mythological personage, she figures in her romantic story, which is to be found in the "Book of Leinster" and other manuscripts, as a mortal Queen. Her father, Hugh the Red, was one of three Kings "who were upon Erin in co-sovereignty," and who made a compact whereby each should reign seven years in turn. This arrangement lasted for sixty-three years, when Hugh was accidentally drowned in the river Erne. The two other princes, Dithorba and Kimbay, considered now that the kingship lay between them, and refused to recognize the rights of Hugh's heiress on the grounds of her sex, whereupon Macha got together an army, vanquished and slew Dithorba and drove his sons into exile. She then made peace with Kimbay, who presently married her. Finding herself now securely seated on the throne, this energetic princess journeyed into Connaught to seek the banished off-

spring of her dead rival, and having discovered their retreat she enslaved them and made them build her a palace called Emania, from "Eo-Muin," a breastpin, for it was with such an implement she traced out the plan.

The remains of this celebrated residence of the Ulster Kings cover a space of twelve acres close to Armagh City. It was called "Emania the Golden," in allusion to its magnificence, although the buildings must have been only of wood, since merely earthworks and ramparts and no traces of stonework have survived. It was destroyed in the fourth century of our era. Some of the annalists state that Macha flourished some four centuries before Christ, but the "Four Masters" date her reign three centuries earlier, and mention that she was foster-mother to Hugony the Great.

About the time that the Romans conquered Britain there reigned in Ulster a King Fachtna, who was wedded to a beautiful lady named Nessa, by whom he had a son called Conor. While Conor was still a child Fachtna died and the sovereignty of Ulster devolved on a prince named Fergus MacRossa, probably because he was judged more fit to govern, having reached man's estate. This was quite in accordance with the ancient Irish laws of succession, whereby the fittest ruler among the late King's kinsfolk was considered his rightful heir.

Fergus sought Nessa in marriage, but she would accept his proposal only on condition that he would resign the throne for a year in favor of the fifteen-year-old Conor, so that the latter's children should be called "the children of a King." Fergus agreed to do this, and Nessa at once set about winning over the principal chiefs to support her son. She also surrounded him with wise counsellors, and consequently the boy's administration of affairs gave such satisfaction that the Ultonians insisted on retaining him as their permanent monarch. He is the hero of many legends under the name of "Conor MacNessa."

The most famous of all the Irish Queens was Maev of Connaught, daughter of Achy the Sigher, King of Ireland, whom the eleventh century historian, "Flann of the Monastery," synchronized with Julius Cæsar. This princess was first married to Conor MacNessa, but, notwithstanding his mental and physical perfections, she soon left him to return to Tara. About the same time Achy's three sons fell in a rebellion against him. They had been assisted during the insurrection by the people of Connaught, and to reduce the province to submission the monarch set up his beautiful strong-minded daughter as Queen of the West, providing her from among the native chiefs with a consort named Aillil. Maev was, however, soon left a widow, whereupon she journeyed in state to Naas, the

residence of the King of Leinster, and selected her third husband, another Aillil, from among his sons.

Most of Maev's history is embodied in "Tain-Bo-Cuailgne," "the Iliad of Ireland," which was transcribed in the eleventh century, from yet older sources, into the "Book of the Dun Cow." There is also a copy of the tale in the "Book of Leinster," and fragments of it can be found among various old manuscripts. The story of this "Cattle-spoil" runs as follows: Maev and Aillil disputed over the relative value of their possessions, and decided to hold a kind of exhibition of their jewelry, drinking vessels, robes and cattle. Their respective belongings were all judged to be equal in number and excellence until it was discovered that Aillil's herds included a young white-horned bull, which, although calved by one of the Queen's cows, "had not deemed it honorable to remain under a woman's control."

Maev promptly proceeded to seek an animal to replace the "white-horned," and soon learned that a certain Ulster chief owned an equally fine beast, the "Tain-bo-cuailgne," or "Brown Bull of Cooley." But her embassy and request of the loan of the bull not being successful, she got together an army of 54,000 men to take it away by force. A body of exiled Ultonians and many troops from both Leinster and Munster came to Maev's assistance, and to each petty leader she secretly promised the hand of her only daughter. On arriving at the frontier of the Northern Kingdom the brave warrior Queen found herself opposed by Cuchulain, a celebrated hero and nephew to Conor MacNessa, but by vioalting the ancient Irish rules of chivalrous warfare she contrived to ravage the country up to the gates of Emania, and then, having already obtained possession of the dun bull, she began to retrace her steps.

Up to this time the Ultonians had been suffering from a "debility," the result of a curse, but now, awaking from their lethargy, they followed the invaders with a mighty force and fully avenged themselves in a terrible battle. Yet, notwithstanding the defeat inflicted upon her army, and despite the loss of her seven sons, Maev was filled with savage exultation over the humiliation she had brought upon Conor, her quondam lord.

The "white-horned" and the "brown bull" likewise indulged in a combat on their own account, in which the latter was victorious, but in his frenzy he afterwards mistook a rock for a fresh opponent and dashed his brains out against it.

Maev's palace was Cruachan or Rath Crogan, near the present town of Carrick-on-Shannon, and the remains of a fort can still be seen there. Close by is situated the burial place of several ancient monarchs and heroes. Maev is supposed to have reigned ninety-

eight years and to have been treacherously slain, at the age of one hundred and nineteen, by a son of Conor MacNessa.

One of her sons, Ciar, is reputed to have obtained possession of a district in Munster, to which he gave his name, and it is still called "Ciarradthe," or Kerry.

Modern research has proved the "Tain" to be a mythological tale and Maev to be the original fairy queen "Mab." Indeed, the Irish accounts make her, at best, but semi-human, and a mediæval piece of Welsh literature, the "Mabinogion," which is really a collection of old Celtic legends, fully convinces us that she was a divinity and the two bulls merely forms taken by inimical mythological personages.

The beginning of the authentic Irish history is now reckoned from the accession of Toole the Legitimate, head-king of Ireland about A. D. 160. His father was killed during the insurrection known as the rising of the Attacotti, and he is said to have been a posthumous son, born at the court of his maternal grandfather, a King of Scotland. Perhaps he may have passed part of his early life in Britain, since the passage in Tacitus which refers to the proposed Roman invasion of Ireland mentions that Agricola had at one time with him an Irish prince expelled by faction from his own country. Toole was recalled to his rights at the age of twenty-five, and, acording to O'Flaherty's "Ogygia," married Bania, daughter of the King of Finland.

We read in the "History of the Boromean Tribute," one of the earliest examples of prose historical narrative, copies being in the "Book of Leinster" and the "Book of Lecain," that Toole had two daughters "more beautiful than the clouds of heaven." The younger, Dairine, was married to Achy Ainchiam, King of Leinster, but this monarch became persuaded in time that the elder, Fethir, would have been preferable as a consort, so he shut his wife up in a secret chamber of his palace at Naas, gave out she was dead and requested the hand of Fethir. As the law "against marriage with a deceased wife's sister" unfortunately did not then exist, Achy's courtship proved successful. But ere long Dairine escaped from her prison chamber and her sister met her face to face, whereupon the horror of their situation cost them their lives.

When Toole received news of the tragedy he gathered together a great army and, assisted by the foster-fathers of the maidens, the Kings of Ulster and Connaught, he burnt and ravaged Leinster until Achy was forced to agree to a treaty whereby the sub-kingdom was bound to deliver over every three years to the head King of Erin 5,000 cows, 5,000 sheep, 5,000 vessels of brass, etc., etc. This was called the "Boromean Tribute," from the large number of kine

it included, and its payment laid the foundation of an enmity between the supreme monarchs and the provincial Kings of Leinster, which culminated in the eleventh century in the invitation given by Dermot MacMorrogh, of Leinster, to the English to come and take possession of Ireland.

Though the majority of ancient Irish Kings married compatriots, a few made foreign alliances. Queen Alexandra is not the first Queen of Ireland of Danish nationality. The "Annals of Clonmacnoise" record that King "Lewy of the Red Circles" died of grief for his wife Devorgilla, daughter of a King of Lochlinn (Denmark). Bania, wife of Toole the Legitimate, is also sometimes called a Danish princess, and her son, Felimy the Lawgiver, is also said to have espoused a daughter of the Danish royal line named Una, by whom he had the celebrated Conn of the Hundred Battles. Again, in the third century Cormac Cas (or "the Beloved"), of Munster, took for his second wife Oriumd of Denmark, and they had a son who invaded his mother's country to seat his maternal uncles, Osna and Airid, on its throne, as we read in the "Psaltair of Cashel" and other records. The "Book of Munster" mentions that Cormac's first wife was the daughter of the giant Finn MacCoole and sister to the poet Ossian.

In the second century Eugene the Great, of Munster, having been worsted in a struggle with Conn of the Hundred Battles for the crown of Ireland, fled to Spain, where he espoused Beara, or Momera, daughter of Heber, King of that portion of the peninsula which afterwards formed the Castilian Kingdom. With the help of one of the lady's brothers Eugene obtained the sovereignty of half Ireland, the boundary line being the ridge of low sand hills running from Dublin to Galway. Beara's name is yet borne by a district in Cork, from which a local chief adopted the designation of "O'Sullivan Beare." There is a curious tale still extant which minutely describes her courtship by the Irish prince. All the great families of the South of Ireland, such as the MacCarthys, O'Sullivans and O'Briens, claim descent from Beara's son, "Oilliol Oluim," whose Queen, Sabia, daughter of Conn of the Hundred Fights, bore him seven sons, one of whom was the already mentioned King Cormac. Sabia, who is called in an ancient poem "one of the six best women in the world," was married to a Munster prince before she became Oilliol's consort, and had a son named Lewy MacCon, a turbulent youth, who was banished from Munster. We read that he fled to Scotland and Britain, but after a time returned with a large company of warriors, who on landing were joined by a party of his Irish friends. In reality MacCon probably made his way to South Wales, where the Munstermen had important settlements,

and persuaded a body of men of his own race to enlist under his rebel standard. Art, King of Ireland, MacCon's uncle, his step-father, the King of Munster, and his seven half-brothers marched with an army against the invaders, but the latter were victorious in a battle near Galway, and Art, Oilliol and at least six of the young princes were slain. MacCon then assumed the crown of Erin, although its rightful owner was Cormac, the son of Art.

When Cormac reached manhood he came incognito to Tara and chanced one day to be present while MacCon was sitting in judgment upon a poor widow whose sheep had strayed on to the Queen's private lawn and eaten some of the grass. The usurper declared the animals forfeit, whereupon young Cormac sprang up and contended that as the sheep had but injured the "fleece of the land," they ought merely to be deprived of their fleeces. "That is the judgment of a King," cried MacCon, completely taken aback, and at the same moment recognizing the youth, he ordered him to be seized, but the prince managed to escape and fled out of the country. He appears to have subsequently fought in Britain and Gaul against the Romans. The "Four Masters," quoting Tighernach, say he obtained the sovereignty of Alba A. D. 240. It is believed that his fame and that of his father, Art, formed the basis of the Arthurian legends.

In time the people wearied of MacCon's hard rule and insisted upon the recall of their rightful prince, who began a reign of great prosperity A. D. 254. The ancient historians and bards vie with one another in extolling Cormac's wisdom and learning and the magnificence of Tara in his time.

There is a pretty story that he was pleased to play the part of "Cophetua," and, seeing a fair maiden cutting rushes by the wayside as he rode by, he sought her for his bride, but the maiden, who was named Ethnea, at first refused his attentions, as she did not wish to abandon her foster parents, a poor cow-herd and his wife. However, when the King promised to provide for them, she consented to accept the honor offered her, and became the mother of Cormac's heir, Carbery of the Liffey. Cormac MacArt had also, among other children, two celebrated daughters, one of whom, Ailbe, was regarded as the wisest lady of her time. Some poetry ascribed to her pen is still extant. She was wooed by the commander of the Fenian force (a kind of national militia), the celebrated giant Finn MacCoole, who also sought her elder sister, Grace, in marriage. The latter, however, induced Dermot, another "Fenian," to elope with her, and the narrative of their wanderings have furnished both ancient and modern authors with a favorite literary theme. A few years ago a dramatic piece by the Duke of

Argyll, then Marquis of Lorne, and Mr. Hamish McGunn, describing the flight of "Diarmid" and "Grania" was produced in London. By the way, this Diarmid, or Dermott, is the eponym of the McCallum Mor, and the boar's head which forms the Campbell crest is in allusion to the fable that the hero met his death by the tusk of an enchanted boar. Dermott's history bears a notable resemblance to that of the Greek Adonis. Among the other Irish Kings who led the Picts and Scots against the Britons and Romans were "Niall of the Nine Hostages" (379-405) and his great nephew Dathi (405-428).

Niall, the progenitor of the O'Neills and O'Donnells, was the son of Achy the "Cultivator" by a British or Saxon princess, Carinna of the Dark Hair. Some writers state that during one of Niall's foreign campaigns there fell into the hands of his soldiery a youth named Patrick, who in after years became the Apostle of the Irish. King Dathi broke through the walls of Severus and marched through Britain and Gaul on his way to Italy itself, as we read in the "Book of Ballymote" and other records, but he was killed by lightning at the foot of the Alps. According to the "Book of Leinster," Dathi had wedded a lady named Ruadth.

Perhaps no royal lady ever had so eventful and romantic a life as Gormlaith, daughter of Flann Siona, hereditary King of Meath and supreme monarch of the Irish Pentarchy. She was born rather over one thousand years ago, and in early youth was betrothed to King Cormac MacCullen of Munster, but he afterwards refused to complete the marriage contract, as he desired to enter Holy Orders. Then Gormlaith's hand was bestowed, against her will, upon Carroll of Leinster. Some time afterwards both Carroll and Flann made war upon Cormac, who had become Archbishop of Cashel, and in a battle in Carlow the latter was slain and Carroll severely wounded. Gormlaith dutifully tended her husband, but one day when he was nearly recovered the death of her first betrothed became the subject of conversation, and she remonstrated with Carroll for exulting over the cruel manner in which the holy man's body had been mutilated, whereupon her lord kicked her so rudely off the foot-rail of the bed, where she had been sitting, that she fell in an undignified manner before all her attendants. Filled with mortification, the Queen fled to her father, but Flann, having his hands full trying to keep the Danes in check, sent her back to her husband. However, her chivalrous young kinsman, "Niall Black Knee," of Ulster, constituted himself Gormlaith's champion, and though she objected to his using violence, he forced Carroll to agree to a separation, and shortly afterwards, when the Leinster monarch was slain by the Norseman, Gormlaith became the wife

of Niall, who in 916 succeeded Flann as supreme monarch. Three years later he, too, fell fighting the Danes. Gormlaith's brother was the next King, but in 942 the sceptre passed out of her family, and no provision having been made for her, she was driven to subsist upon alms for the remaining five years of her life. During her long last illness she wrote some curious poetry describing her romantic, albeit mournful, career. It is to be found in the "Book of Leinster," and there is also mention of Gormlaith in other manuscripts, notably in the "Annals of Clonmacnoise" and in those of the "Four Masters."

This "fair and virtuous" lady's history has not infrequently been somewhat confused with that of a notorious namesake of hers who lived a few years later and also possessed the "fatal gift of beauty." This second Gormlaith, a Leinster princess, was first married to "Olaf of the Sandal," who had at one time ruled Northumbria, but, being expelled thence, came to Ireland, where he succeeded before long to the Danish kingdom of Dublin, which included Man and the Isles. Before his alliance with Gormlaith this Scandinavian prince had been wedded to the widow of King Donnal of Ireland, and now Malachy II., *her* son by the first husband, made war on his step-father and inflicted on him such a severe defeat that Olaf, broken spirited, started on a pilgrimage to Iona, whence he never returned. Gormlaith had borne her Danish lord a son named Sitric, who succeeded to the Kingship of Dublin, and now, when widowed, she espoused her dead husband's enemy, Malachy II., he of whom Moore wrote that he "wore the collar of gold which he won from the proud invader." In time they, too, had a son, who was named Conor, but before very long Malachy found cause to repudiate Gormlaith, who probably then went to live with Sitric, while the Irish King took for his consort her step-daughter, Sitric's half sister, Malmaria.

In addition to the Danish leaders, the great and good King Malachy had an important foe or rival in the King of Munster, the very celebrated "Brian Boru," who after some twenty years' warfare wrested from him in 1002 the supreme Kingship of Erin, which had for at least six centuries been vested in Malachy's race.

A couple of years previous to this the Munster monarch had formed an alliance with Sitric of Dublin, to whom, in order to cement their friendship, he gave his only daughter in marriage, while he himself, we are told, wedded Sitric's mother. As we have, however, evidence that Brian had already had a son by Gormlaith, it is quite possible that he was merely reunited to her at this period. Be that as it may, Gormlaith would appear to have consented to marry Brian as a political expedient, since even the Norse Saga

notes that she was "grim" against him, and she soon proved herself his most dangerous enemy by inciting her brother, Maelmurra of Leinster, who was already more or less hostile to his over-lord, to rebel against him. Maelmurra sought as allies the Norsemen, who, being already established in Normandy and having just seated a prince of their race on the English throne and made themselves masters of practically all the islands and part of the mainland of Scotland, desired nothing better than a chance of becoming paramount in Ireland, where they had long possessed strong coast settlements. At this stage of affairs Gormlaith left Brian and went back to Sitric, who shortly afterwards promised secretly, but with her own consent, his mother's much-coveted hand, not only to Siguard, the great Earl of the Orkneys, but to two or three powerful vikings as well, as an additional inducement to them to come and fight against Brian.

On Good Friday, 1014, there was fought close to Dublin the terrible Battle of Clontarf, between a mighty Danish force and their degenerate Leinster allies on the one side and Brian and Malachy, reinforced by troops led by the great Scotch lords, or "Marmoais" of Lennox and Mar on the other. The writer of the "Njala Saga," Marianus Scotus, and other chroniclers describe this desperate struggle, in which Brian Boru was victorious, although he did not survive the day.

What was the eventual fate of Kormloda, as Brian's evil Queen is called in the "Saga," is not recorded. The Four Masters record her death under the entries of the year 1030.

Donogh, son of Brian and Gormlaith, succeeded his father as King of Munster and also claimed the crown of Ireland. He married for his second wife Driella, daughter of Earl Godwin and sister to Edward the Confessor's Queen. During the rebellion of Godwin Harold came to Ireland and Donogh placed nine ships at his disposal, and after the battle of Hastings we find Harold's sons seeking a refuge with their Irish kinsfolk.

During the period of increased disunion which prevailed in the country after the death of Brian, the O'Neills of Ulster, the O'Briens of Munster (the head of which family is now represented by Lord Inchiquin) and the O'Conors of Connaught contended with one another for the supreme crown of Ireland. Roderick O'Conor, who abdicated in 1184, was the last Milesian King of all Ireland, although the provincial rulers remained monarchs, in name at least, until the reign of Elizabeth.

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BURKE ON RELIGION AND THE CHURCH.

SIR EDMUND BURKE says that man is a religious animal. When Wordsworth notes that Shakespeare's plays are not so much interested in or occupied with religion as men really are, he quickly gains our assent. Those who say they do not think of the matter do protest too much. The more irreligious an assembly pretends to be, the greater its excitement about religion. Burke's day saw that; and we see the same. Religion touches on everything, our plain man Matthew Arnold said. "It is indeed quite astonishing how we ever stumble on theology in all our political questions"—but the only astonishing thing in that remark is M. Proudhon's astonishment. Still his socialism knows how things stand and what men are. It, too, is a doctrine, a religion—that men are sinned against, not sinning; the fault is in our stars, not in ourselves.

Burke's doctrine was the opposite, the Christian. He accepted an imperfect state, never to be wholly re-made in this world, full of evils which it is our duty to mitigate, though they cannot be altogether removed. The ideal for eye, ear and heart is to be reached, but not here. He would have happiness for all; he thinks it a statesman's interest to make men happy. But how? "He is not deprived of a due and anxious sensation of pity to the distresses of the miserable great." Even if we have what the world can give, yet "to the great the consolations of religion are necessary, . . . and its instructions. . . . Religious instruction is of more consequence to them than to any others; from the greatness of temptations to which they are exposed; from the important consequences that attend their faults; from the contagion of their ill example; from the necessity of bowing down the stubborn neck of their pride and ambition to the yoke of moderation and virtue; from a consideration of the fat stupidity and gross ignorance concerning what imports men most to know, which prevail at courts, and at the head of armies, and in senates, as much as at the loom and in the field." Religion is a condition of lasting happiness—for all.

In this matter Burke was consistent throughout. And again his words of self-criticism apply: "I believe if he could venture to value himself upon anything, it is on the virtue of consistency that he would value himself most. Strip him of that and you leave him naked indeed."

As early as 1773, in a speech on a bill for the relief of Protestant dissenters, he had maintained what religion is in society. "The most horrid and cruel blow that can be offered to society is through

atheism. Do not promote diversity; when you have it bear it; have as many sorts of religion as you find in your country; there is reasonable worship in them all. The others, the infidels, are outlaws of the constitution; not of this country, but of the human race. . . . How shall I arm myself against them? By uniting all those in affection who are united in the great principle of the Godhead, that made and sustains the world. They who hold revelation give double assurance to the country. Even the man who does not hold revelation, yet who wishes that it were proved to him, who observes a pious silence with regard to it, such a man, though not a Christian, is governed by religious principles. Let him be tolerated in this country. Let it be but a serious religion, natural or revealed. Take what you can get; cherish, blow up the slightest spark. One day it may be a pure and holy flame.[1] By this proceeding you form an alliance, offensive and defensive, against those great ministers of darkness in the world who are endeavoring to shake all the works of God established in order and beauty."

There are but two attitudes of mind, Burke would say—the proud intellectual, or defiant, restless and dreaming of perfection on earth, or paralyzed morally, wholly disheartened by false principles that turn difficulty into doubt; and, on the other side, the acceptance of our middle state, the submission, the wonder and awe, with reverence, the intellectual sanity, the welcoming of all truth, the acknowledging of difficulties impossible to answer, the trust, the act of faith as an effort of intellect and will. That is, he lives and moves by Catholic principles.

"I confess I trust infinitely more (according to the sound principles of those who have at any time meliorated the state of mankind) to the effect and influence of religion than to all the rest of the regulations put together." So when the churches were shut up in France, the people (he so expressed it) were hungering and thirsting for religion. And by educating without religion you neglect the chief means to the end proposed. Religion of all subjects is the most interesting to the statesman. And he calls "atheism the great *political* evil of our time." Guarding himself, he goes on: "I hope I need not apologize for this phrase, as if I thought religion nothing but policy. It is far from my thought, and I hope it is not to be inferred from my expressions. But in the light of policy alone I am considering the question." And he adds, as one might expect: "I speak of policy in a large light; in which large light policy, too, is a sacred thing. The State is to be looked on with

[1] Burke fitted up a place of worship on his own property for some Brahmans who, being in England, were exposed to coldness and contempt as to religion, and thus fearful or disheartened in practicing the only religion they knew or would live by.

reverence, because it is not a partnership in things subservient only to the gross animal existence of a temporary and perishable nature. It is a partnership in all science; a partnership in all art; a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead and those who are to be born. Each contract of each particular State is but a clause in the great primæval contract of eternal society." And: "An alliance between Church and State in a Christian commonwealth is, in my opinion, an idle and fanciful speculation. An alliance is between two things that are in their nature distinct and independent, such as between two sovereign States. But in a Christian commonwealth the Church and State are one and the same thing, being different integral parts of the same whole.[2] We have consecrated the State. . . . He who gave our nature to be perfected by our virtue willed also the necessary means of its perfection. He willed therefore the State; He willed its connection with the source and original archetype of all perfection. They who are convinced of this His will, which is the law of laws and the sovereign of sovereigns, cannot think it reprehensible that this our corporate fealty and homage, that this our recognition of a seigniory paramount, I had almost said this oblation of the State itself, as a worthy offering on the high altar of universal praise, should be performed, as all public and solemn acts are performed, in buildings, in decoration, in speech, in the dignity of persons, according to the customs of mankind, taught by their nature; that is, with modest splendor, with unassuming state, with mild majesty and sober pomp. For those purposes they think some part of the wealth of the country is as usefully employed as it can be in fomenting the luxury of individuals. It is the public ornament. It is the public consolation. It nourishes the public hope. The poorest man finds his importance and dignity in it, whilst the wealth and pride of individuals at every moment makes the man of humble rank and fortune sensible of his inferiority and degrades and vilifies his condition. It is for the man in humble life, and to raise his nature, and to put him in mind of a state in which the privileges of opulence will cease, when he will be equal by nature and may be more than equal by virtue, that this portion of the general wealth of his country is employed and sanctified."

The Church of the poor; the home of the poor; and this instructor in lofty ideals, in art and its hidden, maybe unrecognized teachings, the devotion to something apart from the sphere of our

[2] Speech on the petition of the Unitarians.

sorrow; the ever present witness against our materialism, the supernatural, the incarnate as it were in our midst; the champion of the oppressed; the bold face towards the rich and powerful; the maker of Christian marriage laws, the protector of women; the equalizer, under whose civilization none feel degraded; the institution whose Popes are, it may be, princes or sprung from the poor and the humble, whose priesthood and orders hide all distinctions and carry out the fraternity the cruel world raves about—who is this? What is this? With how much greater force Burke's words apply to her of whom Lecky writes: "That Church which often seemed so haughty and overbearing in its dealings with Kings and nobles never failed to listen to the poor and the oppressed; and for many years their protection was the foremost of all the objects of its policy," than they apply to the product of the Reformation-triumph of Kings and nobles, of rack-renters and those who could be henceforth at their will either employers or despoilers of the championless poor; that modern Church of England (Burke's Church), described in its origin even by Arnold of Rugby when he wrote: "Our Church has ever borne the marks of her birth, the child of regal and aristocratical selfishness and tyranny."

But Burke writes as the statesman, though he says he knows that religion must first be looked at otherwise. He found no time to bring his mind well to bear on this earlier aspect. And finding the noble and just men, past and present, who had settled into conformity with the body that originated in Macaulay's "political job," or who had given a being, by their piety and godly traditions, to what they would have shrunk from as an ill-looking spiritual nonentity at its inception, Burke therefore accepted what he found thus beautifully ennobled by its members' works; just as he had accepted the Establishment in Scotland. It is as it was with the English Prayer Book, once so scorned by the Catholic English, but when forced upon them then accepted, and gradually gathering round its fragments the holy associations of personal devotion and the piety of those beloved, not without the traditions of the sacred dead, and the halo of a national institution. In a letter to his own much-loved son he writes: "I do not pretend to take pride in an extravagant attachment to any sect. Some gentlemen in Ireland affect that sort of glory. It is to their taste. Their piety, I take for granted, justifies the fervor of their zeal, and may palliate the excess of it. Being myself no more than a common layman, commonly informed in controversies, leading only a very common life and having only a common citizen's interest in the Church or in the State, yet to you I will say, in justice to my own sentiments, that not one of those zealots for a Protestant interest wishes more sin-

cerely than I do—perhaps not half so sincerely—for the support of the Established Church in both these realms. It is a great link towards holding fast the connection of religion with the State and for keeping these two islands, in their present critical independence of constitution,[3] in a close connection of *opinion and affection.* I wish it well as the religion of the greater number of the primary landed proprietors of the kingdom, with whom all establishments of Church and State, for strong political reasons, ought, in my opinion, to be warmly connected. I wish it well because it is more closely combined than any other of the Church systems with the *Crown,* which is the stay of the mixed constitution, because it is, as things now stand, the sole connecting political principle between the constitutions of the two independent kingdoms. I have another, and infinitely a stronger reason for wishing it well—it is that in the present time I consider it as one of the main pillars of the Christian religion itself. The body and substance of any religion I regard much more than any of the forms and dogmas of the particular sects. Its fall would leave a great void which nothing else of which I can form any distinct idea would fill. I respect the Catholic hierarchy and the Presbyterian republic. But I know that the hope or the fear of establishing either of them is in these kingdoms equally chimerical, even if I preferred one or the other of them to the Establishment, which I certainly do not. I wish to see the Established Church of England great and powerful; I wish to see her foundations laid low and deep, that she may crush the giant powers of rebellious darkness; I would have her head raised up to heaven, to which she conducts us. I would have her open wide her hospitable gates by a noble and liberal comprehension; but I would have no breaches in her wall. I would have her cherish all those who are within and pity all those who are without; I would have her a common blessing to the world, an example, if not an instructor, to those who have not the happiness to belong to her; I would have her give a lesson of peace to mankind, that a vexed and wandering generation might be taught to seek for repose and toleration in the maternal bosom of Christian charity, and not in the harlot lap of infidelity and indifference. Nothing has driven people more into that house of seduction than the mutual hatred of Christian congregations. Long may we enjoy our church under a learned and edifying episcopacy. But episcopacy may fail and religion exist. . . . The cause of the Church of England is included in that of religion, not that of religion in the Church of England. I will stand up at all times for the rights of conscience,

[3] From 1782 to 1800 the only link between Great Britain and Ireland being the holding of the two crowns by the same prince.

as it is such, not for its particular modes against its general principles. One may be right, another mistaken; but if I have more strength than my brother, it shall be employed to support, not oppress his weakness; if I have more light it shall be used to guide, not to dazzle him."[4]

Newman almost echoes Burke, but with what a different intention. It illustrates his own steady words: that I will not admit anything until I know what use you are going to make of what I say; and again, that most arguments are useless because men do not agree about the premises. As to the Church of England: "For the first time I looked at it from without, and (as I should myself say) saw it as it was. Forthwith I could not get myself to see in it anything else than what I had so long fearfully suspected—a mere national institution. . . . I recognize in the Anglican Church a time honored institution of noble historical memories, a monument of ancient wisdom, a momentous arm of political strength, and to a certain point a witness and teacher of religious truth."[5] But, as indeed Burke had implied, if we place him with Newman at the supernatural and thence judge: "It has no traditions; it cannot be said to think; it does not know what it holds and what it does not; it is not even conscious of its own existence. It has no love for its members, or what are sometimes called its children. . . . Its fruits, as far as they are good, are to be made much of as long as they last, for they are transient and without succession. Its former champions of orthodoxy are no earnest of orthodoxy now; they died, and there was no reason why they should be reproduced.[6] I have said all this not in declamation, but to bring out clearly why I cannot feel interest of any kind in the National Church nor put any trust in it at all from its past history, as if it were, in however narrow a sense, a guardian of orthodoxy. It is as little bound by

[4] Speech on a bill for the relief of Protestant dissenters.

[5] "Apologia," p. 339.

[6] At any time since Newman wrote one may hear words—are they pathetic or only plaintive; or are they proved a little silly?—such as these from a tormented ritualist: *"Surely what is necessary is a real collective episcopal pronouncement on the doctrine of the Church of England.* . . . We do not want the opinions of individual Bishops, because it is notorious that they are not agreed amongst themselves, and that the opinion of the Bishop in no wise binds the successor in his see. We cannot keep on changing our religion to satisfy the variant views of an unlimited number of infallible [*sic*] Popes." (The Rev. H. Evans, *Church Times*, Nov. 14, 1902.) The poor man would also echo a ritualist brother's cry: "I am heartsick and weary of having part or lot with the inheritance of those bold, bad men, the reformers, and of dwelling in the tents of the English Establishment." But the first quoted writer has done more since that note was taken, as he has left off wailing at self-imposed tortures and has come to his realities of Rome and is now a priest. But others, in the weekly *Church Times*, still echo his old self, woefully.

what it said or did formerly as this morning's newspaper by its former numbers, except as it is bound by the law. . . . As the nation changes its political, so it may change its religious views."

To a typical English churchman that is, I think, no unreasonable relation between a nation and its religion. I remember hearing Mr. Gladstone make a speech, pleading for the religious life of the Church as something independent of connection with state or nation; and, incidentally (in the presence, by the way, of the present Protestant Primate of all Ireland, then disestablished Bishop of Derry), the author of the Irish Church Disestablishment Act spoke of the advantages of a free life for the Church. Full of religious enthusiasm the speaker seemed to be. However, all the effect the eloquence had on an ex-Governor from Australia was that this gallant Imperialist made a speech, agreeing, he said, with Mr. Gladstone that the English Church was, indeed, to be cherished as a link that bound the colonies to the mother country. If I did not misunderstand Bishop Wescott of Durham, neither did he seem to follow Mr. Gladstone in his flight to that upper region, where Manning and Hope Scott had wondered, as they longed, whether Gladstone would not maintain himself. But indeed even good Roman Catholics are sound only materially when they quote from the "Idea of a University" Newman's description of a perfect gentleman of the world and dwell on it as the highest state a Christian can be supposed to reach, while the author wrote it to show how grateful, noble and just can be that man who is a pagan.

So true is it that most of us need daily reminders that God's ways are not our ways; that things are not what they seem; that natural goodness is beautiful and as often hollow and insincere, deceiving and deceived. Things are what they are. Therefore the Puritan did not feign at all, nor the cynic, when they told these home truths, though in their proud or uncharitable fashion. And therefore even their philosophy or religion is more interesting than any sentimental or inspiring appeals to the shifting notions that our family or friends or nation may happen to have. A national religion is of all the least interesting to poet, philosopher, saint or sinner.

Burke has, indeed, indicated a preference in matters of religion. And he does go one step anyway, as we have seen, behind legislative establishment, while, as he said before, generally treating religion as a statesman's affair. He does say: "Legislative authority cannot be the ground of religious persuasion. . . . Religion, to have any force on men's understandings—indeed, to exist at all—must be supposed paramount to laws and independent for its substance on any human institution. . . . Religion is not be-

lieved because the laws have established it; but it is established because the leading part of the community have previously believed it to be true. *To claim religious assent on mere human authority is absurd and preposterous.*" That places him with Newman on the road to the Church, though he stopped by the way.

Let us bear those words of his in mind and his exact old-fashioned use of the last adjective.

What, then, in Burke's mind, is the Church? We have seen that he speaks of the truth of religious teaching as something antecedent to its establishment. But as for forms of Christianity, though he considered that there were better and worse, yet once you had Christianity, then came the nation; and while your difference in religion did not suffice to cut you off from other members of the Christian commonwealth, it at the same time gave you within the borders of your own state (also a sacred entity) a form of the religion to which all within that nation might well bow. And so Church establishments, even if made by states, as the Whig doctrine seems to imply, were yet sacred, because life was sacred, because the nation was sacred, because Christianity in general was the truth, and State and Church were really one. If that was Whigism, it was Whigism lifted out of its commonplace, glorified by imagination and made beautiful by reverence. It might even satisfy a Tory of old, unless he were already a High churchman in a more modern sense.

Burke could not, indeed, make light in one sense of differences between Christians: "I shall never call any religious opinions which appear important to serious and pious minds things of no consideration. Nothing is so fatal to religion as indifference, which is at least half infidelity." It is the helplessness or madness of atheism, implying a state of moral being as well as of speculative intelligence, a total inversion of the true kingdom of man within. That is what Burke was always considering—as statesman, and also as individual responsible man, as Englishman, husband, father, friend. "What is Jacobinism? It is an attempt (hitherto but too successful) to eradicate prejudice out of the minds of men for the purpose of putting all power and authority into the hands of persons capable of occasionally enlightening the minds of the people. . . . As the grand prejudice, and that which holds all the other prejudices together, the first, last and middle object of their hostility is religion. With that they are at inexpiable war. They make no distinction of sects. A Christian as such is to them their enemy. What, then, is left to a real Christian (Christian as a believer and as a statesman) but to make a league between all the grand divisions of that name; to protect and to cherish them all,

and by no means to proscribe in any manner, more or less, any member of our common party? The divisions which formerly prevailed in the Church, with all their overdone zeal, only purified and ventilated our common faith, because there was no common enemy arrayed and embattled to take advantage of their discussions; but now nothing but inevitable ruin will be the consequence of our quarrels. . . . All the principal religions in Europe stand upon one common bottom. The support that the whole or the favored parts may have in the secret dispensations of Providence it is impossible to tell; but, humanly speaking, they are all *prescriptive* religions. They have all stood long enough to make prescription and its chain of legitimate prejudices their mainstay. The people who compose the four grand divisions of Christianity have now their religion as a habit, and upon authority, and not on disputation—as all men who have their religion derived from their parents, and the fruits of education, *must* have it, however the one, more than the other, may be able to reconcile his faith to his own reason, or that of other men. Depend upon it, they must be all supported or they must all fall in the crash of a common ruin. The Catholics are the far more numerous part of the Christians in your country [Ireland], and how can Christianity (that is now the point in issue) be supported under the persecution, or even under the discountenance of the greater number of Christians? It is a great truth, and which in one of the debates I stated as strongly as I could to the House of Commons in the last session,[7] that if the Catholic religion is destroyed by the infidels, it is a most contemptible and absurd idea that this or any Protestant Church can survive that event. Therefore my humble and decided opinion is that all the three religions, prevalent more or less in various parts of these islands, ought all, insubordination to the legal establishments as they stand in the several countries, to be all countenanced, protected and cherished, and that in Ireland particularly the Roman Catholic religion should be upheld in high respect and veneration, and should be, in its place, provided with all the means of making it a blessing to the people who profess it; that it ought to be cherished as a good (though not as the most preferable good, if a choice was now to be made), and not tolerated as an inevitable evil."[8] "The Protestant Church's religion, which the King is bound to maintain, has a positive part in it as well as a negative; and the positive part of it (in which we are in perfect agreement with the Catholics and with the Church of Scotland) is infinitely the most valuable and essential."[9] Catholics are "men we know to agree in

[7] 1794; during the Reign of Terror in France.
[8] Letter to William Smith, 1795.
[9] Letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe, 1792.

every iota in every one *positive* doctrine which all of us who profess the religion authoritatively [*sic*] taught in England hold ourselves, according to our faculties, bound to believe. The Catholics have the whole of our *positive* religion; our difference is only a negation of certain tenets of theirs. If we strip ourselves of *that* part of Catholicism we abjure Christianity."

It is evident that there are two men here in Burke. He would, I take it, readily assent to Newman's basis of self-evident truths: the existence of God and his own existence. He would meet unbelief on another basis also, and would assert the absolute in morals. He might refuse to argue here, but refuse intellectually, seeing that there is an impossibility in utter negation, or agnosticism, as now he might be forced to say. Action is necessary, and man acting, immediately distinguishes, rejects, prefers, and reflecting on his action asks why he so acts and sees in the answer he must give the foundation of belief, even in the instinctive choice which by the constitution of our nature we find that we make.

If, then, there is a distinction between right and wrong, between objective falsehood and truth, there does yet remain a difficulty in facing varying religions and their claims, but only the difficulty already met and faced, the existence of evil. Having come up to Christianity, to suggest, then, that the rival claims of doctrines taught must be disregarded, seeing that Christianity in general is true, this is really to cast the mind down again to the denial of objective truth or right—that impossible state from which, as Burke agrees, the facts of our existence drive us upward. He spoke as a statesman, he spoke as an opportunist, in his own humane and noble sense, and then as a conservative, as a lover of order, in dread of disturbing men's beliefs and basis of action, as a philosopher who knew so much of men's weakness, of their thoughtlessness, their good instincts, their dangerous passions, their ready yielding to wickedness freely taught. But, as Aubrey de Vere says of Bacon, whenever the question of authority in religion was posed, as between Catholics and Protestants—shall we now say Rationalists?—he put it by. And yet here we are face to face with the question. What is our answer?

Burke lays firm a groundwork for the Theist, for the Christian. Religion he finds the great fact, the most real part of man's nature; revelation is neither impossible nor unlikely; the burden of proof is on the denier of that to which the best that is in man has borne testimony, from within and from without. Then there is an appeal made by the earliest Christian witnesses to facts. And of all men Burke must feel the full force of what the Church means by tradition in its organic life. And so, further, as reason within its limits

works its way, he would be the first to look up for the ray of grace by which faith (as one may put it)—reason further enlightened—makes acts of holy confidence. The Christian religion comes by authority, received by us more passively now, or less. Burke's statesman's fear of questioning the basis of things took possession of him, having said so much; and where he had reached the less difficult part of the problem these discussions between Christians became to him puzzlings in things hidden. Yet they are far less of a puzzle than his own disputes with the atheists. As he said, "with reverence"—in words almost identical in spirit with Cardinal Newman's—"the truths of Christianity are not so evident as are some of men's mutual duties to one another."[10] It is otherwise evident that you must have authority to witness to Scripture, and that Protestantism as such is neither witness nor teacher. Not to see this is ridiculous, Burke himself declares in words quoted further on. But "straightway he forgetteth." "He who has seen a ghost cannot be as if he had never seen it." But perhaps Burke never saw the "wafture of the hand," nor understood the beckoning if he saw. As I have just said, he has indeed admitted this and has here condemned himself.

Religion is authoritatively taught in England, he maintains—the established religion. So it was before this present religion of the country came into existence. So it is in the Scottish established religion. The old and the new differ in what it is vain to call trifles,

[10] However, compare Butler's "Analogy," end of Part II., chap. vi. The state of religion implies state of probation. Credibility of a state of probation admitted, then there is no peculiar difficulty in supposing it to be just as it is.

The objections of the spirit of the revolution are really objections to the facts of existence. You cannot escape from this middle state. The objections might lead you to a nothingness, as Butler says. But that being impossible, you are started again (1) by facts without, (2) by facts within; and thus you must admit distinctions, and admit "difficulties, not doubts." "The evidence upon which we must act, if we will live and act at all, is perpetually doubtful to a very high degree." Newman's tribute to Butler is well known. But his early guide did not act as consistently as the disciple who "believed in a God on a ground of probability . . . believed in Christianity on a probability . . . *and believed in Catholicism on a probability*"—the last act of faith the easiest, the most imperative, as nearly all men judge who think well on it. There are: "Les tenèbres même, si je l'ose dire, et les saintes obscurités de la foi." But, in Newman's words in the "Apologia:" "Absolute certitude we are able to possess . . . whether as to the moral truths of natural theology or as to the facts of a revelation . . . [as] the result of an assemblage of concurring and converging probabilities . . . which did not reach to logical certainty, [but] might suffice for a mental certitude. He who has made us has so willed . . . and He coöperates with us . . . and thereby enables us to do that which he wills us to do, and carries us on, if our will does but coöoperate with His, to a certitude which rises higher than the logical force of our conclusions."

if so be that Burke's own devout acceptance of revealed religion be a rational act at all. Nor is it less vain trifling to doubt for a moment that Burke's place would have been with Fisher and More. And yet in things of eternity they all stand or all fall together. Here is no time, but a thousand years are as one day.

Again, he did question Protestantism. By whose authority? Who made thee a judge of these Scriptures? For, as his subsequently quoted words but fairly state, they can be known to be what you say only by divine authority. He has asked that fatal question, fatal to him who cannot be a rationalist, who dares not be a Catholic or whose eyes are holden. He must give up further inquiry as puzzling; he must turn to his work in the world, it may be, with an honest and true heart. No wonder that a rumor grew up that Burke, thus at the threshold of the consistency of the Church, had taken the hand of his priest friend, Dr. Hussey, president of Maynooth, and had entered in. But doubtless he followed not the path to the Holy Doors, or else they were hid from his eyes. "Thou knowest not now; thou shalt know hereafter."

He frequently seems angered at the use of the word "Protestant;" not theologically, but because he was pleading with those who used it to justify or gratify themselves in persecution, and also because of its negative force. So he greatly disliked the use of the word "non-Catholicism"—in a toleration act in France in 1787—as if it meant to shelter all or any impiety. In a letter to his son (178-) he speaks against the new word Protestant *ascendency* in Ireland, the which in plain old English signified, he declared, pride and dominion on one part of the relation, and on the other subserviency and contempt. "By the use of this term the name Protestant becomes nothing more or better than the name of a persecuting faction, with a relation of some sort of hostility to others;" and, continuing, he expresses a certain irritation seemingly against the word at all as being a negation—"but without any sort of ascertained tenets of its own upon the ground of which it persecutes other men; for the patrons of this Protestant ascendency neither do, nor can by anything positive, define or describe what they mean by the word Protestant. It is defined as Cowley defines wit, not by what it is, but by what it is not. It is not the Christian religion as professed in the churches holding communion with Rome—the majority of Christians; that is all."[11] He goes on to say that this

[11] "We sometimes hear of a Protestant *religion*, frequently of a Protestant *interest*. We hear of the latter the most frequently, because it has a positive meaning. The other has none." In the "Reflections" (1790), however, are the words, expressing his ideal: "Violently condemning neither the Greek, nor the Armenian, nor, since the heats are subsided, the Roman system of religion, we prefer the Protestant; not because we think it has less of the Christian religion in it, but because, in our judgment, it has more. We are Protestants not from indifference, but from zeal."

negative attitude makes their persecution worse than that of the old persecutors, strong dogmatists. And still more eagerly he says this of the Jacobins who would go as far as the enforcing of no religion, or at least as the patronizing of such a state. But, "This much, my dear son, I have to say of this Protestant persecution in Ireland, that it is a persecution of religion itself." And, scoffing at this "junto" of ascendency in Ireland, he wrote in the "Regicide Peace" (Letter iv.) that when the anti-Christian republic sends its ambassador to London "we shall then have a French ambassador without a suspicion of popery. One good it will have: it will go some way in quieting the minds of that synod of zealous Protestant lay elders who govern Ireland on the pacifick principles of polemick theology, and who now, from dread of the pope, cannot take a cool bottle of claret or enjoy an innocent parliamentary job with any tolerable quiet." So in the last year of his life: "Without in the least derogating from the talents of your theological politicians, or from the military abilities of your commanders (who act on the same principles) in Ireland," he says that for attacks on the Pope and all his adherents, they may think themselves inferior to "the Protestant Directory of Paris as statesmen and the Protestant hero Bonaparte as a general, . . . and to that true Protestant *Hoche*, with an army not infected with the slightest tincture of popery."[12] "I ought to suppose that the arrival of General Hoche is eagerly expected in Ireland; for he, too, is a most zealous Protestant, and he has given proof of it by the studied cruelties and insults by which he put to death the old Bishop of Dol [in Bretagne], whom (but from the mortal fear I am in lest the suspicion of popery should attach upon me) I should call a glorious martyr, and should class him amongst the most venerable prelates that have appeared in this century. It is to be feared, however, that the zealots will be disappointed in their pious hopes by the season of the year and the bad condition of the Jacobin navy, which may keep him this winter from giving his brother Protestants his kind assistance in accomplishing with you what the other friend of the cause, Bonaparte, is doing in Italy; and what the masters of these two pious men, the Protestant Directory of France, have so thoroughly accomplished in that, the most Popish, but unluckily whilst Popish, the most cultivated, the most populous and the most flourishing of all countries—the Austrian Netherlands."[13]

Burke was evidently angry enough when he wrote thus. His scorn was reserved, however, for what he thought at bottom an irreligious persecution, excited by interest rather than religion.

[12] A letter on the affairs of Ireland.

[13] A letter to the Rev. Dr. Hussey, 1796.

And about different religions as such he was serious, in his way. But, as we have seen, he would not concern himself deeply with the differences between Christians. At least: "I do not wish any man to be converted from his sect. The distinctions . . . may be even useful to the cause of religion. By some moderate contention they keep alive zeal."[14] "Whereas, people who change, except under strong conviction (a thing now rare. No converts will now be made in considerable numbers from one of our sects to the other upon a really religious principle. Controversy moves in another direction.), the religion of their early prejudices, especially if the conversion is brought about by any political machine, are very apt to degenerate into indifference, laxity and often downright atheism."[15]

Burke would not put country above *some* form of religion, some form of *Christianity* even. But, once you had that, you observed "with some concern that there are many whose minds are so formed that they find the communion of religion to be a close and endearing tie, and their country no bond at all." And they are led so far by these sympathies in religion that the nature of essential justice for them seems changed, acording as the men concerned are Catholics or Protestants. He is appealing to Protestants in England to have sympathy with English and Irish Catholics, as they have with Protestants in France. "This hunting after foreign affections is a disarrangement of the whole system of our duties. This no one would help observing who has seen our doors bountifully thrown open to foreign sufferers for conscience,[16] whilst through the same ports were issuing fugitives of our own, driven from their country for a cause which to an indifferent [impartial] person would seem exactly similar."[17]

What, in his mind, was that national form of English religion to which he seemed sincerely attached?

If you alter her symbols you do not destroy the being of the Church of England. "The Church, like every body corporate, may alter her laws without changing her identity. As an independent church, proposing fallibiiity, she has claimed a right of acting without the consent of any other; as a Church she claims, and has always exercised"—"the national Church of my own country;" "another Church,"[18] he terms it, from the one plundered by Henry VIII.—"a right of reforming whatever appeared amiss in her doc-

[14] Remarks on the policy of the Allies, 1793.

[15] Letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe, 1795.

[16] Some eight thousand Catholic priests had been hospitably received in England when in danger of their lives in France.

[17] Tracts on the Popery laws.

[18] Letter to a noble lord.

trines, her discipline or her rites." He instances rejection of papal supremacy under Henry VIII., thinking of that "other Church," also, in its national aspect,[19] and then twice changing the liturgy under Edward VI.; establishing "articles which were themselves a variation from her former profession;" reducing 42 articles to 39; "and she certainly would not lose her identity nor subvert her fundamental principles, though she were to leave ten of the 39 which remain out of any future confession of her faith." Perhaps he seems half to wish that were to do; for he says that though "I will not enter into the abstract merit of our articles or liturgy, yet perhaps there are some things in them which one would wish had not been there. They are not without the marks and characters of human frailty." Following history, he says to Parliament—urging members not to alter the liturgy without due cause, but not thinking of denying their competency now, as in the past, and not doubting that he would accept alterations—"you altered the liturgy for the Directory. . . . At the restoration, both sides rejected the Directory and reformed the Common Prayer. . . . Two thousand clergy resigned their livings in one day rather than read it; and truly, rather than raise that second idol, I should have adhered to the Directory as I now adhere to the Common Prayer. . . . I have an high opinion of the doctrines of the Church. I receive them implicitly, or I put my own explanation on them, or take that which seems to me to come best recommended by authority [*sic*]. . . . Some persons think more rigidly of the doctrine of the articles relative to predestination than others do. They sign the article relative to it *ex animo*, and literally. Others allow a latitude of construction. . . . These two parties are in the church, yet we live quietly under the same roof. I do not see why, as long as Providence gives us no further light into this great mystery, we should not leave things as the Divine Wisdom has left them. . . . Instead of puzzling ourselves in the depth of the Divine counsels, let us turn to the mild morality of the Gospel." . . . But, "point your arms against men who, not contented with endeavoring to turn your eyes from the blaze and effulgence of light, by which life and immortality is so gloriously demonstrated by the Gospel, would even extinguish that faint glimmering of nature, that only comfort supplied to ignorant man before this great illumination—them who, by attacking even the possibility of all Revelation, arraign all the dispensations of Providence to man."[20]

[19] "But you ought to think your conscience erroneous when you have against you the whole council of the nation." And the martyr, Sir Thomas More, answered: "I should if I had not for me a still greater council, the whole council of Christendom."

[20] Speeches on the Act of Uniformity and the bill for the relief of Protestant dissenters.

It is like the good folks who complain of the Church formulating a Creed of Pope Pius, or those who are sorry she amplified the Nicene into the Athanasian, or like Jeremy Taylor, who would have her content with that called the Apostles'. Well, it may not be the duty of every one to think a matter out, or seeing he may not see.

The question of religious Toleration is treated by Burke in three speeches:

1772. On the Act of Uniformity; on the petition of some clergymen, lawyers and doctors to be relieved from subscription to the 39 Articles.

1773. On a bill for the Relief of Protestant Dissenters.

1792. On the petition of the Unitarians to repeal the test acts.

"If there was anything to which, from reason, nature, habit and principle, I am totally averse, it is persecution for conscientious difference of opinion." This, we might suppose, Burke would say, and this he does say in the speech on the Act of Uniformity. But he rejects the petition. He says there are only a few petitioners. Shall we for them change the constitution established in Church and State and alter our liturgy and articles? "Dissent, not satisfied with toleration is not conscience, but ambition." Let them go outside the establishment and be perpetually free. We have peace; let us keep it. They say that subscription usurps the rights of Providence. Yet if we have a religion publicly practised and publicly taught, we must have a power to say what that religion will be, and to distinguish it by such marks and characteristics as you in your wisdom shall think fit. Sensible of the force of these arguments, they answer that they admit of our subscription, that is, to Scripture. "I shall not consider how forcibly this argument militates with their whole principle against subscription as an usurpation against the right of Providence. I content myself with submitting to the consideration of the House that if that rule were once established it must have some authority to enforce obedience, because you well know a law without a sanction will be ridiculous. . . . They dispute only the extent of the subscription; they therefore tacitly admit the equity of the principle itself. Here they do not resort to the original rights of nature, because it is manifest that those rights give as large a power of controverting every part of Scripture, or even the authority of the whole, as they do the controverting of any article whatsoever. When a man requires for you to sign an assent to Scripture he requires of you to assent to a doctrine as contrary to your natural understanding and to your rights of free inquiry as those who require your conformity to any one article whatsover. The subscription to Scripture is the most

astonishing idea I ever heard, and will amount to just nothing at all. Gentlemen have not, that I heard, ever thought of answering a plain obvious question—What is Scripture to which they are content to subscribe? They do not think that a book becomes of divine authority because it is bound in blue morocco. The Bible is a vast collection of different treatises—no one summary of doctrines in which a man could not mistake his way; . . . a man who holds the divine authority of one treatise may consider the other as merely human. What is his canon? The Jewish—St. Jerome's—that of the 39 articles—Luther's? . . . To ascertain Scripture you must have one article more, and you must define what that Scripture is which you mean to teach. . . . It is necessary to sort out what is intended for example, what only as narrative, what is to be understood literally, what figuratively, . . . what is temporary, and what of perpetual obligation, what appropriated to one state and to one set of men and what the general duty of Christians. If we do not get some security for this, we not only permit, but we actually pay for all the dangerous fanaticism which can be produced to corrupt our people and to derange the public worship of the country."[21] So he refused to grant the petition that asked for change within the Established Church, on grounds illogical and practically disturbing.

And so of religious toleration. Yield all you can. And it is possible to yield much. If I thought toleration to be against the interests of Christianity, I might be for intolerance. "God forbid! I may be mistaken, but I take toleration to be a part of religion. I do not know which I would sacrifice. I would keep them both; it is not necessary I should sacrifice either." By intolerance you reach the conscientious; you let go free those with weaker consciences, or none. I consider this doctrine of toleration the best part of Christianity." "And I will not," as some ask me, "give heathens the glory" of it. Their tolerating spirit has been praised. However, "heathens, polytheists must permit a number of divinities. . . . But was it ever heard that polytheism tolerated a dissent from a polytheistic establishment, the belief of one God only? They tolerated also Epicureans, who "made it a principle of their irreligion outwardly to conform to any religion." . . . Now, "I do not like the idea of tolerating the doctrines of Epicurus, but nothing in the world propagates them so much as the oppression of the poor, of the honest and the candid disciples of the

[21] "If we do not get some security." Much virtue in *if*. What good security is there but the one? "People should not marvel that I hold to the interpretation of the Church in explaining the Holy Scriptures, for it is her authority that makes me accept those same Scriptures and which induces me to believe them." (Erasmus to Ribaldus, 1527.)

religion we posses in common, I mean revealed religion. . . . My opinion is that in establishing the Christian religion wherever you find it . . . a man is much better justified in [thus] saying, Tolerate all kinds of consciences, than in imitating the heathens . . . in tolerating those who have none."[22] He maintains, therefore, that the dissenters outside have a right to toleration. They do not ask to teach what they like within the established order. They say: "Tolerate us—we desire neither the parochial advantages of tithes, nor dignities, nor the stalls of your cathedrals."

Twenty years later he resisted the petition of the Unitarians for repeal of the test acts, not only because he thought they were a new, until then unheard of society of persons, not yet having prescriptive rights to be heard, but also because he thought the petition to be really an effort of the faction desirous of subverting the English Constitution, after the manner of recent doings in France. The first duty of statesmen is to ask what are the circumstances. When he spoke of toleration and the Revolution he said: "We hear these new teachers continually boasting of their spirit of toleration. That those persons should tolerate all opinions who think none to be of estimation, is a matter of small merit. Equal neglect is not impartial kindness. The species of benevolence which arises from contempt is no true charity. There are in England abundance of men who tolerate in the true spirit of toleration. They think the dogmas of religion, though in different degrees, are all of moment, and that amongst them there is, as amongst all things of value, a just ground of preference. They favor, therefore, and they tolerate. They tolerate not because they despise opinions, but because they expect justice. They would reverently and affectionately protect all religions, because they love and venerate the great principle upon which they all agree, and the great object to which they are all directed. They begin more and more plainly to discern that we have all a common cause as against a common enemy. It is impossible for me to say what may be the character of every description of men amongst us. But I speak for the greater part; and for them I must tell you that sacrilege is no part of their doctrine of good works."[23]

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[22] Speech on the petition of the dissenters, 1773.

[23] What would Burke not have felt and said in his heart had he lived through the sacrilege of the "great pillage?" Think of him as he saw "missals chopped in pieces, college libraries burned and plundered," when "plunder became the general law of the land" (Froude); or listened to "all the blasphemous mocking and scoffing which disgraced the Protestant party at the time of the Reformation" (Maitland); or watched them "throwing the country into convulsions, committing public robbery on an enormous scale and shedding streams of innocent blood" (Goldwin Smith—for a third Protestant historian). He would have judged the "national church" then,

This intolerance for what seems to cut at the root of society is inherent in Burke's estimate of this society as the great moral band enclosing the life of the civil man, within which he finds his nourishment, his means of right living here and his severe preparation for a world without evil. We must hate evil if we love good. We are not born to speculate, but to live, reflecting and accountable, and to die. Action is needful now and ever. We have received a guide, let us follow it. And anything further seems so confusing that, as Chaucer would say, the answer of it I leave to divines.[24]

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and its altar-smashing Bishop of London, Ridley, as he judged his contemporaneous constitution civile and its "mountebank" Bishop Gobel, of Paris. The old sacrilege would have been judged as he judged the new. Of course, he had a vision of his own as he looked back through the years: "The teachers who reformed our religion in England bore no sort of resemblance to your reforming doctors in Paris. Perhaps they were (like those whom they opposed) rather more than could be wished under the influence of a party spirit; but . . . these men would have disavowed with horror those wretches who claimed a fellowship with them upon no other titles than those of their having pillaged the persons with whom they maintained controversies, and their having despised the common religion." "It was long before the spirit of true piety and true wisdom, involved in the principles of the Reformation, could be depurated from the dregs and feculence of the contention with which it was carried through." So now there are ascribed to the Revolution, with something of the same truth and error, principles which existed before it, and have happily survived both it and its elder sister fury. As to which elder's day, with all due respect to Burke, we now know that "it is true enough that each party abused the other, and that many keen, severe, false and malicious things were put forth by the Romish party; but for senseless cavilling and scurrilous railing and ribaldry, and for the most offensive 'personalities' for the reckless imputations of the worst motives and most odious vices. In short, for all that was calculated to render an opponent hateful in the eyes of those who were no judges of the matter in dispute, some of the Puritan (*i. e.*, early reformers) party went far beyond their adversaries. I do not want to defend the Romish writers . . . but it really appears to me only simple truth to say that, whether from good or bad motives [*sic*], they did, in fact, abstain from that fierce, truculent and abusive language and that loathsome ribaldry which characterized the style of too many of the Puritan ('reforming') writers." (Maitland, "The Reformation," pp. 47-48, ed. 1849.) "We cannot but remember that libels scarcely less scandalous than those of Hébert, mummeries scarcely less absurd than those of Clootz, and crimes scarcely less atrocious than those of Marat, disgrace the early history of Protestantism." (Macaulay, "Eayys" I., p. 227.) Consult Green, Froude, Gairdner for the facts, anyway, for blasphemy written and spoken for proposals of polygamy and for stabbing of priests at the altar in the days of that earlier "French Revolution." Of what Catholic priest leader could any one in his senses say what Lecky says of Knox—"this great apostle of murder?" ("Hist. Rationalism," II., p. 48.)

[24] The great heart and soul of Johnson—in whose intimacy Burke (none less great) lived, "except in opinion, not disagreeing," with that rival of his in old common sense and the worship of fit humility—have lately been brought before us again in his republished prayers, such as Burke might willingly have learnt of that religious and reverent friend: "O Lord, my maker and protector, who hast graciously sent me into this world to work out my salvation, enable me to drive from me all such unquiet and perplexing thoughts as may mislead or hinder me in the practice of those duties

"I will not enter into the question how much truth is preferable to peace. Perhaps truth may be far better. But, as we have scarcely ever the same certainty in the one that we have in the other, I would, unless the truth were evident indeed, hold fast to peace, which has in her company charity, the highest of the virtues."

It might hardly be uncharitable to smite Burke here "between the joints of the harness." They are gaping wide. He himself loosed them, tore them asunder.

Burke, in the modern period of revolution, has been compared (by Mr. John Morley) with Sir Thomas More in the revolution of the sixteenth century. Both full of learning, both earnest for reform, both judging widely of human affairs, both reverent, yet unwearied in efforts for their fellow-creatures; both, too, men of deep principle, but practical, keeping the place of the moral above that of the metaphysical. The real rights of the civil social man found in each their champion.

But there was this difference, to be seen even of men, expressive, perhaps, of that hidden difference between the man who was and the man who was not a saint. When the basis of religious authority was questioned, Burke seemed not to dare to inquire. Blessed Thomas More set himself to investigate into that, too, with the same energy which he, like Burke, gave to law, to Parliament, to the ruling of his family and the training of youth. At the end of seven years the disciple of the Carthusians came out, he tells us, convinced that what he had thought might be only an opinion was indeed part of the basis of Faith, and so he was prepared to suffer death for the divine authority of the Holy See.

Burke seems to us to open the door, then close it again. He seems confused and distressed, or even petulant, or scornful, at men's ignorance; or he helplessly wonders; thus influenced, it may have been, by the thought, or the lack of thought, of his time.

Therefore he turned at each opportunity to try to work for the laudable ambition (in some ways, if not in all, nor in the highest) of getting people to live by truth, and of himself leaving the world the better for having lived in it.

That within the limits he proposed to himself he succeeded, no one who considers human society has good reason to doubt.

W. F. P. Stockley.

Cork, Ireland.

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which Thou has required. . . . And while it shall please Thee to continue me in this world, where much is to be done and little to be known, teach me by Thy Holy Spirit to with draw my mind from unprofitable and dangerous enquiries, from difficulties vainly curious, and doubts impossible to be solved. Let me rejoice in the light which Thou hast imparted; let me serve Thee with active zeal and humble confidence, and wait with patient expectation for the time in which the soul which Thou receivest shall be satisfied with knowledge."

IRISH NAMES AND THEIR CHANGES.

IT IS something more than an antiquarian curiosity to trace here in America the variations of family names in the modern Irish race. There are good grounds for thinking that the Irish Celts are the largest numerical element in the mixed population of our land, and family names are a valuable historical help in examining the question scientifically. We know from documentary records that an Irish immigration, mainly Celtic, has been crossing the Atlantic from a date scarcely later than the Puritans of Plymouth Rock. Governor Winthrop's journal in the reign of the First Charles records the exploration of New Hampshire's White Mountains by "Darby Fieldagh, an Irish Papist." The list of soldiers in King Philip's War shows at least two hundred distinctly Irish names, less than forty years later. Many of them have been handed down in disguised forms, like Field and Patrick, as genuine English, but the race characters are not to be effaced as easily as the spelling of words. In Pennsylvania, too, we know from the records that the immigrants classed as English-speaking before the Revolution were in a large majority of Irish birth. How far they were of Celtic race can best be traced now by their names, making due allowance for the phonetic and other variations which have come in them by changes of time and place.

Those variations have excited a good deal of comment of late years since the Gaelic revival in Ireland itself. Most of it has been unfavorable, and considers the changes made, voluntarily or otherwise, in the old Irish names as an evidence of degeneracy or servility. The reproach may be deserved in some cases, but we think not in the majority, further than as a result of subjugation of the Irish people by a foreign power, a fact which needs no discussion. The present sketch will try only to set forth what the changes are in fact and how they have come. It may help to tell what the extent of the Irish race really is in the modern world of English speech. In that world it is certainly a distinct factor in many points, notably in that of religion. If we could pronounce accurately in the proportion of the Irish, English and Scotch elements in the general population of the United States, we would be helped to learn how the former has been affected in a religious point by the new conditions of life. We may also learn what part Celtic race character has played and is playing in the national character of the American people. Both are worthy of study.

Distinctive surnames were well established in Ireland before the Norman invasion. They are commonly attributed to the policy

of Brian Boru at the beginning of the eleventh century. He is stated to have urged each tribe to fix a name from its actual chief or one of his ancestors with the prefix of either "Mac," son, or "Ui or O," grandson or descendant of. The monarch's own family adopted his name as O'Brien, the dominant family of South Munster that of their King as MacCarthy. The O was much more commonly selected than Mac, but there was no distinction of rank involved. Duald McFirbis in the seventeenth century reckoned over two thousand different families whose name was completed by an O and less than three hundred by the prefix Mac. The conditions were reversed in Celtic Scotland, where Mac was almost universal and only three clans assumed an O as their designation. The two prefixes were so characteristic of the Celtic race at that time that a common Latin distich declared "Per O et Mac Hibernam scias genlem," and rejected from Irish nationality any name without either. The following two centuries of English dominion, however, were distinctly hostile to the old Celtic names, and especially the celebrated prefixes. In consequence they have been dropped by the majority, but the Celtic stock can still be traced in the mutilated modern forms very extensively.

Besides the pure Celtic names, a considerable number of Norman or Welsh origin were introduced by Strongbow's invasion, and have become thoroughly naturalized since among the Irish race. Of this class are Fitzgerald, Butler, Fitzmaurice, Fitzsimons, Grace, Rothe, Stephens and many others, often described as more Irish than the Irish. The Reformation may be said to have marked the absorption of the old Norman element, which had till then been called English Irish, with the native race among which they had long been intermarried. Both Celts and Norman Irish rejected the royal supremacy over the Church in Ireland in the sixteenth century. The term Scoto-Irish until then had often been applied distinctively to the first class. From the reign of Elizabeth it was replaced commonly by the terms recusant or Papist Irish as a general designation for the Catholic population without race distinction.

The actual amount of Norman blood, including under that name the French, Flemish and Welsh followers of Strongbow, was not large, but their names were extended by conquest and feudal customs to many of their Celtic tenants and connections. It is worth note that on the other hand many Normans adopted the Celtic "Mac" as part of their names. The Burkes of Connaught became MacWilliams; the Berminghams, McFeoris and MacJordan; the Stauntons, MacAveely; the Barrets, McWattin; the Nangles or Nagles, MacCostello. Some branches of the Fitzgeralds, the most

powerful of all the Norman nobles, took the names of McThomas and MacGibbons, one of the Butlers that of MacPierce. Marrying among the Celtic population and speaking their language during the four hundred years from Henry the Second to Elizabeth, the first Normans in Ireland became as completely a part of the old Irish race as the Howards and Talbots became English from a French ancestry in the same time. Their names, whether modified or unchanged, are to-day in most cases as clear an evidence of Irish race as the Celtic O's or Mac's. The same may be said of the older Danish names Plunket, Coppinger and Sigerson as of the Joyces, Burkes, Bodkins, Barrets and Nugents of Welsh or French descent, but in almost no case of Saxon English.

Even in the Celtic names the prefix O or Mac has been often superseded by suffixes given in Gaelic to distinguish branches of large clans. The MacCarthys of South Munster were thus divided into clans known as Moore, Reagh and Muskerry, the Connaught O'Connors into Don, Roe and Sligo, the O'Sullivans into More and Beare. The last designation in each of these cases is simply a name of place, and when used as a family name did not admit the prefix O or Mac. The most notable instance of this peculiarity is found in the name Cavanagh. It was adopted by the MacMurroughs, the royal family of Leinster, after the English invasion, from the circumstance that one of its chiefs was reared at the monastery dedicated to St. Kevin at Kilcavan, in Wexford. It has been retained now for over seven hundred years, and has almost entirely displaced the original name McMurrough, though the latter was one of the most famous in mediæval Irish history. Desmond, Costello, Carbury and Finn are other instances of Celtic names to which no prefix can properly be given. The first three are taken from localities, the last merely an epithet, the fair, like Don, brown, and Roe, yellow.

Mac was often used in connection with a trade or profession to form a family name, but O never. MacGowan, MacIntyre, MacBaird, MacSaor or Seery are respectively "son of the smith, carpenter, poet and builder." This did not imply, however, that the first prefix had any inferiority in dignity, as the royal families of Leinster and Desmond were both Macs, McMurroug and MacCarthy.

Another peculiarity in Irish names of the old time offers nearly as certain a guide to their Celtic origin as the prefixes. In adopting the names of saints of the Church in baptism it was usual to put the words "giolla or maol," servant, before the real title. Patrick was hardly ever given in other form than Giolla Patrick, and Mac was prefixed to the compound word to form the family name of the

chiefs of Ossory. Gilchrist, Gildea, Gilciaran, the servant respectively of Christ, of God and of St. Ciaran were other cases of family names formed from baptismal ones. Maol appears in Mulconry, Mullally and Mealoughlin. Either is sufficient evidence of genuine Celtic origin wherever found.

The formation of family names in Ireland between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries was thus carried out on a more definite system than in other European countries at the time. In both England and France surnames were little used by any but the aristocratic classes or the wealthy burgesses. A workingman's trade or place of residence was counted sufficient for all purposes in ordinary life. The clan system of Ireland, among both Celts and Normans, made the use of surnames universal there. It was noted as a national characteristic by the English Government as early as the fifteenth century, and as such was marked for proscription. An act of Edward IV. in 1465 took up seriously the suppression of Irish names in nearly the same spirit as the Russian and Prussian Governments in our own time have undertaken to suppress the Polish language in their empires. It runs in the following quaint but precise language:

"At the request of the Commons it is ordeyned and established that every Irishman that dwells betwixt or among Englishmen in the County of Dublin, Myeth, Uriell and Kildare (the whole extent then of English dominion) shall goe like to one Englishman in apparell, and shaving off the beard above the mouth and shall take to him an English surname of one town as Sutton, Chester, Trym, Skryne, Corke, Kinsale; or color, as White, Black, Brown; or art or science, as Smith or Carpenter; or office, as Cooke, Butler, and that he and his offspring shall use this name under peyne of forfeiting of his goods yearly till the premises be done, to be levied two times by the year to the King's warres, according to the discretion of the lieutenant of the King or his deputy."

A hundred and thirty years later Spenser, the author of the "Faerie Queen," urged the revival and extension of this policy, which evidently had not so far won much headway. In his "View of the State of Ireland" he wrote, in 1585:

"Moreover, for the better breaking of these heads and septs, which was one of the greatest strengths of the Irish, methinks it should be very well to renew that old statute of Edward the Fourth, by which it was commanded that from henceforth each one should take on himself a several surname, either of his trade and faculty, or of some quality of his body or mind, or of the place where he dwells, so as every one may be distinguished from another, whereby they shall not only not depend on the head of their sept as now

they do, but also in time learn quite to forget his Irish nation. And herewithal would I wish also all the O's and Mac's, which the heads of septs have taken to their names, to be utterly forbidden and extinguished. For that being an ordinance (as some say) of O'Brien for the strengthening of the Irish, the abrogation there of will as much enfeeble them."

Though Spenser's wishes were not embodied in legislation, they are a faithful expression of the sentiments of the English governing class towards Celtic Irish names and speech. They are further singularly like the views of the French Jacobin legislators of the Reign of Terror towards the cidevant noble names of France and even those of its historic provinces and festivals.

In the same work Spenser made a curious though groundless claim that several of the leading Irish septs were actually of English or Norman descent. The MacMahons, the MacSweenys, the MacNamaras, the MacSheehys, the Cavanaghs, O'Tooles and O'Byrnes were asserted to be of Norman or Welsh stock. The first he identified as Fitzursulas, the second as DeVeres. The poet added regretfully that many families of high rank bearing English names had become wholly Irish in sentiments. "Other great houses there bee of the English in Ireland which through licentious (illegal) conversing with the Irish, or marrying or fostering with them, or lacke of meet culture, or such other unhappy occasions, have degendred from their ancient dignities and are now grown 'as Irish as O'Hanlon's breech' as the proverbe there is."

It was a strange irony of history that less than seventy years after this complaint Oliver Cromwell was called to grant protection to "an Irish Papist" as the grandson of the poet Edward Spenser.

The century that followed the publication of Spenser's "View" was one of unmixed misfortune for the Irish race. The struggle for independence on the old tribal system, carried on through the last years of Elizabeth by Hugh O'Neill, was crushed by Lord Mountjoy. That for Home Rule, by Celt and Norman combined in the Confederation of Kilkenny, fell before Cromwell fifty years later, and the defeat of James II. by William of Orange at the close of the century was followed by a century in which the whole Catholic population was reduced to a state lower than the Christian rayas of Turkey. Though no special new legislation was directed against the Irish language or names, both fell under the ban of the Penal Code against the national religion. Schools and teaching were both forbidden by law to the Irish Papists, and literary cultivation of their national language became thus impossible. No important work in Irish was published after the close of the seventeenth century, and scarcely any printing of the old works attempted. Dr.

Hyde's remarks in some recent lectures on the literary activity of the Irish-speaking population in the eighteenth century have, it must be said, but a slight base of fact. The assertion certainly that every well-to-do farmer in that time could read and write Irish is not warranted by the tradition of the old Catholic families who have preserved a share of literary culture. The language, indeed, was preserved to a considerable extent, but only by spoken usage. That the original names should suffer marked phonetic changes under such conditions was a necessary result, and they have done so. The dropping of the once universal O's and Mac's to a large extent may, however, be set down largely to their unpopularity with the English ruling and landlord class, which in that has shared for the last two centuries the sentiments expressed by Spenser. Yet with all these forces of opposition the Celtic element still predominates in the names of the Irish race. It can be recognized if we take the right tests of recognition, and it is mainly for that end that we go into the various modifications of old Celtic names to their existing representatives.

The late Dr. O'Donovan in a series of papers published in 1840 in the Dublin *Penny Journal* gives a remarkable list of changes made at that time in many Irish names, and also enumerates the causes of such change. He believed that in Dublin and the counties near it the translation or assimilation of Irish names to English forms had been largely made in consequence of the legislation of Edward the Fourth already mentioned. He quotes Sir Henry Piers, of Westmeath, in the reign of Charles II., for the change of MacGowan to Smith, McIntyre to Carpenter and Shinnagh to Fox by translation, and of MacSpallane to Spenser and McCogry to L'Estrange by mere supposed likeness of sound. O'Donovan fixes the period after the Battle of Aughrim, in the end of the seventeenth century, as that when disuse of the O's and Mac's became general. They were mainly preserved during the eighteenth century by the Irish emigrants on the European continent in the service of the Catholic powers, France, Spain and Austria. O'Donovan, whose authority on the subject is unquestioned, stated that sixty-five years ago no Celtic family in Leinster had its ancient name unchanged. The resumption of the prefix O, according to the same authority, had been made largely in the nineteenth century. The revival of patriotism in this matter is certainly more than half a century older in Ireland that the last Gaelic revival. The fact involves no lessening of credit for the latter, but should be mentioned for that of an older generation of Irishmen. O'Donovan adds that Daniel O'Connell's father always used the name of Connell in writing, and the head of his own clan had only resumed the use

of the O in 1829. That prefix appears to have been banned fiercely by the ruling landlord class all through the eighteenth century, and consequently to have only been retained by a few families of sufficient standing to defy official opinions on the subject.

The list of name changes given by Dr. O'Donovan is a singular one and throws much light on many modern Irish names which belong in race to the Celtic stock. In addition to the changes which naturally follow in the course of years every spoken language, he gives two special reasons for those alterations in his own time. The principal one in O'Donovan's belief "was the difficulty felt by magistrates and lawyers unacquainted with Irish language in pronouncing Irish names, and their constant habit of ridiculing them in consequence. This made the Irish feel ashamed of names difficult of pronunciation in English, and led them by degrees to change them, either by translation into what they thought their meanings in English, by assimilating them to local English surnames or by paring them so as to be easy of pronunciation to English organs."

He added in 1840: "The families of the lower ranks who have changed their ancient surnames are very numerous and daily becoming more. Besides the cause already mentioned we can assign two others for the rage which prevails at present among the lower classes for the adoption of English surnames. First, there are many Irish surnames that do not sound euphoniously in English, which is now becoming the common spoken language of these classes. Secondly, the names changed are, with very few exceptions, of no celebrity in Irish history, and when they do not sound well in English, the bearers wish to get rid of them that they may not be counted of Attacottic, or plebeian Irish origin." He goes on:

"In the County Sligo the ancient name O'Mulclohy has been changed into Stone from a guess translation that such is the meaning of 'clohy,' the latter part of it. In Leitrim McConnava has been made Forde, from the mistaken notion that its last two syllables are a form of 'atha,' of a ford. In Munster the ancient name O'Knavin is anglicized Bowen, because 'knavin' signifies a small bone. In Terconnell O'Mulmoghery is now rendered Early, because *moch cirghe* means early rising. In Thomond O'Marcachain is translated as Ryder by some, but anglicized as Markham by others. O'Lahiff is made Guthrie without any reason. In Tyrone O'Rory is invariably made Rogers because it is supposed that the English Christian name Roger is the same as the Irish Ruadri or Rory. The ancient name McConry in Connamara is now translated to King because its last syllable sounds like *righ*, the Irish term for that dignity. The ancestor from whom their surname came was Curoi, in the genitive Conroy, and had nothing to do with King."

The cases enumerated above are all attempts at translation according to the real or supposed meaning of the original names in Irish. The list of names changed to English form by mere approximation of sound is a far longer one. O'Donovan gives the following as only a few of many:

In Monaghan MacMahon, the very name which Spenser had claimed as an Irish translation of Fitzursula, was anglicized as Matthews, MacCawell as Campbell, Howell and Cauldfield, O'Haughey to Howe, O'Hir to Hare, McFirbis to Forbes, O'Creighan to Graham, O'Sesnan to Sexton, Kinsellagh to Kingsley, O'Cirey to Curry, O'Conaing to Gunning, O'Hargadon to Hardiman. The last, by the way, was the name taken by the compiler of the Irish minstrelsy and author of the "History of Galway." O'Cluman is little changed as Coleman, O'Conagan as Cunningham or O'Clery as Clerke, but none of the last suggest their real origin. Hand for MacLave, Fox for Shanahan and Merryman for MacGillymire are translations simply.

O'Donovan's statement shows how far the changing in Celtic names had been carried out in Ireland itself before the great emigration caused by the famine. The same process to some extent has been continued on in the United States. Dr. Hyde mentions an O'Gara translated to Love, Brehony to Judge, O'Hea to Hayes, McIr to Shortall and Short. Others changes mentioned by him in Ireland are Gilespie to Bishop or Archibold, MacGillree to King, MacGauran to Somers, MacGinty to Noble and Mac an Baird to Ward. The list is far from a complete one, but it gives a sufficient idea of the way in which Irish origin may be disguised under Anglo-Saxon forms in our country to-day. To a certain extent Irish names have shared the fate of the national tongue, but as the race character has survived the loss of the last, so it can that of the first. The facts may be regrettable, but at least it is well to know them when we inquire how far this country is really Anglo-Saxon in its race elements.

The disappearance of Irish Christian names has kept pace with that of the clan titles, and even more so. Some continue in modified forms with sufficient distinctness to show their origin in Gaelic times. Thus Aneslis is perpetuated among the O'Grady family in Ireland as Standish, Finghin among the Sullivans and MacCarthys as Florence, Morlagh as Mortimer. In Thomond O'Hiomair was anglicized as Howard by the gentry when bearers of it and as Ivers by the peasantry. O'Beirne was variously turned as Bruin in Roscommon and Byron in Clare, though kept in its original form by the gentry in the first county. In Connaught O'Donovan found O'Heraghtys changed to Harringtons, and in Limerick an

O'Shaughnessy who took the title of Sandys. The same name in the early history of the United States was turned into Chauncey.

The changes in Ulster in O'Donovan's lifetime were still more numerous. O'Brollaghan had become Bradley; O'Creighan, Creighton; O'Fergus, Ferguson. MacTeighe was Montague; O'Mulligan, Molyneaux; MacGilclusky, Cosgrove. MacGillyglass was translated to Greene, from its last syllable, MacShane to Johnson. Stranger was the transformation of Carolan to Carleton, of O'Hea to Hughes and O'Tuathalain to Toland. Hughes was also substituted for Mackey in many places. The change was made on the supposition that the Irish Christian name Aodh, from which Mackey was formed in Gaelic, was equivalent to Hugh.

In some cases the new names were coined so peculiarly that their Irish character remains evident under the new dress. Of this class are Hearne and Heron, Hynes, Rooke, Owens, Hussey, Reynolds, Norton, Conway, Agnew and Leonard, which are commonly recognized as Irish, though scarcely Celtic. They all, however, are of that class, and seventy years ago were Ahearne, O'Heyne, O'Rourke, O'Howen, O'Heosa, MacRannal, O'Naghton, O'Conwy, O'Gruve and MacGillyfineen. The name Leonard was also adopted by a branch of the MacGuires, of Fermanagh, and has a distinctive Gaelic origin there. In Connaugh, according to O'Donovan, Mulligan was often turned into Baldwin.

The selection of English forms is more marked in the changes from MacGuigin to Goodwin, O'Luain to Lambe, Eoghan as Eugene. In Ulster the last name is Owen in modern form, as Aodh or Ed is Hugh. Other names formerly common were Cormac, Conn, Tirlough, Art, Rory, Coll, Cathal, Randal, Eochy, Eamon, Manus, Teige, Donough, Murrough, Diarmud, Domnall, Felim and Connor. Donnough and Murrough are only preserved among the O'Briens in their original form. Dr. Hyde thinks that Patrick, Brian, Owen and Cormac are the only ancient Irish names that hold their place in general use to-day. Teigue has become Thadeus or Tady in the families which preserve it in a way for tradition sake. Cathal has become Charles, Diarmud Jeremiah or Darby, Domnall Daniel, Felim Felix, Turlough Terence and Eamon Edmund. Of female names Bride has become Bridget, Nora Honora, Una Winny, Mave Maud, Eileen Ellen. Efee, Sive, Nuala and Fionuala, once common, are now scarcely found even in Ireland.

Of changes in historic Irish names to other than English forms, and which may be supposed to have been a natural development apart from official interference, O'Donovan gives some curious particulars. MacGiolla Patrick of Ossory was changed to the French looking Fitzpatrick. O'Dorcy in Galway took the French

form D'Arcy; O'Dulaine, a family settled from time immemorial in the Queens county, is now Delany. A former editor of the London *Times* of this stock further altered it to Delano. O'Mullaville in Connaught in like way has become Lavelle and McCogry, Lestrange. Most of the French names in Ireland to-day are, however, of Huguenot origin and identified closely with the English element. LaTouche, Dubedat and Lefanu are prominent examples. On the other hand, a German element introduced under the first George as a Protestant colony from the Palatinate of the Rhine has been absorbed into the Irish Catholic population in all but name. Henricken, Brann, Brownrigg and Delmege are of this class.

The origin of the Murphys, the largest in number of any name in Ireland to-day, is traced by O'Donovan to two stocks. One was the royal family of Leinster, MacMurrough, the other an offshoot of it long distinguished as O'Murchadoo. Both the original forms have almost disappeared, but the Celtic type is clearly preserved in the Murphy form.

The list of changes of Celtic names given by O'Donovan and Dr. Hyde is so long that one might be inclined to believe it included the majority of the race. Such is very far from the fact. The families who readily swapped their surnames for others were mostly of small clans. The great body of the population fell into larger divisions—the O'Neills, O'Briens, MacCarthys, O'Connors, O'Ferralls, O'Donnells, O'Kellys and other powerful clans. These have rarely changed except by omitting the prefix O, which was generally dropped after the Williamite Conquest. It evidently was regarded with special disfavor either as aristocratic or connected closely with the clan system. The Mac was less strictly proscribed, probably on account of its prevalence in Scotland as well as in Ireland.

It is strange to find O'Donovan in 1840 writing: "In Leinster it is certain there is not a single instance in which the O or Mac has been retained by any of the aboriginal inhabitants. I mean the ancient Irish Leinster not including Meath." Nevertheless, in Leinster, as in the rest of Ireland to-day, the great majority of the names show unmistakably a Celtic origin. It may be regretted that a certain proportion of the Irish people have shown a readiness to change their fathers' names for motives like those given by O'Donovan, but it must not be assumed that anything like a majority have done so. The change of language from Irish to English during the nineteenth century led to most of the alterations.

A similar result follows in nearly every case where a population is brought by migration or other causes under the influence of a new tongue. It is marked among the Scandinavian and Portuguese

immigrants to our own land to a much wider extent than among the Irish, even those from Irish-speaking districts. On the whole, the Irish race abroad retains its national names almost as it does at home, and its extent may fairly be traced in any district by their prevalence.

A curious list was prepared by the Irish census authorities a few years ago which confirms this view. We have not it under our eyes at present, but it showed an overwhelming predominance of Celtic names. The largest in numbers was Murphy, the second Kelly, neither with the national prefix for the most part, but neither mistakable for any but Gaelic origin. The first numbered sixty-two thousand, about one in eighty of the whole population; the Kellys, fifty-six thousand, or one in ninety, approximately. Sullivans and O'Sullivans were somewhat over a half per cent. in the whole population, and O'Neills not much less numerous. Spenser's desire for the total abolition and forbidding of the hated prefixes is yet very far from accomplishment; indeed, they have revived very considerably since the very time when O'Donovan wrote. It may be an earnest of a wider national revival in other ways. In the meantime it may be interesting for any one interested in tracing the Irish element's extent in this country to try the proportion of Murphys, Kellys or Sullivans in a city directory.

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LORD BACON AS A POET.

THE immensity of Bacon's genius is a sore trouble to his biographers. So say two of them, Professor Gardiner and Dr. Edwin Abbott in his preface to Bacon's Life. The truth of the saying has been practically illustrated with regard to the poetic aspects of Bacon's mind and works. That aspect has been for centuries usually taken for granted rather than discussed or denied. Recent controversies, however, have brought it into prominence and elicited contradictory views. Into the general merits of those controversies this paper does not mean to enter. What I wish to examine is how far a weapon serviceable for any cause or a breastplate of truth against any attack can be forged out of the belief that Bacon was little or nothing of a poet. That belief has sometimes been expressed with considerable emphasis. I consider, however, that it implies a total misconception of Bacon's

peculiar genius. The immensity and many-sidedness of his powers, his ambitions and his efforts have caused a certain number of writers who speak as having authority to misconceive and deny one of the most essential, if perhaps least obvious, characteristics of his genius and its manifestations. Not only is the question "Could Bacon have written the Shakespeare plays?" a perfectly reasonable one, but to answer it in the negative seems to me, after much study of both great writers, very much more difficult than some recent anti-Baconian advocates have found it. I am indebted to so many and various books, that I feel at liberty to mention none of them in particular. I may refer, however, to Mr. Read's "Francis Bacon Our Shakespeare" as one of the best of "Baconian" books, and I may say that I owe nothing to Mr. Stronach's article in the current *Fortnightly Review* on "Bacon as a Poet," which singularly coincides in every respect, as far as its brevity permits, with the present paper.

I have been asked to justify myself for speaking of "Lord Bacon." No such title, I am reminded, was ever known to the Heralds Office. It is enough for me, however, that this convenient appellation is justified by a long line of the highest literary authorities. The following are the more important writers whom I have noted as using the form "Lord Bacon:" Pope, Swift, Hume, Dr. Blair, Dugald Stewart, De Quincey, Hallam, Macaulay, Coleridge, Shelley, Emerson, Lord Byron, Lord Mahon, Alex. Smith, Edgar Poe, Francis Palgrave, Stopford Brook, Spedding, Ellis & Dixon (Bacon's biographers), Matthew Arnold and Thomas Arnold. Even a shorter list would probably have satisfied the minds of my inquiring friends.

In fact, the vehement negative, garnished with abusive rhetoric, which has been put forth by some influential critics—English, American and German—almost compels me to believe that its supporters had taken no trouble to become really acquainted with the works of Bacon. In some unexpected cases there is further evidence for so believing. Take, for example, Professor Wülker, known as an authority on Anglo-Saxon matters, as a writer against the Bacon-Shakespeare theory and as the author of a well-known history of English literature. This latter work gives me serious reason to doubt whether Professor Wülker has more than a nodding acquaintance with Lord Bacon and his writings. It will be hardly believed, but it is a fact, that in this history of English literature, which devotes a dozen pages to Lord Lytton, sixteen or seventeen to Dickens and one or two, oddly enough, to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, Lord Bacon is otherwise completely ignored.

Take, again, Professor Heusler, of whose knowledge of Bacon

I know nothing except what I conclude from some of his statements. For example, that "Bacon was not only not a poet, but his manner of thinking and feeling was eminently prosaic . . . and so are his most original images."

In England and America we come across Mr. Churton Collins and Mr. R. G. White, who have courageously committed themselves to statements of the utmost plainness and directness. "Bacon," they say (more or less in these words), "was utterly devoid of the poetical faculty even in a secondary sense. He was a cautious observer and investigator, ever looking at man and things through the dry light of cool reason; a logician, a formalist, a man without a spark of genial humor, without a trace of dramatic imagination, without any light play of wit and fancy, any profound passion, any æsthetic enthusiasm, anything, in fact, which goes to make up a poet of any kind." Then there are other popular arguments to the same effect. Bacon was a busy lawyer, who could not have time or interest to spare for the quiet doings of the muses. He was a scientist, though in truth a somewhat unaccountable one; he was the champion of a philosophy which aimed at bringing down philosophy from soaring in the heavens to walk upon solid earth, and therefore was produced by an unpoetical mind. He was an ambitious man, full of Machiavellian saws, keenly set on office, favor and promotion; obviously the antithesis of a poet!

It appears to me that these views are due, on the part of those who know something about Bacon, mainly to controversial heat, and on the part of the many who know little or nothing, to the customary unwillingness to accord to any individual preëminence in more than one or two things, to ignoring the vagaries of human inconsistency and to forgetting the power of great genius to break way for itself in many directions at once.

Let us begin, then, by remarking the evidence which Bacon, lawyer, judge, philosopher and scientist as he was, gave, nevertheless, of his interest in works of pure literature, even of light literature. There seems no doubt that his propensities in that direction seriously hampered his advance in his chosen profession. He was looked upon as a dreamer and a theorizer, one from whom it was not safe to expect the concentration of the practical lawyer or the tact and push of the man of business. Hence for long years he was by no means "a busy lawyer" (as we have seen him frequently styled), and, consequently, far indeed from being a wealthy lawyer. He was constantly in dire straits for money, and once in prison for debt. I have spoken of the law as his "chosen profession," but in reality, as he did not choose it of his own free will, so neither did he love it at all for its own sake, but merely regarded it as a stepping-

stone to power, wealth and leisure which might then be utilized for far nobler aims than law. He declared emphatically that he was born for literature rather than for active life. He had taken all knowledge for his province; it was his ambition to promote the highest good of all men, and with that object in view, and no other, while acknowledging himself "more fit to hold a book than to act a part on the public stage," he embraced the law and became an importunate, a too importunate, suitor for advancement to high legal and political place. He tells us this himself; we know most of it from other sources also.

Still the literary proclivities of this bright and active mind were apparently too strong to be wholly kept from public manifestation. We possess various records of Bacon's share in the preparation of masques and other theatrical performances presented at the Inns of Court. In 1589 he designed the "dumbshow of the misfortunes of Arthur," performed before Queen Elizabeth. In 1592 he is one of the authors of the "Conference of Pleasure," a mask in which the story of Julius Cæsar is touched on (as his biographer, Spedding, remarks) in a manner suggestive of that developed in Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar." In 1594 he writes the speeches of six councillors for the masque of the "Order of the Helmet," and speaks of himself in a letter to Essex as "drinking the waters of Parnassus."

In 1595 he is part author of the "Devise of the Indian Prince," which has been noted for an ingenious passage of flattery to Queen Elizabeth. A couple of years later he joins in writing and producing the "Devise of Philautia" in honor of Lord Essex, his friends Southampton and Tobie Matthew also taking part in the entertainment. Again, he tells a friend how, although "he did not profess to be a poet," he had "indited a sonnet in honor of the Queen." When he became Solicitor General his fondness for active theatrical work does not desert him. In 1612 he occupies himself with a gorgeous masque entitled "The Marriage of Rhine and Thames," to celebrate the wedding of the Princess Elizabeth. As Attorney General he is joint author of a "Masque of Flowers" to greet the ill-omened union of Lady Essex and the royal favorite, Somerset.

We have in all this the evidence of strong taste for poetry and the drama, if not of distinguished poetic or dramatic faculty. That Bacon, however, was gifted with that dramatic faculty which Mr. Collins so expressly denies him we find good reasons for thinking. He was a singularly versatile conversationalist. To quote what his biographer Mallet says of him: "In his conversation he would assume the most different characters and speak the language proper to each with a facility that was perfectly natural; for the dexterity of the habit concealed every appearance of art." His friend

Osborne speaks in still more striking terms: "I have heard him entertain a country lord in the proper terms relating to hawks and dogs, and at another time out-cant a London chirurgeon." The same gift was manifest in letters which he wrote in the name of others. Of these letters Dr. Abbott says: "The wonderful exactness with which he has caught the somewhat quaint, humorous, cumbersome style of (his brother) Anthony, and the abrupt, incisive, antithetical and passionately rhetorical style of Essex, makes the perusal of these letters a literary treat." "Few men," continues Abbott, "have shown equal versatility in adapting their language to the slightest change of circumstance and purpose." Elsewhere this careful biographer says that the leading peculiarity of Bacon's style is its sympathetic nature, its versatile adaptation to every slightest variation of subject and aspect of subject. Such evidence as this should make us cautious in our assertions as to what Bacon could or could not have done had he devoted himself to the drama.

A curious and mysterious proof of Bacon's general interest in the muses is contained (apparently) in his brief letter to John Davies, afterwards Attorney General for Ireland, and already well-known both as poet and lawyer, which was written as James I. was leaving Scotland for his new realm of England. Bacon's object is to engage Davies (as he says) to "imprint a good conceit and opinion of him in the King;" and he concludes: "So desiring you to be good to concealed poets, I continue your assured friend &." Spedding, like preceding biographers, admits his inability to explain these words.

Let us, in the next place, take by the horns a difficulty which meets every advocate of Lord Bacon as a poet. It is the argument that Bacon has actually committed himself to poetry, in the strictest sense of the word, and that the few pieces known as his are so poor as poetry as to destroy the writer's claim to any kindred with the muses. We may ask, however, whether the production of two or three worthless pieces necessarily negatives the possibility of their author's being a great poet? If it were so, some of the most famous names in literature might suffer eclipse. If Milton were known only by his version of the Psalms, who would not scoff at the rash speculator who should claim for him the authorship of "Paradise Lost?" There are few works of Shakespeare more certainly his own than the miserable epitaph on his grave and the disgusting lampoon on "Lousy Lucy." These are things far below any production credited to Bacon. But no one judges Shakespeare by them. In the next place, we may flatly deny the general badness of these acknowledged pieces of Bacon's. We shall find on our side the encouraging authority of Mr. Palgrave, editor of the

"Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics." In that admirably chosen anthology figure Lord Bacon's meditative stanzas beginning:

> The world's a bubble, and the life of man
> Less than a span;
> In his conception wretched, from the womb
> So to the tomb;
> Cursed from his cradle, and brought up to years
> With cares and fears.
> Who, then, to frail mortality shall trust
> But limns on water, or but writes in dust.*

That piece is fairly well known. But what of the translations of the Psalms? They are mostly poor; but they were written, be it remembered, in Bacon's declining years and to while away the enforced leisure of a sick bed. Few who have endeavored, even in the height of their powers, to render in modern verse these sublime but obscure and abrupt songs of David, have enjoyed any greater success. "For our French versifiers," says a recent French critic in the *Etudes*, "it always seems to have been a superhuman task to translate the Psalms." The same might be said of English versifiers or of English great poets.

Here are some verses of Milton's, written in the prime of his powers, between "Comus" and "Paradise Lost:"

> For cloyed with woes and trouble sore
> Surcharged my soul doth lie:;
> My life at death's uncheerful door
> Unto the grave draws nigh.
>
> Thou dost my friends from me estrange
> And mak'st me odious;
> Me to them odious, for they change
> And I here pent up thus.

And here is one of Bacon's psalms, which I venture to give you at length:

PSALM 137.

> When as we sat all sad and desolate
> By Babylon upon the river's side,
> Eased from the tasks which in our captive state
> We were enforced daily to abide;
> Our harps we had brought with us to the field,
> Some solace to our heavy souls to yield.
>
> But soon we found we failed of our account;
> For when our mind some freedom did obtain,
> Straightways the memory of Sion's Mount
> Did cause afresh our wounds to bleed again,
> So that with present griefs and future fears
> Our eyes burst forth into a stream of tears.
>
> As for our harps, since sorrow struck them dumb,
> We hang'd them on the willow trees were near;
> Yet did our cruel masters to us come,
> Asking of us some Hebrew songs to hear;
> Taunting us rather in our misery,
> Than much delighting in our melody.

* There is insufficient reason for questioning Bacon's authorship of this piece.

Alas! (said we) who can once force or frame
His grieved and oppressed heart to sing
The praises of Jehovah's glorious name,
In banishment, under a foreign king?
In Sion is His seat and dwelling-place,
Thence doth He show the brightness of His face.

Jerusalem, where God His throne hath set,
Shall any hour absent thee from my mind,
Then let my right hand quite her skill forget,
Then let my voice and words no passage find;
Nay, if I do not thee prefer in all
That in the compass of my thoughts can fall.

Remember, Thou, O Lord! the cruel cry
Of Edom's children, which did ring and sound,
Inciting the Chaldean's cruelty;
"Down with it, down with it, even unto the ground."
In that good day repay it unto them
When Thou shalt visit Thy Jerusalem.

And thou, O Babylon, shalt have thy turn
By just revenge, and happy shall he be
That thy proud walls and towers shall waste and burn,
And as thou didst by us so do by thee.
Yea, happy he that takes thy children's bones
And dashes them against the pavement stones.

It seems to me that if Milton had written that, even Milton need hardly be ashamed of it.

The next set of evidences to be considered is that of contemporary panegyrics on Bacon's poetic powers. And here, though its importance has probably been exaggerated, I cannot pass over Ben Jonson's curiously worded testimony to Bacon's literary excellence. After Shakespeare's death Jonson had written of him:

When thy socks were on
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

Now, after Bacon's death Jonson writes of him: "He hath filled up all numbers and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome." Jonson was not a man usually short of words, and it is odd, unquestionably, that he should give to the world two panegyrics so similarly worded on two persons apparently so different, and whom he knew so well as the Chancellor and the Player. Still more, however, has been made by Baconian advocates of the fact that the panegyric bestowed on the Chancellor should seem of the two the one better fitted for the Player. For, "to fill up all numbers," said of Bacon, seems a natural expression of praise only for a poet. "Numeri" in Latin, "Numbers" in English, applied to literature mean nothing else than verse and even seem to exclude prose. Thus Tibullus writes: "Numeris ille, hic pede libero scribit." (One writes in verse, another in prose.) And Shakespeare has the same antithesis in "Love's Labor Lost" (IV., 3): "These numbers I will tear and write in prose." Yet all this does not settle the matter.

For "Numeri" is also used in the sense merely of "parts." Pliny speaks of a prose work as perfect in all its parts: "Omnibus numeris absolutus." And Cicero says of a plan of life: "Omnes numeros virtutis continet." (It contains every element of virtue.) So that Jonson may have merely meant to say in slightly pedantic phrase that Bacon had passed away, "all parts fulfilled," the expression actually used by Pope of Queen Caroline.

But if we refuse to attach much importance to these expressions of Jonson, a similar difficulty presently meets us. We have to examine a singular and even mysterious cloud of witnesses. These are the writers of elegiac verses on the death of Bacon, collected and edited with a brief preface by Dr. Rawley, Bacon's chaplain and secretary. Here we have writer after writer apparently extolling the illustrious departed as a poet. Among the writers are George Herbert, Henry Ferne, afterwards Bishop of Chester, and Thomas Randolph, the dramatist, then only twenty-one years old. Though they had appeared collected together in the forefront of Blackburne's edition of Bacon in 1730, no particular attention was paid to them until 1896, when Dr. George Cantor, professor of mathematics and doctor of philosophy at the University of Halle-Wittenberg, a savant of European reputation, was struck by their peculiar form and edited the longest of them. They appear to have led Dr. Cantor into the Baconian camp, of which he is now a chief ornament.

Yet I think we should be extremely rash if we allowed them to carry us so far. The Baconian argument is that these elegies point so distinctly to Bacon as a poet—a great poet—that their writers must have held him to be the author of some mighty poetical works that have not come down to us under his name. But to this position there is the obvious answer: How is it that so many men could have known or at least guessed his authorship of these mysterious works and not have published their knowledge of the secret, or at least allowed it to leak out by the ordinary channels of human indiscretion? Again, if these mysterious great works were really the Shakespearean plays, we come into conflict with another portion of the Baconian argument, namely, that those plays were not then, about 1625, at all looked upon as the great works they have since come to be considered, that consequently their true authorship might remain undetected and uninquired into. Here, on the contrary, we are asked to believe that these funeral versifiers knew the secret and looked to the plays as an unsurpassed title to fame. We cannot, then, allow the Baconians to build arguments on premises that are mutually destructive. At the same time, it must be allowed that these elegies are curious and deserve that limited

amount of attention that has lately been bestowed on them. One begins:

> Plangite jam vere Clio, Cliusque sorores;
> Ah decima occubuit Musa, decusque chori.
>
> Now weep indeed, Clio and ye sisters of Clio; the tenth Muse has sunk in death, the glory of your choir.

Another describes Melpomene, the muse of tragedy and elegy, as indignant with the cruel Fates, and hails Bacon as "Musarum phosphorus," "the morning star of the muses," and now "the grief of Apollo." Another declares that Apollo will henceforth have to be content with nine muses. But another indignantly asks: "Thinkest thou, foolish passer-by, that the leader of the choir of the muses and Apollo lies buried in this cold marble? No; he has gone to join their company on Olympus, a muse more rare than the noted nine. Another calls him "Reconditarum gemina pretiosa litterarum" (the precious gem of hidden or abstruse letters), an expression which, as we might expect, has been eagerly seized on by the Baconian advocates. Another exclaims: "If thou wilt claim, O Bacon, all thou hast given to the world and to the Muses, then love, the earth, the Muses, Jove's treasury, prayer, heaven, song, incense, grief will become bankrupt." Nothing about science or law—love, the Muses and song—with these has Bacon enriched the world. Another, the dramatist Randolph, declares that "Phœbus did not heal Bacon lest he (Bacon) should become King instead of himself."

All this reads like language that had missed its address when it found its way to the tomb of a lawyer, a philosopher and a scientist. Curious, too, is a lament where the imagery of the drama is employed in connection with Bacon's treatment of philosophy, and where Aristotle, of all unlikely people, is brought in to swell the chorus of praise: "Verulam found philosophy creeping on low socks (the footgear of comedy), he rose on a loftier cothurnus; and Aristotle, alive again, flourishes in the Novum Organum."

Another poet exclaims: "Yield, then, ye Greeks, give place, O Virgil, first in Latin story." And finally we have this curious panegyric: "He taught the Pegasean arts to grow, he grew like the spear of Quirinus, and in a short time was a bay tree . . . and therefore no ages shall dim his glory." The Pegasean arts are, of course, the arts of poetry. "But why," asks Dr. Cantor, "is the spear dragged in here apropos of growing, and whence comes the significant name Quirinus, the spear-shaker?" We need not follow Dr. Cantor along the daring path of conjecture thus opened up, if we are satisfied that the spear of Quirinus might come in here appositely enough without any *arrière-pensée* about "Shakespeare," that

the Muses are here taken as the patrons of learning and genius in general, and that an age of undeveloped criticism confounded learning and poetry in a way that for us has become impossible. One recalls the well-known passage concerning "the thrice three Muses in mourning for the death of Learning late deceased in beggary," and an Elizabethan lyric beginning, "O that the learned poets"—that is, simply, the *great* poets. I confess, however, that this explanation hardly seems quite adequate to explain the vehemence and insistence of the language in these panegyrics.

Passing on from these outbursts of valedictory grief, we scarcely again find the distinctly poetic laurel assigned to Bacon with the same emphatic fervor. Praised as a poet he continues to be, but it is as a poet in the broader sense of the word, a poet because of the poetic spirit throbbing beneath the prose veil of the Novum Organum and the Fables of the Ancients. The denial to him of any poetic spirit whatever was reserved for critics of our own day. Addison finds that Bacon "possessed at once all those extraordinary talents which were divided amongst the greatest authors of antiquity. . . . One does not know," he says, "which most to admire in his writings—the strength of reason, force of style or brightness of imagination." "His prayers and private devotions," says Addison, himself a devout man, "are more like the devotion of an angel than of a man." These testimonies of the "Spectator" are in startling contrast with Mr. Churton Collins' view of Baconian characteristics. Among other eighteenth century panegyrists we may quote Pope, who, besides his rather notorious and oft-misquoted antithesis concerning the "wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," also said that Lord Bacon was "the greatest genius that England or, perhaps, any other country produced." But perhaps my reader will discount the verdict of the eighteenth century. He may say that their notions of genius, of imagination, of poetry destroy the value of their poetic diploma. Well, then, let us hasten on to the "romantic" poets and critics of the nineteenth century; and here we meet Macaulay, whose deplorable misrepresentations of Bacon's life and philosophy need not destroy the value of his opinions on Bacon's literary merits. "No man ever had an imagination," says Macaulay, "at once so strong and so thoroughly subjugated. . . . In truth, much of Bacon's life was passed in a visionary world, amid things as strange as any that are described in the Arabian Tales. . . . The small fine mind of La Bruyere had not a more delicate tact than that large intellect of Bacon. His understanding resembled the tent which the Fairy gave to Prince Ahmed—fold it, and it seemed the toy of a lady; spread it, and the armies of a powerful Sultan might repose beneath its shade." Mackintosh

assigns to Bacon: "The utmost splendor of imagination." Dr. Shaw remarks that "in his style there is the same quality that is applauded in Shakespeare—a combination of the intellectual and the imaginative, the closest reasoning in the boldest metaphor." Sir Alex. Grant says: "It is as an inspired seer, as the prose-poet of modern science, that I reverence Bacon." Lord Lytton finds Bacon's "thoughts and style pervaded and permeated with poetry." Taine declares that "Bacon thinks in the manner of artists and poets and speaks after the manner of prophets and seers." Very interesting is the dictum of Alex. Smith, himself a poet and an essayist, in reference to the Essays, which I consider, in opposition to Mr. Stronach, as amongst the least poetic of Bacon's works: "Bacon seems to have written his Essays with the pen of Shakespeare." More striking still is the splendid testimony of Shelley in his admirable "Defense of Poetry." It is true, of course, though the Baconians do not refer to the fact, that in that Essay Shelley shows the broadest charity in his application of the name "Poet." In one place he goes so far as to say that "all great historians, Herodotus, Plutarch, Livy, were poets." Yet this, though it impairs, does not destroy the dignity of the special rank he assigns Bacon. In one passage he ranks him with the supreme poets and artists, in antithesis to such leaders of positive thought as Locke, Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire and Rousseau. Benefactors of humanity as these undoubtedly were, according to Shelley, still the world could have got on without them. "But it exceeds all imagination to conceive what would have been the moral condition of the world if neither Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Calderon, Lord Bacon nor Milton had ever existed; if Raphael and Michael Angelo had never been born; if the Hebrew poetry had never been translated;" and so forth. Here this most quintessential poet sets Bacon among the typical poets, between Calderon and Milton, near Shakespeare and Raphael. Elsewhere in the same eloquent essay he says: "Lord Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm which satiates the sense no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect; it is a strain which distends and then bursts the circumference of the reader's mind, and pours itself forth together with it into the universal element with which it has perpetual sympathy." Shelley's meaning may not be very transpicuous, but its general purport is plain enough for our present purpose.

Confronted with these critical utterances and with the facts on which they are based, some of the depreciators of Bacon's poetical glory adopt subtler plans of attack than flat negatives or pointless ridicule. Bacon was not really (they say) a great poet, but only an

excellent counterfeit. His contemporaries testified that he had the tongue of a splendid orator; we find that he has the pen of a splendid rhetorician. He had a rare imagination—of a kind, but not that of a poet. "We must not," says Professor Kuno Fischer, "mistake the enthusiasm of the orator for the sacred fire of poetry."

Well, let us take some of his images and see whether, except for their prose garb, they essentially differ from those of the acknowledged great poets:

Thus Shakespeare writes—what we all quote:

> There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, etc.
> And we must take the current as it serves
> or lose our ventures.

Bacon writes:

"In the third place, I set down reputation because of the peremptory tides and currents it hath, which, if they be not taken in their due time, are seldom recovered."

It is surely fine poetry when the love-sick Orsino recalls the enchanting strain of music: "O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south (or is "sound" the reading?) that breathes upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odours."

But is our unpoetical Bacon so far behind? "The breath of flowers," he writes, "is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand."

Again, the heedless, thoughtless Shakespeare opposed by Mr. Grant White to the judicious Bacon, was wise enough to write:

> Before the times of change . . . men's minds mistrust
> Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
> The waters swell before a boisterous storm. (Rich. III., II., 3.)

And the unpoetical Bacon of the same Mr. White expresses with no ungraceful brevity the same image:

> As there are . . . secret swellings of seas before a tempest, so there are in states. (Essay on Sedition.)

Let me show you a few more bricks as proof of the house. This is how our unpoetic Bacon writes in the dedication of a grave legal treatise: "The reasons of laws severed from the grounds of nature, manners and policy are like wall-flowers, which they grow high upon the crests of states, yet have no deep roots." Can we find in any poetic couplet a happier union of profound truth and apt fancy? When Bacon refers to the earth-circling navigators of his day he does it in this style: "Memorable voyages after the manner of heaven about the globe of the earth." In this phrase the harmonious words seem trembling into verse. So also when he speaks of the themes of the antiquary: "Remnants of history which have

casually escaped the shipwreck of time." He speaks of the unchanging "Ocean, the solitary handmaid of eternity." Has any singer thrown a lovelier flower upon ocean? All the poetry of the sea appealed to him, as I could show by many quotations. But Bacon has not merely short swallow flights of poetic expression; he has also sustained elevations. Take his famous passage on the "end of studies;" observe its grandeur of moral sentiment as well of imagination. "Other errors there are in the scope that men propound to themselves . . . in the mistaking or misplacing of the last and furthest end of knowledge. For men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge sometimes upon a natural curiosity and imaginative appetite, sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight, sometimes for ornament and reputation and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction, and most times for lucre and profession, and seldom to give a true account of their gift of reason to the benefit and use of man, as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or a commanding ground for strife or contention; or a shop for profit and sale, and not a rich store-house for the Glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate."

This wealth of imagery, never diluting, but always enriching the thought, cannot, I think, be fairly ranked as the mere exuberance of the rhetorician.

Nor is Bacon incapable of sympathetic and tender strains. He does not lack that "sense of tears in mortal things" without which a poet is but a tinkling cymbal. Read, for proof, Bacon's pathetic exposition of the fable of Memnon, son of the dawn goddess, early slain and turned to ashes beside the walls of Troy. He sees, pictured in all the mythical details, the unfortunate destinies of young men, "who," he says, "like the sons of Aurora, puffed up with the glittering show of vanity and ostentation, attempt actions above their strength. For among all disasters that can happen to mortals, there is none so lamentable and so powerful to move compassion as the flower of virtue cropped with too sudden a mischance. . . . Lamentation and mourning flutter around their obsequies, like those funeral birds around the pyre of Memnon."

Or hear his tribute to the value of true friendship: "A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. . . . It is a mere and miserable solitude to want friends, without which the world is but a wilderness." One is reminded of an exquisite passage in

"Prometheus Unbound," where Shelley speaks of "the happiness which comes with the voice of one beloved and leaves this peopled earth a solitude when it returns no more."

Let me finally quote a longer extract from the Essay on Death, which, following some previous examples, I have turned into blank verse. The changes made are of the most trifling character; I have not, for example, added a single epithet:

> Oft have I thought on Death, and find it still
> The least of all our evils. Why is man
> Enamoured of his fetters, though of gold?
> But art thou drowned in security?
> Then thou art dead indeed. For though thou movest,
> Thy soul is buried in thee, and thine angel
> Either forsakes his kindly guard or sleeps.
> Naught lives upon this earth (save a true friend,
> Whom never may I count with things that perish)
> To which my heart yet leans. And this dear freedom
> Hath gotten me this peace, that I mourn not
> That end which must needs be, nor spend one wish
> To add one hour to my uncertain years.
> Yet there are few that have bespoken death.
> Death arrives gracious only unto such
> As sit in darkness, or lie heavy-burdened
> With grief and irons; to the poor Christian
> That sits bound in the galleys, to despairful
> Widows, pensive captives, kings deposed;
> To those whose fortune runneth back, whose spirit
> Rebels at destiny; to such comes death
> As a redeemer, and the grave appears
> A harbour of retiredness and rest.

Had these conceptions and images of Bacon's had the good fortune to be ranged in verse by a Shakespeare, we might, perhaps, have ranked them with the noblest passages of Hamlet and Macbeth.

I can only touch briefly in this paper on those profounder aspects of Bacon's character and work which affect the question of his poetic equipment. As to his character, without our entering into the vast difficulties which its study raises, a glance through his most authorized biographers will show how much of the distinctively poetical peculiarities he held ingrained. His inattention to facts, combined with power of observation, his prehensile yet slippery memory, the self-possession and self-satisfaction with which he wraps himself up in a world of his own, his "sanguine and restless disposition," his zeal for the abstract and remote, combined with his assiduity in walking the crookedest paths of the courtier; his "portentous power of adapting his mind to the mind of others," his singularly high-flown ambitions and daring purposes, his unusual combination of eloquence and humor with the speculative faculty—all these become more and more evident to the student of his life and character, and all these belong to the marks and the promise of a poet.

Turning with similar brevity of observation to his treatment of his themes as a philosopher, we find what we have already glanced

at, the irrepressible, incurable propensity to construct fairy worlds of imagination. In the fables of ancient paganism Bacon finds mysterious adumbration of profound moral and scientific truths. He seeks to explain to us the origin of the world from atoms by the myth of Cupid. His explanation of the fable sets forth a form of the atomic theory which he flatters himself is "more severe and sober than that of Democritus."

Never surely was doctrine so weighty set forth in guise less severe or sober. Cupid stands for matter itself in its most elementary conception. He has, acording to the fable Bacon selects, no parents, that is to say, primary matter has no natural cause of any kind. *Cum sit, post Deum, causa causarum ipsa incausabiles.* "Nothing," he continues, "has more corrupted philosophy than inquiry after the parents of Cupid." Philosophers decline to take things simply as they are in nature, but confuse issues with dialectical and mathematical notions.

Bacon quotes Scripture to explain why Cupid was fabled to be sprung from an egg hatched by Night. "God made all things beautiful in their seasons and gave the world to their desputes." But yet so that the supreme law of being can only be understood by the human intellect through negative, not positive demonstrations. As negative demonstrations are a kind of ignorance and night, "the truths proved by them are justly signified by eggs hatched by Night."

Dr. Kuno Fischer is indignant (perhaps excusably) at the "utter worthlessness" of these interpretations. "Bacon is no more an interpreter of the myths (he says) than Æsop is a zoölogist." Take, for another ilustration, Bacon's development of the myth of Pan. The god Pan represents (so he expounds) the aggregate of earthly things. These are doomed to be transient, and a definite period of duration is assigned to them by nature. Therefore the Parcae or Fates are the sisters of Pan. The horns of Pan are pointed upwards; and in like manner does nature ascend from individuals to species, and from species to genera, after the fashion of a pyramid. These horns, retaining their pyramidal form, reach to the sky; thus do the highest generic ideas lead from physics to metaphysics, from physics to speculative theology. The body of Pan is covered with hair, symbolizing the rays of light that emanate from shining bodies. It is composed of the human and the brute forms, to correspond to the transition from lower to higher grades and that mingling of them that everywhere appear in nature. The goats' feet of Pan, suited as they are for steep climbing, denote the upward tendency of the terrestrial bodies; his pipes express the harmony of the world; the seven reeds signify the seven planets; the curved staff

represents the "circular" operations of Providence (which Bacon elsewhere explains). Lastly, Echo, the spouse of Pan, is a symbol of science, which should be the echo and reproduction of the cosmic order.

Here, surely, we have the "fairy tales of science" in their most shining glorification. It is but a specimen of Bacon's prevailing methods of scientific and philosophic investigation. The very titles which he strews throughout his most grave and abstruse works tell the same story of his prevalent turn of mind. "The thread of the labyrinth," "the male offspring of time," "the ante-chambers of death," "the ladder of the intellect"—such are his headings of treatises where the discussion, as we have seen, though concerned with the gravest topics, is sometimes more strangely fanciful than even such fanciful titles could have led us to anticipate.

Whatever, then, may be the value of Bacon's contributions to science and philosophy from the point of view of the scientist and the philosopher, when we come to estimate them with the eyes of the student of poetry we can hardly resist Taine's verdict: "This man thinks in the manner of artists and poets, and speaks after the fashion of prophets and seers."

The severest judgment we may be inclined to pass upon Bacon's life-work will hardly be severer than that delivered by Joseph de Maistre from his standpoint as a Catholic philosopher. Yet his two volumes of hostile analysis are none the less an eloquent testimony to Bacon's poetic temperament and poetic power. "Parement il résiste," says De Maistre, "à lénire d'être poète." An image, an analogy, a fanciful trope presents itself to Bacon's mind, and he seeks no better argument, but rather proceeds to prop up fancies with sophisms. "C'est la mainère éternelle de Bacon." It is an element in nearly all the misdemeanors wherewith De Maistre charges him. The stern champion of conservative orthodoxy, running full tilt against Bacon's philosophy, and the dreamy revolutionist Shelley, who would enthrone Bacon beside the "divine" Plato, are at one in their recognition of Bacon as a poet. They would be equally amazed at such unfortunate specimens of literary criticism as those we quoted at the outset from some prominent "anti-Baconian" controversialists.

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"THE LOGICAL BASIS OF PHYSICAL LAWS."

THE advance of physical science may be truly said to be one of conquest. In the face of difficulties often formidable, and at the cost of untold and persevering labors, men have penetrated farther and farther into the region of the unknown, have laid bare the secrets of nature and have discovered the laws which rule her actions. Like the heroes of ancient Greece, of whom Pericles speaks, who received their empire from their ancestors and handed it down to posterity, not only unimpaired, but enriched with new and distant territories, each generation builds upon the inheritance left it by its predecessors and in turn contributes its mite to the world's store of knowledge. So it comes to pass that many things which now seem almost self-evident to us in their simplicity were mysteries and fertile topics of speculation to those who have gone before us.

Physical science, however, is not content with the mere observation or investigation of isolated facts. It seeks unity in complexity, identity amid diversity. It strives to connect passing phenomena to make known the constancy and uniformity that characterize them, and to determine the forces which underlie them. To these constant and uniform modes of action and—in so far as they may be ascertained—to the causes from which they spring, it gives the name of laws. By means of these laws it expresses in simplest form the great truths of nature so as to make it possible to determine not only what is, but also—supposing, of course, no exception or change—what has been and what will be.

If, now, we regard the development and establishment of the laws of nature from an historical point of view, we are confronted by a curious fact. Laws which were once supposed beyond all question to exist have come to be disproved completely, while others, though admitted to possess some truth, have in time called for extensive modification. Thus, for example—to take an instance in the history of astronomy—it was the belief of the ancient astronomers that the heavenly bodies moved with uniform motion in circular orbits. The grounds for this belief seem to have been of an *a priori* nature, and the validity of the law, for such it was considered, was not questioned until the time of Kepler, who was the first to show that it had no foundation in fact.

Again, in the life of Galileo we read of his oft-quoted quarrel with his fellow-professors of the University of Pisa, who upheld the law commonly taught at the time regarding falling bodies. According to this law heavy bodies fall with a velocity proportional to their masses, or, in other words, in any given locality the heavier

a body is the more swiftly does it fall to the earth. At first sight this seems plausible enough to preclude all doubt, but Galileo, with true scientific instinct, if not with equal scientific calm and dispassion, proved to his colleagues that the velocity of a freely falling body is independent of the amount of matter that it contains by his historic experiment of dropping cannon balls of different sizes from the top of the leaning tower of the city. The proof was as simple and direct as it was conclusive, for his discomfited adversaries could not deny the testimony of their senses, and so their cherished law passed from the domain of reality to that of fiction.

These instances might be multiplied. Even in our own day scientific research often brings to light phenomena which make imperative the amendment of some of our enunciations regarding the laws of nature. A realization of this change in our views of physical laws has led to a reaction. Thus Professor Langley, in a paper[1] read in Washington a few years ago, remarked: "There is growing to be an unspoken, rather than clearly formulated admission, that we know little of the order of nature and nothing at all of the laws of nature." He also cites an example to illustrate his point. It is the supposed establishment of the existence of phlogiston, an essential constituent of all combustible bodies, which was given up by them during combustion. After quoting Priestley's confident words, "If any opinion in all the modern doctrine concerning air be well founded, it is certainly this, that nitrous air is highly charged with phlogiston. If I have completely ascertained anything at all relating to air, it is this," he continues: "Phlogiston, then, was to the science of a former age in this sense a law of nature, and at least as great a generalization as the kinetic theory of gases is to us, as widely accepted, as firmly believed and as certainly known—but what has become of it now?" It must, indeed, be admitted that not only has plogiston long since disappeared from the field of science, but many other supposed facts have met a similar fate. If, however, it be true that we are often compelled to modify our concepts of the laws of nature and at times even to abandon them altogether, we may well ask, what is after all their logical basis? Can we ever rest secure in our knowledge of them, or must we always place ourselves in an attitude of doubt?

Before entering upon this question it will be of advantage to determine precisely what is meant by the expression "physical law," since it is clear that there are various aspects under which it may be considered. To the physicist it commonly represents a constant relationship existing between certain phenomena. It may, for example, be the relationships existing between the pressure volume

[1] Smithsonian Report, 1901.

and temperature of a gas, or between the current, electro-motive force and resistance, or between the resistance and temperature of an electrical circuit. Numberless instances could easily be cited. Or, again, it may be some great generalization, such as the law of universal gravitation, or the law of the conservation of energy, which connects and accounts for many particular laws and phenomena. It is the province of the physicist to investigate the divers relationships which research has brought to light, to formulate them and to endeavor to explain them, at least proximately, by theory. The metaphysician goes further and philosophically examines the causes of which constancy and uniformity of action are but an effect. He studies the essential nature of a law, its varieties and the possibility of its suspension in the present order of things. There is also another way of viewing a physical law, which we may term that of the logician. For him it takes the form of a judgment which professes to contain a certain degree of truth, or, to put it technically, a certain degree of conformity between the intellect and its corresponding object in the order of nature. He examines this conformity and inquires especially into the validity of the methods by which it has been obtained and the extent to which we are justified in asserting it.

Regarding, then, physical laws simply according to their scientific definition, and independently of their metaphysical aspect, or of the technical methods which the scientific investigator employs in his experimental researches to determine their existence and character, it is evidently a question of some interest to establish the logical basis upon which they are founded, according as they are obtained by the various methods provided by logic for arriving at new knowledge. Our problem, then, is primarily one pertaining to logic, though it may perhaps also justly claim a place within the province of that new and rapidly growing field of thought—the methodology of science—which received special recognition at the late International Congress of Arts and Science, where the sessions devoted to it were addressed by scholars such as Ostwald and Erdmann.

For the sake of clearness, but one class of physical laws will be considered, viz., those which admit of quantitative, *i. e.*, of mathematical expression. Concreteness, moreover, will be gained by taking a particular law of physics and inquiring into its logical basis while at the same time tracing its development. An apt example is furnished by the well-known and fundamental Boyle's law, which expresses the relationship existing at any given temperature between the volume and pressure of a gas. It is a matter of common experience that the volume of a mass of gas, as, for example, air, varies with the pressure. Increase of pressure is

accompanied by a proportional decrease in volume. The law in its mathematical expression takes the simple form $pv = c$, in which $p =$ pressure of the gas, $v =$ its volume and $c =$ a constant or the more general form, when combined with the law of Charles or Gay Lussac, $pv = RT$ where $R =$ constant and $T =$ the absolute temperature. At any given temperature, then, whatever may be the corresponding values of p and v, the pressure and volume respectively of the gas, their product, according to the formula, will always be equal to the same constant quantity.

This law is evidently the expression of a mediate judgment. To arrive at it, therefore, the methods provided by logic for obtaining mediate judgments must be employed. It is hardly necessary to state that the two great methods are the analytic or inductive and the synthetic or deductive. To these a third may be added which holds a high place in scientific discovery, viz., the combination of the two methods just mentioned, which may be characterized as the analytico-synthetic method.

The various branches of mathematics furnish perhaps the best example of the workings of the deductive method. Thus geometry starts with a series of postulates or axioms which are regarded as so evident as not to need proof. From them as first principles all succeeding propositions are derived by syllogistic reasoning, and upon them they ultimately depend for their truth. It is obvious, however, that this method cannot be employed in the immediate study of natural phenomena. The analytic or inductive method, on the other hand, has found its greatest application in the study of nature. It adopts an opposite mode of procedure and consists in the derivation of a general principle or law from particular instances. It was by this method that Boyle's law was established —first by Boyle in 1662 and seventeen years later by Mariotte. The method itself was well known to Aristotle and the scholastic philosophers of the Middle Ages, but it was raised to a higher plane and perfected by Lord Bacon and his school.

Bacon, in the study of nature, insisted upon the empirical collection and classification of facts and the subsequent inference from them of general laws. Many of the principles laid down by him are of high value and have had most far-reaching consequences. It has been the fashion, however, to laud the English philosopher to the skies and to bestow upon him the title of "the father of the inductive method," while the marvelous advances in physical science in modern times are ascribed mainly to the results of his teaching. Without detracting in the least from the credit due to Bacon, it is worth noting that his influence on modern scientific and industrial progress and the method which bears his name have both been

greatly over-rated. Stanley Jevons, indeed, takes the view, which he admits is extreme, that "Francis Bacon, although he correctly insisted upon constant reference to experience, had no correct notions as to the logical method by which from particular facts we educe laws of nature."[2] Whatever be the truth of this second statement, we must agree with him when he says: "The value of this method may be estimated historically by the fact that it has not been followed by any of the great masters of science. Whether we look to Galileo, who preceded Bacon; to Gilbert, his contemporary, or to Newton and Descartes, Leibnitz and Huyghens, his successors, we find that discovery was achieved by the opposite method to that advocated by Bacon."[3]

We have now to consider the analytic method more in detail and see how it works in practice. As the purpose of the scientific investigator in employing it is the derivation of some general law connecting a number of particular instances, the first step to be taken is evidently the collection of the necessary data. This is done by simple observation when the phenomena in question are beyond his control, or by experiment and observation when their conditions can be varied at will. At the very outset, however, he will find himself confronted by a serious difficulty. It may happen that the constant relationship which he is investigating does not depend solely upon the phenomena themselves, but is also effected by other causes which, if not taken into account, may completely vitiate his results and so make them worthless as material upon which to base any inductive reasoning.

Our gas law is a case in point. We notice, for example, that the volume of any gas depends in some way upon its pressure, and we wish to determine how these two factors are connected. As a matter of fact, as the pressure of a gas is increased its volume is diminished. Precisely the same volume change, however, may be brought about by keeping the pressure constant and lowering the temperature. Moreover, if the gas be suddenly compressed, the temperature rises, and in this case pressure and temperature tend to produce opposite effects on the volume. Here, then, is at least one element which may exert a considerable and undesired influence upon our results. Others, too, may be present, though perhaps not to so great an extent and will at least call for careful investigation in order that error may be avoided. Evidently, then, there is need of some principles which may serve as a guide in eliminating all such disturbing factors, in order that the precise relationship which is being sought may be attained.

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[2] "Principles of Science," preface to first edition.

[3] *Ibid.*, Book IV., chap. xxiii.

These principles have been developed by John Stuart Mill in his "System of Logic," Book III., chap. 8. The first he calls the method of agreement, which is thus enunciated: "If two or more instances of the phenomenon under investigation have only one circumstance in common, the circumstance in which alone all the instances agree is the cause (or effect) of the given phenomenon." Apply this now to the determination of Boyle's law. It gives some aid, but clearly it is not sufficient to establish the law. For the instances of the phenomenon of volume change have not the one circumstance of pressure change in common, but the phenomenon of temperature change also plays a considerable and as yet undetermined part. Our next step, then, will be to eliminate the temperature effect as we wish to discover the influence of pressure alone upon the volume of the gas. In other words, it will be necessary to make a series of simultaneous measurements upon the volume and pressure of our gas at constant temperature and, as far as possible, under identical conditions. The successive measurements then will have every circumstance in common except that of volume and pressure change, and consequently we may expect to receive more light upon the relationship existing between them. Now this way of proceeding is an application of Mills' method of difference, viz.: "If an instance in which the phenomenon under investigation occurs and an instance in which it does not occur have every circumstance in common save one, that one occurring only in the former, the circumstance in which alone the two instances differ is the effect, or the cause, or an indispensable part of the cause of the phenomenon." The one instance in our case is the pressure, and hence it is "the cause, or an indispensable part of the cause of the phenomenon" of volume change. We cannot, then, be certain yet of the precise nature of the relationship between pressure and volume.

A third method may be tried, viz., "the method of concomitant variations," which is thus stated: "Whatever phenomenon varies in any manner whenever another phenomenon varies in any particular manner is either a cause or an effect of that phenomenon or is connected with it through some fact of causation." By varying, then, the pressure of our gas—all other conditions remaining the same—we notice a corresponding change in the volume—the greater the pressure of a given mass, the smaller the volume, and conversely. In fact, there is apparently a yuantitive relationship, for if the pressure is doubled the volume is reduced by a half; if the pressure is made four times as great the volume is reduced to one-fourth of its original value, etc. Mill has given still a fourth method, which may also be taken into account before formulating the precise nature of this relationship. It is termed the method of residues,

viz.: "Subduct from any phenomenon such part as is known by previous inductions to be the effect of certain antecedents, and the residue of the phenomenon is the effect of the remaining antecedents."

Boyle and, after him, Mariotte, by following at least equivalently these canons established their law for air. Expressed mathematically as $pv = c$, it is universal and exact and it naturally represents the concept of the law which we form. But what is the logical basis of such a concept? We cannot, of course, doubt the existence of some definite law if the requisite conditions in determining it have been fulfilled. To what extent, however, are we justified in accepting this simple mathematical formula as an expression of what actually occurs in nature? The subsequent history of the law has furnished the best answer to this question.

The experiments of Boyle and Mariotte were naturally somewhat crude and were made only upon air. Nevertheless, the relationship established was regarded as exact. It was not until the nineteenth century that more extensive studies were made, and Despretz, in 1826, was the first to disprove its universality by showing that such common gases as carbon dioxide, hydrogen sulphide, hydrogen and ammonia deviated quite sensibly from it. But was the law exactly and universally true even for air? The French physicists Dulong and Arago were led to investigate this question a few years later. Their main purpose was to study its validity at comparatively high pressures without, as it seems, doubting its exactness at ordinary pressures. They carried the pressure up to 27 atmospheres and "observed that the volume of air always diminished a little more than is required by Boyle's law. But as these differences were very small, they attributed them to errors of observation and concluded that the law was perfectly exact, at any rate up to 27 atmospheres." (Ganot, Book IV., chap. 2.)

The logic of their reasoning—an observation for which the writer is indebted to Professor C. R. Cross—was characteristic of a time when scientific men were inclined to hold that the laws of nature were capable of simple and exact expression by mathematical formulæ, and it is worthy of notice, since it brings out a point of fundamental importance in the employment of the inductive method. The sole data upon which Dulong and Arago could base a legitimate conclusion were the results which they had obtained in their measurements. Now, the close agreement between the observed volumes of air and the volumes computed by the formula $pv = c$ justified them in concluding immediately that Boyle's law was very nearly exact for air up to 27 atmospheres. The small deviations which they found certainly contained the errors of observation, but

they might also have been caused in part by the departure of the law from the simple mathematical form. To proceed a step further, then, and assume without proof—where proof was clearly needed—that the deviations in their results were due to errors of observation alone and, in consequence, to infer that the law was exact within the range of pressure investigated was to go beyond their premises, and such a conclusion could find no warrant in the inductive method. In other words, they possessed no objective evidence to justify them in passing with certainty from the one judgment, "Boyle's law is *nearly* exact for air up to 27 atmospheres," to the other very different, as was shown later; in point of truth, "Boyle's law is *exact* up to this pressure."

The conclusions of Dulong and Arago were accepted, and it remained for Regnault in his classic investigations in 1847 to settle beyond all doubt the question of the validity of the law. His work was carried out with an elaborateness and thoroughness that were characteristic of this French physicist. Profiting by the experience of his predecessors, he sought to eliminate as far as possible every known source of error, however slight it might be. His results, therefore, possess a high degree of precision. Regnault, moreover, removed all doubt regarding the source of the deviations which they indicated by showing that these were greater than any possible errors in his observations. He was forced to conclude, therefore, that they were caused by a departure of the law from the simple form $pv = c$. Besides air, other gases were studied, and it became evident that Boyle's law holds exactly for no actual gas, and consequently cannot be represented *exactly* by the formula $pv = c$, except in the case of the so-called perfect, *i. e.,* hypothetical gas. Later investigations have all served to confirm this conclusion.

Some stress has been laid upon this single instance from the history of physics, because it is typical of the establishment of a physical law and because it shows the working of the analytic method better than an abstract discussion could do. It indicates, too, the tendency to hasty generalization which seems characteristic of the method, and which experience and advancing knowledge have so often proven to be unwarranted. Moreover, it emphasizes the fact that our certain knowledge of the laws of nature is limited by the data regarding them at our disposal. This is the sole evidence upon which we can build a certain judgment without fear of having to change it. When we argue beyond this evidence we enter the region of probabilities. Such further inference is, no doubt, in many cases quite legitimate, provided that we bear in mind that we are dealing simply with probabilities. It must be said, however, that as research advances this probability regarding the

enunciation or universality of particular laws becomes very high. In the case of some—as, for example, that of gravitation, at least within the limits of the solar system, where even the apparent deviations have been shown to be in accordance with the law itself—the probability of their exactness and universality approaches well nigh to certainty. Still as it is physically impossible to verify experimentally any law or even any single instance of a law with absolute exactness, there is some ground, however slight, for doubting the precise formula by which the law is expressed or at least its universality.

Not only is there danger of unwarranted inference when the actual data determined by experiment or observation are subject to analysis, but the liability becomes even greater when extrapolation is resorted to, *i. e.*, when, after plotting such data, the curve upon which they lie is extended beyond the limits of actual observation, and conclusions are drawn from the knowledge—purely hypothetical, it is to be noted—which it affords. Professor E. L. Nichols has pointed out ("Concepts of Physical Science," *Popular Science Monthly*, November, 1904) the uncertainty attendant upon such procedures and cites in confirmation several striking instances. When direct observation is impossible and the speculative element enters as a factor in our conclusions, "we are compelled," as he says, "to make use of analogy. We infer the unknown from the known. Though our logic be without flaw and we violate no mathematical principle, yet are our conclusions not absolute. They rest of necessity upon assumptions, and these are subject to modification indefinitely as our knowledge becomes more complete."

Great care, then, is required in the use of the inductive method, and the experienced physicist in employing it will not readily commit himself to broad statements which have no real foundation in fact. So, for example, Gay Lussac, in striking contrast to Priestley's confident words quoted by Professor Langley, ends his account of his important researches on the free expansion of gases with the modest statement: "I think I may repeat that I present these conclusions only with great reserve, knowing myself how I need to vary my experiments and how easy it is to go astray in the interpretation of results."

The purely synthetic method, as has already been noted, cannot be employed in the immediate study of natural phenomena, and so the analytico-synthetic method next claims attention as a logical basis of physical laws. It seems paradoxical at first sight to speak of the use of any kind of deductive reasoning as a means of arriving at the truths of nature. Yet it is rather to this latter method, and not to the purely inductive method, that the great advance of physical science since the days of Newton is chiefly due. Newton

himself excelled in its application and was among the first to make extensive use of it. Briefly stated, it consists in anticipating nature rather than groping blindly in the dark to solve her mysteries. Intellect and imagination, as well as the senses, are brought into play in the quest for new truths. The scientific investigator by a study of the facts at his disposal, and often with the aid of analogy, pictures to himself what may be and then proceeds to see whether his suppositions or their legitimate consequences have any foundation in fact.

The method of procedure is simple in principle and may be stated in a few words. Its first step consists in the framing of some plausible hypothesis which will account for some, at least, of the phenomena in question. This hypothesis, generally speaking, always remains an hypothesis, since it is usually made up of assumptions which from their very nature cannot be directly proven. Starting from these assumptions as first principles, a body of conclusions and laws is derived which constitutes the theory. The reasoning employed in the exact sciences is commonly mathematical and of course rigid. But what is the value of the conclusions which are thus obtained? As far as the reasoning itself goes, they are undoubtedly exact, but viewed in the light of their actual correspondence with nature, they must be regarded as purely hypothetical until subjected to verification, inasmuch as they are conditioned by the assumptions upon which they are based.

Boyle's law will also serve as an apt illustration of the deduction of a physical law by means of the analytico-synthetic method. As is well known, the kinetic theory of gases has for one of its first consequences this fundamental gas law in its exact form $pv = c$. This theory explains and develops the properties of gases upon mechanical grounds. It is based upon the assumption that the molecules, of which, according to the molecular hypothesis, all gases are composed, are perfectly elastic and, while moving about with rectilinear motion, are so far separated as to exert no appreciable attraction upon one another. Starting, then, with this assumption and the laws of mechanics, this relationship between the pressure and volume of a gas might have been derived without a single experiment. But it never could have claimed the dignity of an actual physical law until it was shown by the canons of the inductive method to possess a foundation of truth in nature. Indeed, without careful experimental verification, the slight but sensible deviations of ordinary gases from the simple mathematical formula would undoubtedly have remained unsuspected. The difference between a verified law and a law which has been established simply by theory, but cannot be directly confirmed, is well

illustrated in the case of Avogadro's principle, viz., that under the same conditions of temperature and pressure equal volumes of all gases contain the same number of molecules. This principle can be deduced from the kinetic theory of gases with the same validity as Boyle's law. But as it cannot be experimentally verified, it still remains hypothetical and cannot strictly be called a physical law, though it often bears this title. Its probability, however, is certainly increased by this independent *a priori* derivation apart from all chemical evidence in its favor.

Not only can the analytico-synthetic method suggest the existence of hitherto unsuspected laws, but it is often able to take into account and explain deviations from laws which had been assumed to be exact. Thus—to return to our example of Boyle's law—when it was found that actual gases departed from its simple, mathematical form, efforts were made without much success to express the relationship existing between the pressure and volume of a gas by means of empirical formulæ. Now Regnault's investigations showed that if the kinetic theory was to account satisfactorily for the properties of actual gases, a change was necessary in some of its postulates which, in all probability, could not be sensibly true except in the case of an ideal gas. For it had been assumed that both the volume of the molecules themselves and their attraction upon one another were quite negligible. By making allowance, then, for these two factors, it becomes possible to deduce, as Van der Waals did in 1873, a formula which not only has a theoretical basis, but also represents with a certain degree of accuracy the known facts. This is the so-called Van der Waals' equation:

$$\left(p + \frac{a}{v^2}\right)\ (v - b) = \text{Const.}$$

This equation, as will be noticed, is obtained from the formula $pv = R$ by applying a correction both to the pressure (p) and to the volume (v) of the gas. As the molecules have an appreciable volume of their own which is designated by the constant b, the available space throughout which they can move will be less than the apparent volume of the gas by an amount b. The quantity v—b, then, takes the place of v in the simple formula. Molecular attraction, on the other hand, will make the pressure of the gas less than it would be if the molecules had no influence on one another. For this attraction will evidently diminish the force of impact of the molecules on the walls of the containing vessel, to which, according to the kinetic theory, the pressure of the gas is due. The pressure p then must be increased by a quantity which takes the form $\frac{a}{v^2}$ where a is a constant and v is the volume of the gas. Instead, then, of p in the simple formula, we have in its place the expression $p + \frac{a}{v^2}$. The values of the constants a and b will, of course, differ

for various gases. In determining the form of the constant $\frac{a}{v^2}$ Van der Waals supposed that the mutual attraction of the molecules depended solely on the volume of the gas. His equation was afterwards modified by Clausius, who made the further assumption that the molecular attraction is also a function of the temperature. It may be noted, however, that either form of the equation is only an approximation of the exact law for actual gases.

The great value of the analytico-synthetic method lies in its power of suggestion. It serves as a guide and helps to open up new and often vast fields of research, while it stimulates and arouses the interest of the investigator. A good theory obtained by its aid will not only account for known phenomena, but also furnish conclusions, some novel and before altogether unknown, which only need the test of experiment to take their place in the depository of human knowledge. It is always necessary to bear in mind, however, that such conclusions require verification in order to have any logical value as truths of nature, and they can be accepted as true only in so far as they agree with experience. To quote the words of Professor Dewar in commenting upon the various conjectures made as to the properties of hydrogen when reduced to the liquid state: "No theoretical forecast, however apparently justified by analogy, can be finally accepted as true until confirmed by actual experiment."

To conclude, then, it must be admitted that it is within our power to gain certain knowledge of the laws of nature unless, indeed, we deny the very existence of such laws or question the validity of the logical methods for establishing them. And such knowledge is not made any the less certain by the fact that it may be, and indeed often is, very inadequate, provided, of course, that the methods of acquiring it have been properly applied, and facts are discriminated from hypotheses, however great the probability of the latter. Physical laws are facts and not hypotheses, and hence our concepts of them, once legitimately formulated, cannot be shown to be false unless the laws themselves should change. The analytic and analytico-synthetic methods, as applied to the study of nature, are not entirely distinct. They differ in their manner of arriving at truth, but they must necessarily go hand-in-hand. Indeed, they may be regarded as different aspects of a single method, and their conclusions, however obtained, must possess, if they are to be accepted as true, the one essential note in common, viz., agreement with observed facts, for that is our only criterion where there is question, not of eternal and necessary truths, but of the truths of nature.

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SIGISMUND KRASINSKI, THE POLISH MYSTIC AND POET.

ISAIAS lifted up his eyes in prophetic vision and beheld light breaking over the land that was heavily burdened and on the people that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. He saw Jerusalem arising from her bondage, her sons and daughters gathering about her, and the Kings and peoples of the East and West walking in her splendor. Twofold was the inspiration of him whose lips were touched with the coal of divine fire, that of the two most mighty, most passionate emotions of the human heart —religion and patriotism. And under their united and intertwining power, blended mystically, the great Hebrew Vates poured forth his exalted utterance—the noblest poetry, the loftiest prophecy that mankind has ever heard.

What Isaias was to his race, so in his lesser degree to the Polish people was Sigismund Krasinski, the poet-prophet of Poland, who at the price of cruelest suffering, through "the pains of hell and toils of Purgatory," to use his own words, conceived and bore that message not only to his nation, but to every human soul, which wedded to an exquisite diction, glowing with rich harmonies of color and music, has forever placed him in the class of poets who, in Klacko's phrase, have consoled humanity at the cost of their own tears and anguish and heart rendings.[1]

Krasinski was born of a noble house in 1812 and died in 1858. That is to say, he belonged to that period of his nation's history that was rent with struggle as regards her political life, that brought forth not only Adam Mickiewicz, the greatest Polish, the greatest Slavonic poet, but so noble and so numerous a band of singers, inspired by sorrow, as to be justly reckoned the golden age of Poland's literature. Add to these circumstances that the attitude of Krasinski's father, who had formerly played a distinguished part in the Napoleonic wars, but had since transferred his allegiance to Russia, thereby becoming a bye-word of reproach to the whole nation, darkened all Sigismund's career with a strain of peculiar bitterness. So painful was the dilemma between filial duty and an ardent patriotism that the poet left his country and wandered for the most part abroad in so far as the heavy hand of the Russian government permitted his movements. Racked by bodily ill health, consumed by melancholy and torn with mental sufferings, the "Anonymous Poet," for such was the cognomen under which Krasinski always wrote, consecrated his sad life to framing the

[1] Causeries Florentines par Julian Klaczko.

poetry of love and sacrifice and sorrow by which he was fain to open a way of light to Poland in the depths of her dejection.

We should remember that at the time that first saw Krasinski taking his place in the ranks of the Polish writers, namely, from 1833 upwards, the life of the nation was dependent on her poets to a degree unprecedented in any history save that of ancient Greece.[2]

Mondes, Jan. 1, 1862.

The poets led the nation. It was their strains that, written for the most part by exiles and emigrants, smuggled into Poland as Klaczko has so vividly described,[3] devoured by the Polish youth at dead of night behind bolts and bars, with one of their number acting as sentry to give the alarm and knowing all too well that discovery meant imprisonment and Siberia. It was their strains that taught the nation her history, aims and ideals that could be learnt in no other manner under the iron rule of Nicholas I. Under overwhelming difficulties to both reader and writer, the Polish poets carried out the vocation they held so sacred and inculcated the stern lessons of patriotism and self-devotion, all illumined, glorified, etherealized by the unearthly light of that form of Polish mysticism which is known as Mesyanism and which touches its highest level in the work of Krasinski, the most purely spiritual of its exponents.

Weighed down by the misery of their nation, the Polish poets devoted their genius to discovering some theory that might not only explain the working of Providence in the present, but that should give to the nation cut off from all active life another sphere of action, a reason for her being, an object of endeavor, and thus prevent the moral decay that by the very nature of things must result from a paralyzed and hopeless existence. Intense suffering, said they, is sent as a direct preparation to some special calling. The Via Dolorosa leads at last to the glory of the Resurrection. Poland, therefore, has passed through the furnace till, purified by its fires, she reaches a great moral regeneration when she will take the leadership of Christian and more especially of Slavonic nations, and initiate the spiritual revolution of the universe which will behold all governments united in Christ and ruling in Christ. Such, roughly speaking, is the fundamental doctrine of Mesyanism in its purest form, and it inspired the Polish nation with a literature which for artistic beauty, passionate religious feeling and deep pathetic power ranks with the finest productions of European letters.

To races more materialistic than the Slav the theory of Mesyanism might at first sight appear too unreal to be taken seriously. But if we lay aside all preconceived ideas and consider the question from an exclusively Polish standpoint, we shall see how admirably

[2] Julian Klaczko, "Le Poéte Anonyme de la Pologne," *Revue des Deux*

[3] *Ibid.*

adapted this spiritual nationalism was to the moral conditions of Poland at the height of her suffering. On one side we have an enthusiastic and a high-spirited people, with a glorious past behind them, bowed down beneath an intolerable present; a people who have always clung passionately to their faith and nationality and to their rich language; a people, moreover, of a peculiarly mystic tendency of mind. It was to save and to console this nation, withheld from leading the most ordinary life of the Commonwealth, galled by language prohibitions, by a press censorship of the most rigorous description, by the secret police, by imprisonment, by banishment to the mines, oppressed, in short, by all the Asiatic methods of a rule determined to crush every vestige of Polish nationality—it was to this nation that the Polish poets preached Mesyanism.

Such were the conditions under which Krasinski wrote. He saw his nation an outcast, ravaged by the two great banes of a conquered race—internal factions and temptation to revenge. To the calling, then, of showing Poland her one way of salvation Krasinski gave his life and genius. Gradually, painfully, through disappointment, weariness, perplexity, after a terrible wandering in God-forsaken spiritual darkness, did he learn and proclaim that truth so vital to the very life of a subject people: that the nation that would save herself by hatred and ignoble means must surely perish, for love is the one creating power and suffering the one road not only of redemption, but of glory. Suffering in Krasinski's scheme is the great moral regenerator of the universe and of the individual. It is the road by which humanity, as he says in the "Psalm of Faith," must travel back to its "Father's city." By personal martyrdom shall salvation be procured for others. In his "Psalm of Good Will" he thanks God for His greatest gifts, namely, a pure life, "therefore worthy of the Cross," and the Cross itself, "but such as brings us to Thy stars." He sang in the "Psalm of Love" of man rising Phœnix-like from sin, new-born by pain. He taught the soaring of the soul through suffering to heights of spiritual grandeur unknown to those who walk the paths of pleasantness. The might of sacrifice, he said, is the great strength of the world, stronger than fate itself.

This message he addressed to his country now in the form of allegory, a method largely used at that period of Polish literature for the sake of safety; again, as in his great lyric "Dawn," in the shape of visions, mystical and ecstatic, of the spiritual restoration of Poland; and yet again in the "Psalms of the Future" it became a pointed warning in the particular dangers to which Poland was exposed. But intensely national as Krasinski is, it must not be

imagined that he is any less a poet for all humanity than any of those great figures whose inspiration has become the lawful heritage and the beacon-light of the struggling human race. Dante has said that every work of serious purpose must not only be understood in a literal sense, but in that of allegory also. So spiritual is Krasinski's presentment of the moral struggle and victory of his nation, so peculiarly closely does it touch in many points the story of the travail and temptation of each interior life that as in the pages of Isaias the voice of Sion is the cry of the human soul, "Surge illuminare Jerusalem," the high-water mark of a national and individual mysticism, so we cannot doubt that even in those passages where Krasinski does not deal directly with the particular spirit, but with the sorrow, combat and triumph of Poland, Poland stands as a type not only of the grief, temptation and victory of every child of Eve, but of his own storm-swept heart. For he exacted of his countrymen nothing that he himself had not given. His battle was gained hardly. Needs must be for the soul to wander in exceeding anguish through dark and desolate places without finding any rest till its new life is born at the price of its bitterest pangs. As Dante to reach the Empyrean went down into the pit of never-ending dole, so the great Polish poet only won to peace after he had wrestled long with a spiritual agony, stamped deep, indelibly branded on every line he wrote.

In Krasinski's days the lives of the Polish poets were interwoven with the national history in a peculiar manner. We can, in fact, best realize the agonies of Poland in the terrible years succeeding the hapless Rising of 1830 from the poetry of that period. Hardly could there exist a sadder literature. It is one cry of passionate grief, written, as a Polish author words it, "in tears and blood," revolutionized by a nation's mourning. It was the sufferings of Poland that drove the great Mickiewicz and many another of Poland's most gifted sons into the labyrinths of a strange illusory religious creed, where in the very flower of his splendid genius the magnificent poet of the Lithuanian forests was lost for the rest of his life to Polish literature. It was beneath their weight that, as we shall see, Krasinski sank before he rose redeemed to sing salvation to his people.

It was amidst pain and anguish of no ordinary degree that Krasinski turned his weary eyes to a dream country, pure, beautiful, spiritualized. "My country," he says in "Dawn," "is not to me a home, a country, but is both faith and truth;" in other words, his ideal and something like a religion. And his vision soars far beyond that of an individual nation and her resurrection. He sees before his prophetic gaze the day-spring of humanity—the new

world of which he sings in "Dawn," where there is one God, one love, no sin or bloodshed, the explanation of the long riddle of pain and temptation—ushered in by his nation's suffering. That became Krasinski's one dream. He and his countrymen had no earthly nation; then they should have one, raised to heights of spiritual glory if—and here enters his grave condition—if the nation by heroic bearing of her sorrows, by preserving her shield free from stain, should prove herself worthy of her great destiny. This exalted aspiration, to be realized only by ceaseless and painful striving, at once raises Krasinski to the rank of the great mystic teacher of his people. To a mind that like his could conceive such a mission for his race and so noble an outcome to pain, every national sin and moral weakness would be in the highest degree abhorrent and a direct apostasy from the appointed vocation. Here, then, we have the key to Krasinski's loathing of evil means wherewith to purchase good, to his horror of revenge and violence. Against these he lifted up his voice as long as speech was in him. His nation was to conquer by virtue alone. In his "Psalm of Love" he laments that black thoughts are born of fetters and declares that the torments of Siberia and the barbaric knout pale before those of a "poisoned mind," which he calls the "sorrow of sorrows" of an oppressed people. Hence follows the motive of his great prose drama, "Irydion."

"Irydion" was written in 1836, while Poland was groaning beneath the vengeance of Nicholas I. for the Rising of 1830. Hatred begets hatred, and Krasinski, seeing his nation's peril, sent forth his earnest warning under the figures of the struggle between subject Greece and Rome.

Irydion is the son of a Greek and of a Scandinavian priestess. Nursed on hatred of Rome, brought up from his cradle to the destiny of the avenger, he and his evil genius, Masynissa (in reality Mephistopheles), carry on the plot by their united scheming. No consideration save his enemy's fall is sacred to Irydion's soul; no means to this end too ignoble to employ. Torn by anguish, but relentless to her tears for mercy, he sacrifices his sister's honor to Heliogabalus, thereby working on the fears of the craven Emperor till he is completely in the traitor's power. He successfully undermines the loyalty of the Pretorians; he gathers together the fierce barbarian bands, thirsting for blood. So far all has played into his hands, but the crucial test now comes. Masynissa tells him that the whole enterprise depends on the adhesion of the Christians. Irydion therefore goes down into the Catacombs. There he receives a feigned baptism and afterwards proceeds to dupe in a manner peculiarly offensive to Christian feeling the maiden, Cor-

nelia, who is vowed to Christ and looked upon as a saint and prophetess by her fellow-believers and whose frenzied exaltation under Irydion's precepts becomes his most powerful aid. He then arms, apparently for the honor of Christ, the younger men. But it is in the hiding place of the persecuted first followers of Christ that the ethical significance of the whole drama receives one of its most pointed illustrations, for it is there that the minister of hatred has to pit his strength against a power greater than his own, by which he is vanquished in the end. In vain does Irydion strive to gain over the Pope and the older generation who preach to the hot-headed among their number of love and forgiveness for the persecutor. The hour of bloodshed that Irydion has so long prepared is at last at hand. Pretorians, slaves, barbarians are upon their arms waiting for the signal. With savage joy Irydion cries to the too tardy night, the last night of Rome, to hasten its coming. But where are the Christians? Irydion hastens to the Catacombs. There he hears Cornelia, exorcised by the Supreme Pontiff, acknowledge that it is the evil spirit that has spoken at Irydion's bidding through her lips words which will lose the Christian forever to his cause, and in his presence she expires, breathing with her last sigh her pardon for him who wronged her.

Doomed to failure, the maddened Irydion dashes the cross he wears to the ground and rushes to the scene of war to battle to the end, more, say his foes, like the spirit of incarnate hatred than mortal man; but in vain. He has failed. Masynissa leads him to a mountain near Rome. Then in the dark hour of his impotent anguish Irydion curses his master for having deluded him with false promises, and declaring that had Cornelia's God existed it is to Him that in his despair he would now call, he adjures Masynissa to tell him if Christ be truly God. Masynissa confesses Christ, but as his immortal enemy, and foretells to Irydion that the "city of his hatred" will once more rule all nations in the name of Christ. But, continues the tempter, a far-off day will dawn when the reign of the Crucified will be over, when "in the Forum there will be dust, in the Coliseum ruins and on the Capitol shame." If Irydion will foreswear the Enemy of Masynissa, the latter will cast the Greek into a trance of ages till he awakes to behold the shame of Rome. Irydion agrees to the bond, and he sinks into a deep slumber in a cave near Rome. The hoofs of Alaric's hordes thunder above his head—the triumph of Charlemagne. But not till the centuries have run does Irydion awake.

Then he arises in the strength of his youth (at the date of the drama), and gazes on the ruins of Rome—on the fallen Palatine, the silent Forum, the crumbling Coliseum. It is in the mighty amphi-

theatre that the last judgment upon Irydion's soul takes place at the foot of the Cross against which he once fought in vain, which now he dimly acknowledges as the symbol of sorrow, even as he himself had sorrowed, even as the Hellas of his love had sorrowed—and "holy for evermore." The ruin is bathed in the cold rays of the moon. The sighs of the martyrs and the hymns of the saints fill the arena. Above Irydion shines the angelic face of Cornelia. Her wings flash white in the light of the moon as she battles for the salvation of her betrayer. But below is the fury of Masynissa, striving to tear him from the Cross around which the struggle rages for his soul.

"Immortal Enemy," is the cry of Hell, "he is mine, for he lived in vengeance and he hated Rome." But higher still rings Cornelia's entreaty for forgiveness: "Oh, Lord, he is mine, for he loved Greece." And Irydion is tossed between the powers of darkness, howling for their prey below, and heavenly love, interceding for him on high—a contest that admirably illustrates the motive of the play. The plea of love prevails, and here let the great moral of the drama be observed. The chief character in Krasinski's earlier play, "The Undivine Comedy," is lost because he had loved nothing except himself. Irydion is saved because although he hated Rome he had one love left to his soul—he loved Greece. But because (and here we have one of Krasinski's leading tenets), because he loved so sinfully, because he used such foul weapons for the object of his love, he is only saved under conditions. In the sentence of expiation pronounced upon him Krasinski partly throws off the allegory and speaks more directly to his country. It should be remarked that when the poet alludes to what he calls his Thought, this Thought and the personality of Irydion are identical. Thus, then, does the drama end. Irydion is bidden:

"Go to the north in the name of Christ. Go and halt not till thou standest in the land of graves and crosses. Thou wilt know it by the silence of men and the sadness of little children. . . . Thou wilt know it by the sighs of My angels, flying o'er it in the night. . . . There is thy second trial. For the second time thou wilt see thy love transpierced, dying . . . and the sorrows of thousands shall be born in thy one heart. . . . Go and trust in My Name. . . . Be calm in face of the oppression and the derision of the unjust. They will pass away, but thou and My word will not pass away. . . . Go and act, although thy heart should faint in thy bosom; although thou shouldst lose faith in thy brethren; although thou shouldst despair of Me Myself; act ever and without rest . . . and thou wilt rise not from sleep as erst, but from the work of ages; and thou wilt be the free son of heaven.

"And the sun rose above the ruins of Rome. And there was none whom I might tell where were the traces of my Thought. But I know that it lasts and lives."

These striking words give us the clue to the rest of Krasinski's work. His thought both lasted and lived. He is the poet of one idea, his only deviation therefrom being during the seven years that elapsed between the publication of "Irydion" and of "Dawn." He has left the lasting record of those sad years in the lines of ineffable pathos and purest beauty with which he opens his noble lyric, "Dawn." Here he tells how, his faith staggered by the sight of his country's misery, he sank into an abyss of despair and doubt, where all light was changed into eternal night; where one only inscription was writ large, "There is no hope here;" where he "dwelt, dwelt long, torn by wild rage and despair that knew no shore." "Like Dante, during life I went through hell." But he sings in the same prologue of the "joy of faith, the mighty strength of hope" that returned to him at last; how his sighing "passed away to song;" how sudden light broke over the storm-racked skies and "the mist becomes the golden house of God."

From henceforth we have to follow him along an ever upward road. More and more does he become the great moral teacher, the poet of love and of the sorrow that worketh not death, but life. "Dawn," the child of his pain-fraught travail, the joyous birth after his long agony, may be called the apotheosis of suffering. It consists of a series of mystical musings on love and self-sacrifice, linked on to the question of Poland, culminating in glorious visions of the nation heralding through her anguish that better epoch of humanity for which the poet never ceased to sigh. It is in this work that Krasinski gives forth the declarations that who loves cannot perish; who dies a sacrifice lives forever in the lives of others; in the spiritual world death and love are one. The great have grown from pain, not ease. The poem, which is considered the finest expression of Mesyanism in the Polish language, is rich with the gorgeous imagery and word music characteristic not only of Krasinski, but of the other poets of his race, and it rises to raptures of spiritual exaltation in its close when the poet, doubly inspired no doubt by the memory of his own soul's uprising, in a grand paean of triumph solemnly thanks the Eternal God of his fathers for long torment of mind and body, for although they who endured them were weak and poor, Christ's kingdom shall be born therefrom, and the seeming eternity of anguish was but the night of test, the rung on the ladder, the ante-chamber, and where weeping once resounded stands now "the second house of God."

But his efforts were not to end here. His noble gift was em-

ployed as a direct mode of serving the nation that he loved so well and for which he could labor in no other way. His country's need inspired the "Psalms of the Future," which contain his two greatest poems, the "Psalm of Love" and the "Psalm of Good Will."

Apart from its high literary merit, the "Psalm of Love" possesses an abiding and pathetic interest of its own from the tragic circumstances that gave it birth. It was written in 1845. Although Krasinski was both a mystic and a dreamer, he was at the same time politically clear-sighted to a remarkable degree. Revolution was then preparing, and the poet, foreseeing all too plainly that it would end as it did in the terrible massacres of Galicia,[4] sent forth the only means of warning open to him in the strains of the "Psalm of Love," that solemn summons of the angel of peace to pause before the horrors of the crimson-stained field of fatricidal war. Count Tarnowski places this psalm among the world's splendid failures of political eloquence.[5] No note that could appeal to a patriotic heart is left unsounded. It is a passionate pleading adapted to one nation and to all the world against the weapons of violence and against the sullying of the soul and of the national ideal by evil. Against hell alone, the poet at one moment cries, should our arms be carried, and brute violence is the language of races in their infancy. Now is the time for man to take upon himself the harder toil of him who would be like the angels, to cast off with loathing all that is foul and by that very spurning to rise superior to bondage. Transformation through love is the one God-like fruitful truth. Or, again, he cites the example that will live forever, not of the blood-stained tyrants of history, but of those who have labored without rest, who have immolated themselves on the altar of sacrifice for the land of their heart. Then he sings in an exquisite lyric of his ideal, conquering the moment of death and despair by the one strength of bitterest martyrdom, and rising in that power to dry all tears, to cure all sin, to be the herald of the everlasting love. Sorrowfully does the poet turn his yearning gaze from that fair vision to stern reality in the oft-repeated and, in the light of what was to follow, the tragic refrain, "Fling away your murderous weapons." "God," he concludes mournfully, "will not turn away His Face" if the struggle be holy and in His name.

Krasinski followed up this poem by the "Psalm of Faith" and the "Psalm of Hope." The former is one of his most mystical and least national utterances. It is, as the name implies, his confession

[4] It will be remembered that the machinations of the Austrian Government turned the arms of the Polish peasants against the land owners, and an appalling butchery took place.

[5] Pisma Zygmunta Krasinskiego . . . przedmowa Stanislawa Tarnowskiego. Cracow, 1890.

of personal and political faith. He describes in somewhat obscure language how the spirit, casting off the withered leaves of its body, soars aloft on unwearied wings, with the twilight depths of the past behind it and the measureless stretches of what may not be spanned before it, till it reaches the bosom of its Creator.

"Thither," says the poet, speaking from the fulness of his restored heart, "thither I without ceasing travel, there first must I go through the pains of hell, through the toils of Purgatory till I begin to put me on body and soul more radiant and ascend to the other world." Thence he passes to the clearer hymning of Him who is the desire of the soul, in whom there is "love without measure, that is life without end," who is "Being, Spirit, Life—Father, Son and Holy Ghost," He in whom man must "live . . . eternally by eternal love." And as the soul works its way back to its Author, so each nation travels thither likewise, each on the particular road allotted to it. For to each some deep thought has been sent down from the Heart of the Creator to become the special predestiny of that people. And some are chosen before all others to combat for God's beauty upon this earth and to bear the crimson-tracked cross of pain. Such, continues the Polish prophet, is the calling of his own nation if, he adds in an exceedingly beautiful passage striking home to every sorrow-stricken soul, she will understand that "Oh, God, Thou lovest without measure those sons whom Thou dost crown with thorns, for the thorn steeped in blood is the everlasting flower, and with it Thou shalt renew the youth of all humanity." His concluding words are an exhortation to the human race to follow in the footsteps of Christ, "Who bore all thy vicissitudes in His Flesh, who showed thee all thy hopes;" to leave in the pit the slavery of Satan and the fetters of falsehood, and on the wings of heavenly knowledge and of eternal love to soar into the worlds of light. The "Psalm of Hope," written in the same year, sets forth in almost martial strains the same ideal.

The next psalm he wrote after the massacres in Galicia had dealt Poland one of the deadliest blows from which she has ever suffered. To this poem its author gave the significant title of the "Psalm of Grief." It is said that two thousand nobles were butchered during the outbreak. Whole families were swept away. But not even the catastrophe that paralyzed Poland for fifteen years could destroy Krasinski's spirit. For two years his anguish brought him to the gates of death; but by an almost superhuman effort he rose above his pain, and out of his own agony wrung words of consolation for his despairing nation. Krasinski is the saddest of poets, but he is no pessimist. He is the singer of hope. Nothing could shatter his confidence, his certainty; no shock, however rude, could shake

his faith in his fair ideal of moral beauty. In his "Psalm of Grief"—enduring monument though it be to a nation's sorrow—he still spoke of the Holy Ghost shedding peace and harmony over a distracted world; he sang of brotherly love as the means of salvation on the very brink of the eternal abyss; he pointed to the soul winning her way to God through purity and pain.

And what was practically his last poem, the "Psalm of Good Will," marks the glorious highest point not only of his teaching, but also of his poetic genius. It is, indeed, more than that—it is the grand closing of the mystic prophetic phase of Polish literature, that literature so strange, so sad, so haunting in its beauty. What, then, was Krasinski's last message to the people for whom he had spent his life? Its title is the answer—that the greatest ideal may be reached with heart's blood, with tears and travail, *if good will be there.*[6] The noble prayer rolls on in long, sweeping lines of incomparable majesty like deep organ harmonies, to use Klaczko's simile. The whole psalm breathes the solemn peace, albeit strongly tinged with the sorrow never absent from Krasinski's work, of one who had only gained thereto at the end of a bitter highway, only after passing through depths of unspeakable anguish.

In his last psalm Krasinski sings the magnificent vision of his nation's temptation. This is one of the best illustrations in his poetry of what we have already observed, namely, that his national mysticism is in reality that of each sore-beset unit of storm-tossed, tempted humanity.

We, says the poet, are above the yawning abyss, on the narrrow isthmus. Our wings are pointing to the resurrection, our lips are parted for the song of joy. From the blue heavens, as though from the bosom of God, as though His sheltering arms shoot down the golden shafts of the dawn that will take from our weary brows the weight of sorrow. The life-giving east is aflame and the angels are at gaze; but from the precipice rises the darkness, heaving, growing, measuring itself towards us (this sort of imagery is very characteristic of Krasinski), seething with passion, hatred, falsehood—the pit itself, eternal death. Behold us, then, suspended between that never-ending death and life. If one glance is cast towards the darkness, if one step be turned to meet it, then the light of dawn will vanish from our foreheads, and neither Christ's pity nor the consolation of His Paraclete will be for us.

"Have mercy, Lord," cries the poet. "Defend us, be Thou with us." Then despair tells him that in that supreme moment of their fate none may aid, and that the tempted stand alone to make of their crisis what they will.

[6] Count Tarnowski, *op. cit.*

But one name rises to his fainting heart, the name with which "upon their lips millions of Polish souls have gone to death," the name of Mary.[7] Let her, prays the poet, remember them. "Look upon her, oh, Lord," as she is borne by those spirits who have been so true to her beyond the Milky Way, beyond the sun, across measureless space till she kneels at the feet of God while all the universe waits and hearkens. Below, hell clamors with its bitter laughter. The roar of its furious waves is in our ears, its darkness, by which it would drag our souls to death, is about us. Oh, vain one, cries the poet, it seeth not what is being wrought on high; it seeth not that its rage is nought since that pitiful heart for us is wrung. Then he pours out the last cry of his soul, his farewell to his nation, in the prayer that flows on to the end of the psalm like a majestic and untroubled sea:

"Oh Lord, Lord, not for hope do we pray—as a flower shall it be strewn; not for the death of those who have wronged us—their death will dawn with to-morrow's clouds; not for the rod of rule, not for help (for Thou hast already opened wide the field of events before us); but for one thing only in the terrible convulsion of such events do we implore of Thee, oh Lord, only a pure will, oh Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Oh Thou most dear, hidden and universal One, visible beyond the veil of transparent worlds; oh Thou all present, Immortal Holy One, oh Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Thou who hast commanded to the being of man, puny in strength and little in birth, that by the might of sacrifice he should become even as the angels, we beseech Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, with the simplicity of children, with the lowliness of women—before Thee, oh God, we are children and women, but to the world men—we, suspended betwixt the abyss and Thy kingdom, oh Father, Son and Holy Ghost, we beseech Thee, with our foreheads bowed to earth, our temples bathed in the breath of Thy spring, surrounded by perishing government and worn out times; oh Father, Son and Holy Ghost, we beseech Thee create in us a pure heart, make new our thoughts, from our souls uproot the weeds of sacrilegious falsehood, and give us that gift, eternal among all Thy gifts—*give us good will.*"

With these words closes the life work of Sigismund Krasinski.

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[7] For the better appreciation of this passage, it should be understood that the deep devotion of the Poles to the Blessed Virgin is of an intensely patriotic as well as religious character. Many of their most sacred national associations are connected with the Madonna of Czenstochowa.

THE GOOD FAITH OF UNFAITH?

I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran than that this universal frame is without a mind.—Lord Bacon, Essay on Atheism.

IN CERTAIN quarters not too well informed there is an impression abroad that the theory of evolution has demolished the doctrine of theism; that physical science has disproved the existence of God, and that unbelief is based on reason, but belief on unreason.

These pretensions it is not proposed here to discuss. Unbelief, in point of fact, is a negation of reason. But is the unbeliever at any rate *bona fide* in his unbelief? To that question we propose in this paper to supply an answer.

I.

And, first, as to the declarations of Scripture—declarations, it will be remarked, that were supernaturally uttered, but declarations of arguments that are wholly natural. Of these natural arguments, of these appeals to reason, two classes are put forth by Holy Writ as leading to knowledge of God—the historical and the cosmological. The historical argument was twice, at least, indicated by St. Paul, at Lystra and at Athens.

Preaching to the men of Lystra St. Paul said (Acts xiv., 14-16): "God, who made the heaven, and the earth, and the sea, and all things that are in them; who, in times past, suffered all nations to walk in their own ways. Nevertheless, He left not Himself without testimony, doing good from heaven, giving rains and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness."

And again, in the Areopagus at Athens: "God it is who giveth to all life and breath and all things; and hath made of one all mankind to dwell upon the face of the earth, determining appointed times and the limits of their habitation, that they should seek God, if haply they may feel after Him, or find Him, although He be not far from every one of us; for in Him we live and move and are."

In these texts the Apostle refers to the secondary causes of the physical order which, in God's guiding hand, minister to the preservation and well-being of mankind. Created things without a mind move towards an end, and in the main towards the relatively best end. The uniformity of their operation proves this. Nor is it less evident that motion towards an end must have an intellectual superintending cause. What is this cause? It cannot be the non-intellectual creation, animate or inanimate. It can only be God. St. Paul had also in mind the history of the nations of the earth, a

history so ordained by God that in the course of events men who were willing to see could not fail to see the divine element underlying and showing through the human: "Who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways; nevertheless, He left not Himself without testimony."[1]

What was this testimony? St. Paul answers: "Doing good from heaven, giving rains and fruitful seasons; filling our hearts with food and gladness." And this the Creator does with this object that: "Men should seek God, if haply they may feel after or find Him."

Lastly, the Apostle alludes to the benevolent providence of God which guides and directs the life of each individual human being, so that not even a hair falls from your head without His full permission: "God is not far from each of us; for in Him we live and move and are."

Thus St. Paul sets forth a threefold aspect of God's paternal guardianship of man: First, He guides the brute creation, animate and inanimate, to a definite end for the good of man; secondly, He moulds the history of nations; thirdly, He shapes the life of the individual.

The conclusion to be drawn from all this evidence is too obvious to need expression, and therefore the Apostle does not express it. We may sum it up thus: Man is shown to be a dependent being; he has a Guardian; he is, consequently, a ward, with the rights, the duties, the obligations of a ward. Moreover, not only is man a ward, but he knows that he is a ward. Man knows, and cannot but know, his own dependence; for in every man in full possession of his reason there is begotten—spontaneously and inevitably—a knowledge, obscure indeed and confused, and yet withal unmistakable, of a Supreme Being watching over him, caring for him, teaching him right and wrong, threatening him for evil doing, promising reward for uprightness, so that he is led to grope after God and to find Him more clearly and know Him more explicitly through a consideration of the manifold blessings of Divine Providence.

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[1] To this "testimony" no race of men has ever been wholly blind. Taylor ("Primitive Culture," I., 384) says: "So far as I can judge from the immense mass of evidence, we have to admit that the belief in spiritual beings appears among all low races."

And C. P. Tiele ("Kompendium der Religiongeschechte," p. 7), the distinguished Assyriologist, declares that "no tribe or nation has ever been found which did not believe in beings greater than man, and that to assert the contrary is to be confuted by obvious facts."

Oskar Peschel, the noted ethnologist ("Völkerkunde," fifth ed., p. 260), having inquired whether or not anywhere on earth a tribe has been found entirely destitute of religious notions, answers: "Nowhere and never."

As Max Müller says pithily ("Science of Language," second series, p. 436): "All nations join in some way or other in the words of the Psalmist, 'It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.'"

II.

So much, in brief, for the historical or teleological argument for God's existence. We now pass on to a consideration of the Scriptural testimony to the value of the physical or cosmological argument. This is clearly set forth both in the Old and in the New Testament.

We take the older text first (Wisdom xiii., 1-10): "1. All men are vain (fools) in whom there is not the knowledge of God; and who, by these good things that are seen, could not understand Him that is; neither, by attending to the works, have acknowledged who was the Workman. 2. But have imagined either the fire, or the wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the great water, or the sun and moon, to be gods that rule the world. 3. With whose beauty, if they being delighted, took *them* to be gods, let them know how much the Lord of them is more beautiful than they. For the First Author of beauty made all those things. 4. Or if they admired their power and their effects, let them understand by them that He who made them is mightier than they. 5. For by the splendour of creatures' beauty, the Creator of them may be seen, so as to be known thereby. 6. But yet (it may be objected) as to these they are less to be blamed. For they perhaps err, seeking God and desirous to find Him. 7. For being conversant among His works, they search; and they are persuaded that the things are good which are seen. 8. But then again (it is answered) they are not to be pardoned. 9. For if they were able to know so much as to make a judgment of the world, how did they not more easily find out the Lord thereof? 10. Therefore, unhappy are they and their hope is among the dead."

That is a striking passage indeed! It is couched, no doubt, in a rugged, old world style, but its argument is obvious and irresistible.

The New Testament text is from St. Paul to the Romans (i., 18-25), and runs thus: "18. For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and injustice of those men that detain the truth of God in injustice. 19. Because that which is known of God is manifest in them. For God hath manifested it unto them. 20. For the invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are made; His eternal power also and divinity. So that they are inexcusable. 21. Because that when they knew God, they have not glorified Him as God, nor given thanks. But they became vain (they became fools) in their thoughts, and their foolish heart was darkened. 22. For professing themselves wise, they became fools. 23. And they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the

likeness of the image of a corruptible man, and of birds, and of four-footed beasts, and of creeping things. 24. WHEREFORE God gave them up to the desires of their heart unto uncleanness to dishonour their own bodies among themselves. 25. Who changed the truth of God into a lie; and worshiped and served the creature rather than the Creator, who is blessed forever. Amen."

The parallelism between these two passages is so clear that we have no need to draw it out. The introductory proposition of Wisdom (verse 1), it will be noticed, is identical with the final conclusion of Romans (verse 21)—viz., that ignorance of God is only pretended;[2] that is "vanity" and "folly."

There is not much doubt about Scripture's opinion of the atheist: "The fool hath said in his heart: There is no God" (Psalm xiii., 1). For the sake of clearness, let us repeat that the objective principle of the demonstration in both these classical passages is the natural world, and is not supernatural revelation. We have, indeed, an inspired criticism as to the value of the arguments, but the arguments themselves are drawn from the light of reason and are not drawn from the light of faith.

This is obviously the case with St. Paul. For the purpose of the Apostle is to prove that all men, Jew and Gentile, are alike guilty before God. He argues thus: All—all, without exception—had it in their power to know God, and to know the moral law; and yet they failed to honor and worship the one or to regulate human life according to the dictates of the other. Then—to forestall an objection of the Gentiles that they, having received no supernatural revelation like the Jews, had sinned from ignorance—St. Paul emphatically declares that God and His Law are naturally knowable from created things alone, without any supernatural manifestation.

Nor is this meaning less evident in Wisdom. The drift of the writer is this: All men are blameworthy who know not God—*all,* even those who live under no light of supernatural revelation. For to find God is, for all men, quite easy. Why? Because the ascent is plain from visible things that are good to the Invisible Good—to *"Him Who Is"* (verse 1)—from works to Workman—from law to Legislator—from rays of beauty to the Sun of Beauty—from limited power to Power Unlimited—from creature to Creator.

In the argument which we are studying two distinct questions present themselves for solution, and are solved differently:

"Is there a God?"

"What is God?"

Now, the imperfection of the creature solves the former question. There is a God. For the temporal implies the Eternal; the change-

[2] The great atheists are hypocrites.—Bacon, Essay on Atheism.

able, the Unchangeable; the moved, the Mover; the contingent, the Necessary; the limited, the Illimitable; the finite, the Infinite; the work, the Workman.

To answer the latter question and to investigate *what* God is, we must turn from the negative to the positive side of creation; from what the creature is not, to what it is; from imperfections to perfections. For just as these imperfect things, by virtue of their very imperfection, point to One more perfect, to One higher and nobler than themselves, and clamor inarticulately (as, articulately, Paul and Barnabas did to the Lycaonians): *"We are not thy God; seek higher;"* so, on the other hand, do they, by virtue of their perfection —by their beauty, or power, or wisdom, or justice, or love—point a definite finger to One, from whom all these attributes are derived; One in whom all these qualities are combined; One who is Absolute Beauty, Absolute Power, Absolute Wisdom and Justice and Love.[3] "Ask now the beasts, and they will teach thee; and the birds of the air, and they shall tell thee. Speak to the earth, and it shall answer thee; and the fishes of the sea shall reply. Who is ignorant that the hand of the Lord hath made all these things." (Job xii., 7-9.)

This twofold aspect of creatures—their perfection and their imperfection—is alluded to in that most beautiful verse of the eighteenth Psalm: "The heavens (by their magnificence) show forth the glory of God; and the firmament (by its want of absolute perfection) declareth the work of His hands."

III.

1. Such is the emphatic teaching of Scripture, arguing from the light of reason. The very same doctrine is put forward in a tone not less uncompromising, and even more emphatically, by the Greek and Latin fathers. To a student of patristic literature the traditional teaching on the following heads will be abundantly clear: First, that this visible universe is a natural manifestation of God, appealing to man's unaided reason; secondly, that this objective manifestation, and the subjective power of the mind to grasp, realize and appropriate it, are of such a character that in all men arrived at the full use of reason there arises—as it were, spontaneously—a knowledge of God at least confused and indistinct;[4] thirdly, that to develop this primitive cognition, to make it full and explicit, to render it clear and distinct, there are ample means at hand—whether we consider the native powers of the human understanding itself or

[3] God *is* Love. I. John iv., 8.

[4] For now we see in a mirror (Greek text reads, in a riddle), darkly . . . now I know in part. I. Cor. xiii., 12.

the traces of God in creation—to enable the mind to mount from creature to Creator.

2. But it may be well to recall to mind that the Fathers recognize and insist on two separate and distinct stages in the natural knowledge of God; the one, obscure, confused and more or less spontaneous, which impels a reasoning man to examine further; the other, clear, distinct, reflex and philosophical. Of course this philosophical knowledge presupposes a trained and educated mind. It presupposes an intellect cultured enough to grasp the essential dependence of the universe, to understand what contingent being is, and to realize how the finite, imperfect, created implies of necessity the Infinite, Perfect, Self-existent. It presupposes a power to appreciate the "greatness of the beauty of the world," its unity in multiplicity, the marvelous subordination of the vast and the tiny, the gigantic and the microscopic to their proximate, mediate and final ends. It presupposes a capacity to analyze and synthesize the "works" and thus elaborate and "pick out" a clearer notion of the "Workman."

Such a study is not necessarily a process merely *à posteriori*. For when the existence of a first cause has once been demonstrated *à posteriori* from contingent being, than by an *à priori* method, by a study of the intrinsic and essential constitution of necessary being, we can arrive at a more elaborate and explicit knowledge of God. The subtle-minded Augustine when he fell to the contemplation of "What God is" betook himself to the metaphysical order; he sifted eternal and immutable truth as it reveals itself in mathematics and the other sciences; he analyzed the ideas of wisdom, justice, truth, goodness; he examined into the metaphysical laws which—rooted in the divine essence, though independent of all will, even the divine —rule and govern not only the actual, but the possible; and by these means he strove to gain an extended view of the truth, wisdom and substantial goodness which are the foundation and exemplar of the whole metaphysical and notional order as well as the cause of the light of reason[5] by which we understand that order. Such a study is obviously beset with difficulties, and though within the *physical* competence of all men it is within the *moral* and practical capacity of few. Hence the reasonableness of the dogmatic decree of the

[5] God is the creator of man's intellectual life. For "in Him was life, and the life was the light of men" (John i., 4). God "enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world" (John i., 9). For that light is the light of reason, the light of the intellect; and the divine intellect is to the human what the seal on a delicately-cut and priceless gem is to the coarse image of itself stamped on clay. Hence the Psalmist (iv., 7) says: "The light of Thy countenance, O Lord, is *sealed* upon us." The human intellect is a finite copy of the infinite intellect of God.

Vatican Council[6] that to supernatural revelation it is due that *all* men can know God *easily, with certainty and without admixture of error.*

3. But it is with the non-philosophical knowledge of God we are here concerned. The Fathers teach, with striking unanimity, that besides and prior to the knowledge of God acquired by scientific demonstration there is a knowledge of the divine existence common to all men who have not quenched the torch of reason within them. That in a paper like this there is not space for more than a few specimen passages from patristic writings, such as strike the keynote of tradition on the subject, is sufficiently obvious. For the argument to the existence of God is repeated, inculcated and driven home on every possible occasion by practically every Father from Justin to Bernard, and a complete catena would fill a volume.[7]

The Fathers presuppose the existence of God as a first principle, which no man in his wits would question. Clement of Alexandria has left us most valuable testimony. For he was born, about A. D. 150, of pagan parents, spent his younger days among pagans and was highly educated in all that the pagan world had to communicate. So that if any man ever understood the difficulties of those Greeks and Romans of whom St. Paul had spoken so severely, it was St. Clement. And yet he speaks of the existence of God as a fact so evident to a reasonable man that to question it would be an absurdity: "Peradventure, the proof of God's existence ought not even to be undertaken, since His Providence is plainly seen from a glance at His works, works full of art, and wisdom, and order, and method. But He who gave us being and life gave us also reason and willed us to live according to that reason"[8] (and not to ignore our Maker).

Furthermore, addressing his contemporaries, he proves to them at great length, from their own literature, that all men know, *naturally and without instruction,* not only of the existence, but also of the providence of God. From a vast array of quotations, culled from every class of the pagan authors, he shows that the Greek philosophers, such as Plato and Aristotle, were not alone in attributing to God a watchful providence over men—to God, invisible, one, all-powerful, infinitely wise cause of all goodness and all beauty—but that this same knowledge, although less developed, was spread through all classes of human society and through the peoples of all countries: "God, our Parent and the Creator of all things, is seen in all things, through the inborn power of the mind, and without teaching, by all men. But no class of men anywhere—bucolic,

[6] Constit I., Cap. 2, De Revel.
[7] *Cf.* Kleutgen, "Theologie der Vorzeit," Tom. II., Petavius. De Deo I., 1.
[8] Stromata, Lib. V., Cap. 14, 612.

nomad or city resident—can fail to have their minds filled with one and the same primitive conviction of the being of Him who set up the world."[9]

The Fathers again testify most unmistakably to the value of the theistic argument. St. John Chrysostom, commenting on the classical passage of St. Paul to the Romans,[10] writes: "Whence, O Paul, is it known that God implanted this knowledge of Himself in the nations? Because (saith he) *that which is known of God is manifest in them.* This, however, is assertion, not proof. But do thou demonstrate to me and make it clear that the knowledge of God was manifest in them, and that with open eyes they turned aside. Whence, then, was it manifest? Did He send them a voice from above? Not at all. But He *made* what attracted more than any voice. He created and set this universe before their eyes, so that wise man and witling, Scythian and barbarian, being penetrated through sight with the beauty of things seen, could mount up to God. Wherefore he hath it: *the invisible things,* etc. What, too, saith the prophet? *The heavens declare the glory of God.* What excuse, then, shall the nations make in the day of wrath? We knew Thee not? Knew Me not! Heard ye nought then telling of Me? Not the firmament proclaiming Me by its aspect? No harmonies and symphonies of the trumpet-tongued universe? None of the unchanging, ever stable laws of day and night, with the fixed and goodly order of winter, spring and the other seasons, together with the sea, ever tractable amid all its billows and its turbulence? Knew ye not of all these things, abiding in their order, preaching aloud the Creator by their beauty and their magnificence? All this forsooth, and more, doth the text of Paul sum up as in a nutshell."

Theophilus of Antioch enforces the same doctrine by an apt similitude: "As the soul of man is itself invisible to men, but is perceived by the movement of the body, so, in like manner, God cannot be seen by the human eye, but is known by His providence and His works."

The Fathers, moreover, teach with equal clearness that this knowledge of God's existence is easy and accessible to all men who have not warped and debased their reason. So Augustine: "Such is the force of true divinity that from the rational creature, with full use of his faculties, God cannot be wholly and entirely hidden; for (excepting a few in whom human nature is too degraded) the whole race of men confesses God the Maker of the world."[11]

Gregory the Great puts it pithily: "Every rational man—from

[8] Stromata, Lib. V., Cap. I., 547.
[10] "Hom.," 3.
[11] In. Jo. 106, n. 4.

the very fact that he is rational—ought to gather from reason that his Maker is God."[12]

And Chrysostom, with his golden eloquence: "Silent is the firmament, but its very aspect is more than trumpet-tongued in its appeal, not to ear, but to eye. Scythian and barbarian, Indian and Egyptian and every earth-treading man will hear this voice; . . . and whithersoever he goeth, by gazing on the sky, will find instruction enough in the look of it."[13]

Nor can a man, according to patristic teaching, shut his eyes to God's existence. He may, indeed, debauch and prostitute his reason, and thus in the end cheat and deceive himself, but as Tertullian emphatically expresses it: "No man denies—for no man is blind to what nature itself proclaims—that God made the universe."[14]

To the same effect St. Cyprian[15] declares unbelief and agnosticism to be wilful blindness: "It is a capital crime *(summa delicti)* to refuse to recognize what you cannot ignore."

St. Paul had said much the same thing (Romans i., 28): "They did not like to acknowledge God."

And the sentence of Wisdom comes to as much: "All men are fools by nature who profess agnosticism."

And in the same sense Gregory Nazianzen uses words almost too strong for the politeness of modern ears: "That God exists as the chief and primal Cause, Originator and Upholder of all things is a fact made patent both by external nature and by natural law. . . . Too dull and driveling assuredly is the man who does not by himself attain to this degree of knowledge."

As a natural corrollary of this teaching the Fathers hold the knowledge of God to be universal. This is sufficiently apparent from the foregoing extracts, which may, however, be supplemented by another from Tertullian, where, addressing pagans on the proofs of God's existence, he says: "I call in a fresh witness. . . . Stand thou forth, O soul, in open court. . . . Not thee do I summon who hast been formed in the schools, trained in libraries, a frequenter of porches and academies, a babbler of crude wisdom. I address a soul, simple, rustic, unpolished, homely, such a soul as they possess who possess only thee; such a soul as we meet on the road, in the highways, at the shops of artisans. I have need of thy inexperience. . . . Thou art not, I know, a Christian. . . . Nevertheless Christians now demand of thee a testimony. . . . *We* give offense when we preach God as the One God, under the one name of God, from whom are all things and on whom the uni-

[12] Moral, p. 27, c. 5, n. 8.
[13] Hom. 9, ad pop. Antioch, n. 2.
[14] De Spectac., c. 2.
[15] De Idol. Vanit., n. 9.

verse depends. Bear then witness *thou* to this description of God, if thou knowest it to be true. For thee, too, we hear saying openly, at home and abroad, with a freedom denied to us, *May God grant it,* and, *If God wills it.* In such like words dost thou declare there is some God and makest confession of His Omnipotence, to whose will thou dost appeal; and at the same time thou dost deny the rest of them to be gods in that thou callest them by their proper names, Saturn, Jove, Mars, Minerva. . . . Thou affirmest also that He alone is God whom alone thou callest by the name of God. . . . Neither art thou ignorant of the nature of God whom we preach; *God is good* is thine own expression."[16]

Many Fathers go even further still. In teaching that the existence of God can be deduced from His works they seem so to exaggerate the facility and universality of the deduction as to reduce it almost to a simple intuition. They speak of this knowledge as "innate." Tertullian says: "Evidence of a soul *naturally* Christian! The soul's consciousness of God from the beginning is a *gift.*"[17]

And John Damascene: "Not, however, in ignorance of Himself, utter and entire, hath God suffered us to be wrapped. For there is no man alive in whom the knowledge of God hath been *naturally* implanted."[18]

Not, of course, that the word "innate" is used in the Kantian sense of "subjective form," nor yet in that of the school of "Innate Ideas." The word is a rhetorical exaggeration to express the simple, easy and almost imperceptible process of reasoning which leads up to the knowledge of God. That the Fathers never meant to deny that there is some process of reasoning, and therefore an *acquisition* of this knowledge, the foregoing citations amply prove. "Innate," therefore, in this patristic sense is opposed not to "acquired," but rather to that reflex, philosophical knowledge begotten of study and meditation, and especially to that fuller, surer and more perfect knowledge of God imparted to the world by a supernatural revelation.

IV.

The teaching, then, of patristic theology touching the value of the arguments for God's existence is emphatic and unmistakable. The Fathers declare the knowledge of God to be accessible to all men, to be easily acquired, to be all but innate; and for the agnostic they can hardly find strong enough words of condemnation. Their

[16] De testimon. animæ, c. i., 7.
[17] "Apol.," c. 17.
[18] "Fid. Orthod.," I., 1.

teaching then reiterates, explains and developes the teaching of Holy Writ. Moreover, precisely the same doctrine is inculcated by the great doctors and theologians, by the Franciscan Bonaventure,[19] by the Dominican Aquinas,[20] by the Jesuit Suarez.[21] St. Thomas stigmatizes the opposite opinion as "falsity and error."

Kleutgen,[22] summing up the views of scholastic writers, says: "Looking at doubt from the point of view of truths, knowable without divine revelation, we affirm that real doubt, in regard to many of these truths, is in all men immoral. . . . That beyond this world of sense there exists a Reality, unattainable by the senses . . . is a fact which man's own reasonable nature makes so evident that he sins if he doubts it. . . . Over and above the philosophical knowledge of God, there is another knowledge, so easy to acquire and so certain that ignorance or doubt can only be explained by guilty levity or proud obstinacy."

Herein Kleutgen was only saying more at length what St. Thomas had expressed in a few words: "The knowledge of God is inborn in us to this extent, that by principles inborn in us we can *with ease* perceive the existence of God. [Dei cognitio nobis, innata esse dicitur, in quantum per principia nobis innata, de facili percipere Deum esse possumus. *Opuse* 70. *Sup. Boeth. de Trinit.*]"

And last of all, the teaching formulated in Scripture, elaborated by the Fathers, explained by the Doctors of the Church and defended by her theologians, is enunciated also in the Councils. The Vatican Council[23] defined as follows: "Holy Mother Church holds and teaches that God—Beginning and End of all things—can, through created things, be known with certainty by the natural light of human reason. *For the invisible things of Him,* etc." (Romans i., 20.)

And again in the first canon[24] appended to the chapter of which the above is part: "If any one should say that God—One and True, our Creator and Lord—cannot be known with certainty by the things that are made, through the natural light of human reason, let him be anathema."

It will hardly be denied that these two dogmatic declarations are to the point. Short, clear-cut, unambiguous, they clinch the argument and leave no room for cavil or evasion. As far as Catholics are concerned they have given the death blow both to traditionalism and supernaturalism. These opinions are now formally heretical.

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19 "In Sent.," 1, 3, 2.
20 "Cont. Gent.," I., 12.
21 "Metaph.," D. 27, S. 3.
22 "Philosophie der Vorzeit," Tom. I., Diss. III., Cap. I., n. n. 225-227.
23 Sess. III., Cap. 2, Denzinger, n. 1634.
24 Denzinger, n. 1653.

V.

It may not here be inappropriate to introduce the question why God has not given us fuller evidence of His existence and made it easier for all men to believe. For no one can deny that there are grave difficulties in the way and that these difficulties God, by a few words, might have removed.

The answer to this question is, perhaps, that God has given enough evidence and judges it best not to give more. He might, of course, have given more. He might, indeed, have given so much that we should have had no choice but to believe. God might have so inundated the mind with intellectual light that we should have had to admit the truths of religion just as we have to admit the truths of mathematics. But God does not want to compel belief. For He demands a *rationabile obsequium* (Romans xii., 1). He calls for the voluntary submission of the mind before the abundant evidence which He has supplied. For He, the Light of the world, has sufficiently enlightened every man that cometh into the world. On this head Christ's mind is revealed to us in the parable of Dives and Lazarus (Lk. xvi., 31). When the rich man in hell begs Abraham to send Lazarus from the dead to warn the sufferer's five brethren lest they, too, should fall into fire, Abraham makes answer that they have the evidence of the prophets, and that that is enough. Nay, that if that convince them not nothing else will: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose again from the dead."

So much for the Jews under the Old Law. And in the New Law Christ, time after time, declared that He had given the world superabundant evidence, so that men were responsible for their unbelief. To the unbelieving Jewish cities, in which He had wrought many miracles, He said: "Woe unto thee, Chorazain! Woe unto thee, Bethsaida! For if in Tyre and Sidon the mighty works had been done which have been done in you they (the pagan cities) would long ago have repented in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you that it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment than for you."

And this menace Christ repeated against another Jewish city. He said: "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down unto hell. For if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. But I say unto you that it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment than for thee." (Matt. xi., 21-24.)

At Christ's bar will it, then, be a valid plea on the part of the

Jewish inhabitants of Chorazain, Bethsaida and Capernaum that their unbelief was due to insufficient evidence? Christ's words do not lend support to that suggestion.

Christ pronounces against the unbeliever a stern and unqualified condemnation: "He that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark xvi., 16.)

And in other places He says, without qualification, without limitation, in a tone that makes small allowance for the *bona fides* of unbelief: "Whoso shall deny Me before men, him will I deny before My Father who is in heaven." (Mark x., 33; Mark viii., 38; Luke ix., 26; II. Timothy ii., 12.)

VI.

1. It may not be useless here to set forth and answer a popular objection which by not a few is thought to invalidate the foregoing argument. The ancient authorities adduced above, it is urged, are obsolete. They had not the full evidence of facts before them, and thus their testimony is discounted. For the theory of Evolution, we are told, has revolutionized men's ideas on these fundamental questions, and has cut away the basis of the ancient standpoint.[25] In the simplicity of those old days men thought the earth was flat, like the slab of a dining table, and that the sun, moon and stars were fixed in a crystal firmament that rolled round the earth as its centre. But these and such like crudities science has swept away. Theologians do, indeed, cling to old-fashioned opinions, but theologians, we are assured, lie along the path of science like the strangled snakes around the cradle of Hercules. "Physical science," Mr. Huxley said,[26] "has brought to the front an inexhaustible supply of heavy

[25] This objection is amazingly stated in Oliver Wendell Holmes' "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," sec. 6. After boiling liquid infusion for six hours, and then sealing it in a test-tube, the speaker says: "Do you know what would have happened if that liquid had been clouded and we had found life in the sealed flask? Sir, if that liquid had held life in it, the Vatican would have trembled to hear it; and there would have been anxious questionings and ominous whisperings in the halls of Lambeth Palace. The accepted cosmogonics on trial, sir! Traditions, sanctities, creeds, ecclesiastical establishments, all shaking to know whether my little sixpenny flask of fluid looks muddy or not! I don't know whether to laugh or to shudder. The thought of an œcumenical council having its leading feature dislocated by my trifling experiment! A wineglassful of clear liquid growing muddy! If we had found a wriggle, or a zigzag, or a shoot from one side to the other, what a scare there would have been, to be sure, in the schools of the prophets! Talk about your 'megatherium' and your 'megalosaurus,' what are these to the 'bacterium' and the 'vibris?' These are the dreadful monsters of to-day! If they show themselves where they have no business, the little rascals frighten honest folk worse than ever people were frightened by the dragon of Rhodes!"

[26] Hume, "English Men of Letters" series, p. 59.

artillery of a new pattern, warranted to drive solid bolts of fact through the thickest skulls." The old landmarks are swept away. By the discovery of Evolution science has invalidated the old world arguments, and among others the proofs of the existence of a Deity, etc., etc., etc.

2. Such is the objection, popular nowadays, but urged by sciolists, not scientists. Real students of science do not ramble thus. The leaders of science are among the first to admit that religion and science move on different and non-intersecting planes, and no more conflict than a whale conflicts with a camel. For the question of God's existence is not a problem of science at all. It belongs to metaphysics. It is the business of mind-science, not of matter-science. The physical scientist has for his subject-matter the material universe as he finds it, and the origin of this universe is no concern of his. He deals with matter (whatever matter may be) and with force (whatever force may be); or rather he deals with the relations between matter and force, for he can only define one by the other, and has no notion what his terms, taken absolutely, may mean. Of the relations between matter and force he can say much, but what matter may be in itself is an inscrutable mystery, and what force may be in itself is an inscrutable mystery.[27] But the *whence* of matter and force does not fall within the scope of his inquiries. In his weighing and measuring of the relations between matter and force he has no more to do with the metaphysical question of their origin than a stonemason has to do with the geological question of the origin of stone, or the bridge-builder with the mathematical question of the laws of geometry in accordance with which he carries out his work. If the student of physical science interests himself in questions that lie outside his domain—for instance, as to how that domain came into being—he has passed from physics into metaphysics, he has ceased to be a specialist, and his speculations deserve as much, or as little, respect as the speculations of any other active minded person who thinks fit to propound opinions on subjects for the consideration of which his training has in no way prepared him. As Lord Rayleigh in his presidential address to the British Association, 1884, remarked: "The opinion of a scientific worker may have a special value, but I do not think that he has a claim, superior to that of other educated men, to assume the attitude of a prophet. The higher mysteries of being, if penetrable at all by

[27] *Matter* is that which can be acted upon or can exert *force*. *Force* is that which changes, or tends to change, the state of rest or uniform motion of a *body*. *Body* is a portion of *matter* which is bounded by surfaces, and which is limited in every direction.—"Status and Dynamics," by S. L. Loney, fifth ed., Pt. II., ch. iv., n. 52. Matter and face are therefore known only as relations.

human intellect, require other weapons than those of calculation and experiment."

This view of the limitations of science is borne out by scientists themselves. Professor Huxley[28] said: "The scientific investigator is wholly incompetent to say anything at all about the first origin of the material universe." And Sir Robert Ball thinks the same: "We do not inquire how the original nebula came into being. We *begin* with the actual existence of this nebula." The existence of "this nebula," by the way, is a pure guess.

Professor Tyndal coincides:[29] "If you ask the materialist whence is this earth, of which we have been discoursing, he has no answer. Science is mute in regard to such questions. Science knows nothing of the origin or destiny of nature. Who or what made the ultimate particles of matter science does not know."

Professor E. Ray Lankester[30] wrote: "So far as I have been able to ascertain, after many years in which these matters have engaged my attention, there is no relation, in the sense of a connection or influence, between science and religion. . . . Science proceeds on its path without any contact with religion; and religion has not, in its essential qualities, anything to hope for or to fear from science."[31]

Professor Karl Pearson[32] also wrote: "It cannot be too often reiterated that the theory of Natural Selection has nothing whatever to do with Christianity."

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[28] *Nineteenth Century*, Feb., 1886.

[29] "Scientific Materialism," p. 80.

[30] Letter to the *Times*, May 19, 1903, p. 3.

[31] "Religion has not anything to fear from science," but indirectly it has "something to hope from it." For though truth cannot conflict with, it can elucidate truth. The author of "Luke Delmege" has quaintly expressed this: "Has science pushed back religion behind its ramparts; and is it now forming *en echelon* for a final and overwhelming attack? No; religion is like the thrifty rook that follows behind the sower, pecks up the seeds he has dropped, and assimilates them into itself. Science tried to frighten religion away with a battered hat and a tattered coat streaming on a pole, but it only got laughed at for its pains. Religion uses every fact dropped from the bag of science for its own use. Science labels it 'Poison,' but religion smiles and pecks it up, stares at the scarecrow mocks at it and flies off with the plunder. Science would like to string up religion, but cannot catch it; it fires, but only blank cartridge. When science discovers that a new star has swum into our horizon; or has investigated a new cell; or has found out a new germ; or fished out a new animalcule, it expects religion to bring forth its treatises on Apologetics, to take off its hat and genuflect, and to say, *'Venite, adoremus!'* Yet scientists are but delvers in darkness. Every jet of flame thrown on the secrets, down the subterranean vaults of nature, lights a lamp before the throne of the Eternal. Shout down to the blackened and begrimed miners in the coal pits of nature, 'Come up, come up, ye unbelievers! Ye are but laying bare, amid your 'potencies and potentialities of nature,' proof after proof of the Infinite Creator who formed it all."

[32] Letter to the *Times*, May 9, 1903.

4. Whether or not the material universe began as a nebula or a cosmos no amount of word-scattering can obscure the fact that the First Cause of that universe is a Being extrinsic to that universe. For the efficient cause of an effect is prior to and outside its effect. Now, a cause external to all matter is not material; and, if not material, it must be spiritual, a Spirit, a Mind. That Mind created Matter is conceivable, but that Matter was evolved into Mind is a hysteron proteron which is not conceivable.

This is the opinion of the greatest men of science of the modern world. But it was also the often-repeated doctrine of two minds of the old world, whose intellectual superiors, in all probability, earth will never witness—Plato and Aristotle.

Plato[33] said: "Mind is the Orderer of the Universe." And again:[34] "Mind is the ordering and containing principle of all things." And again:[35] "Mind was the Dispenser and Cause of all." And even more emphatically still:[36]

"*Socrates:*..'Wisdom and mind cannot excel without soul?'

"*Protarchus:* 'Certainly not!'

"*Soc.:* 'And in the Divine Nature of Zeus, would you not say, there is the mind and soul of a King, because there is in Him the *power of the Cause?*'

"*Pro.:* 'True!'

"*Soc.:* 'Mind . . . is the cause of all!'"

And Plato's pupil, Aristotle—the greater disciple of a great master—in his own crabbed way, repeated the same truth: "Whoso affirms Mind to be, in the nature, the cause of the cosmos, and of the whole ordering thereof, is of sober temper, compared with the vain theorists of earlier ages."[37]

5. Moreover, a Mind competent to produce, out of nothing, by an act of will, the entire material universe, must wield infinite power; infinite, not because of the finite *thing* produced, but because of the *mode* of production—out of nothing. The First Cause of the material universe is an Omnipotent Mind, an Infinite Spirit—God.

That position Aristotle laid down with unmistakable clearness: "To all men doth God appear as a Cause and First Principle."[38]

6. These doctrines have, of course, not escaped attack. Both Bücher[39] and David Strauss,[40] to take two instances, in order to

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[33] Laws XII., 967.
[34] Cratylus, 400 A.
[35] Phædo, 97 C.
[36] Philebus, 30.
[37] "Metaphysics," I., ch. iii., 984 B. Christ's ed., p. 11.
[38] *Ibid.*, I., ch. ii., 983 A, p. 7.
[39] "Kraft und Stoff," fifth ed., pp. 9, 78, 86.
[40] "Der alte und neue Glaube," p. 225.

avoid the First Cause, assume an infinite, and therefore headless, chain of effects; for, as matter cannot be destroyed, it cannot have been made; what cannot end cannot have begun! But, surely (we reply), an *"effect"*—whether one or an aggregate—*pre*supposes a *cause*. The effect must be subsequent to and dependent on its cause. So that, even *if* the material universe were eternal, it would still be dependent on its Cause, and subsequent (if not in time, at least in nature) to that Cause. You cannot hang a chain in mid-air without a support by increasing the length of the chain! Moreover, though the *chemist* cannot destroy, and therefore did not create matter, God can destroy and did create it.

All opponents—materialists, evolutionists, pantheists—always suppose an *Eternal Something;* whether "Matter," or the "Great Unknown," or the "Absolute," or "Pure Ego," or the "Idea of Being," or "Will," or the "Unconscious." The point of their denial is this, that this *Something* is not intelligent, not free, not a person. They would write "First Cause" without capitals. Herbert Spencer, for instance, who *par excellence* is the philosopher of Evolution, denies that the First Cause is a Person; not indeed because that Cause is below, but because it is above, personality. The Spencerian "Unknown" is supereminently a Person.

To this sound philosophy replies that the First Cause (the *Something*) in time created, and therefore must forever have precontained, intelligence and free will, and thus must be a Person. For every created attribute which, in its very notion, contains no imperfection, can and must be predicated of its Maker. We cannot, it is true, say that God is a stone any more than we can say that a sovereign is a penny. God contains what perfection is in a stone, as a sovereign contains all the value that is in a penny. For matter (stone), by its very definition, is limited, and therefore imperfect. But we can say that the First Cause is wise, holy, good, intelligent, free, personal, etc.; because not one of these attributes (though all found in man) of itself connotes imperfection. Of course, no attribute is in creature and Creator in the same way; the *mode* is different; for in the creature the attribute in question is limited, dependent and of finite perfection; in the Creator it is unlimited, independent and of infinite perfection.

Moreover, that the First Cause is an Intelligence and therefore a Person is the repeated declaration of the distinguished scientists whose views are about to be set forth below.

7. Such is the bare outline of a proof which "Natural Theology" works out in detail, a proof which the advances of physical science have helped and have not harmed. That theology goes on its course independent of physical science is the concurrent testimony of nearly

all masters of physical science, as a few quotations from scientists themselves will clearly show.

Professor Huxley said:[41] "The doctrine of Evolution is neither anti-theistic nor theistic. It simply has no more to do with theism than the first book of Euclid has. There is a great deal of talk and not a little lamentation about the so-called religious difficulties which physical science has created. In theological science, as a matter of fact, it has created none. Not a solitary problem presents itself to the philosophical theist at the present day which has not existed from the time that philosophers began to think out the logical grounds of theism."

And Professor Jevons is equally plain:[42] "I cannot for a moment admit that the Theory of Evolution will destroy Theology. Atheism and Materialism are no necessary results of the scientific method."

Sir Oliver Lodge is just as clear:[43] "Science has never really attempted to deny God's existence." And Dr. Lodge might have added that science would have made itself a laughing-stock if it had!

Lord Rayleigh, president of the British Association, 1884, joins in the chorus: "Many excellent people are afraid of science as tending towards materialism. That such apprehension should exist is not surprising, for unfortunately there are writers, speaking in the name of science, who have set themselves to foster it. It is true that amongst scientific men, as in other classes, *crude views* are to be met with as to the deeper things of Nature; but that the life-long beliefs of Newton, of Faraday and of Maxwell are inconsistent with the scientific habit of mind is surely a proposition which I need not pause to refute."

And Lord Salisbury in his presidential address to the British Association at Oxford, in 1894, was but voicing the views of those competent to form an opinion on the subject when he said: "Few men are now influenced by the strange idea that questions of religious belief depend on the issues of physical research."

So that "the so-called religious difficulties" caused by the Evolution Guess are only vaporings of the third-rate "scientific" word-weaver, on whom the criticism of Professor Tait[44] does not seem too severe: "When the purposely vague statements of the materialists and agnostics are stripped of the tinsel of high-flown and unintelligible language, the eyes of the thoughtless who have accepted them on authority are at last opened, and they are ready to exclaim with Titania: 'Methinks I was enamored of an ass!'"

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41 "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," II., c. 5, p. 203.
42 "Principles of Science," pp. 762, 766.
43 *Hibbert Journal*, Jan., 1903, p. 220.
44 *Nature*, July 17, 1879.

8. So far, then, from physical science leading of necessity to unbelief, we find, on the contrary, that the principal names in science are firmly ranged on the side of theism. Here are a few specimens:

(A) *Geology.*

Sir Charles Lyell[45] wrote: "In whatever direction we pursue our researches, we discover everywhere clear proofs of a *creative intelligence* and of its *foresight, wisdom* and *power.*"

Sir J. W. Dawson holds the same opinion:[46] "There are certain principles to which we may firmly hold without fear of being dislodged by any assailant. First: No system of the universe can dispense with a First Cause, eternal and self-existent; and the First Cause must necessarily be the living God, whose will is the ultimate force and the origin of natural law. The reason of man is an actual illustration of mind and will as an efficient power in nature, and implies a creative mind. The inherent absurdity of the evolution of powers and properties from things in which they are not even potentially contained appears nowhere more clearly than here."

(B) *Astronomy.*

Kepler:[47] "Creator and Lord, I have recorded to men the glory of Thy works as far as my mind could comprehend their infinite majesty. . . . Praise ye the Lord, ye heavenly Harmonies, and ye that understand the new harmonies, praise the Lord. Praise God, O my soul, as long as I live. From Him, through Him and in Him is all, the material as well as the spiritual."

Before this noble confession of the great astronomer the blasphemous vulgarities of Haeckel and his congeners seem base indeed!

Faye, the French astronomer, having shown that human intelligence must owe its origin to an intelligence higher than human, he thus continues: "The more we enlarge our conception of this Supreme Intelligence the nearer shall we approximate to the truth." ["Plu l'idé qu'on se fero de cette Intelligence Suprême sera grande, plus elle approchera de la vérité."][48]

Sir John Herschel speaks with something like contempt of the dogmatic assertions of irresponsible Evolutionists: "In the beginning was nebulous matter, or Akasch. Its boundless and tumultuous waves heaved in chaotic wildness, and all was oxygen and hydrogen and electricity. Such a state of things could not possibly continue; and as it could not possibly be worse, alteration was here synonymous with improvement. The relations in which atoms stand to one another are anything but simple ones. They involve all the 'ologies and all the 'ometries, and in these days we know something of what

[45] "Pinciples of Geology," II., 613.

[46] "Modern Ideas of Evolution," pp. 221 and 228.

[47] "Harmony of the World," last section.

[48] "Sur l'origine du monde" (Paris, 1884), p. 114.

that implies. Their movements and interchanges are all determined on the very instant. There is no hesitation, no blundering, no trial and error. A problem in dynamic that would drive Lagrange mad is solved *instanter. Solvitur ambulando.* A differential equation which, algebraically written out, would belt the earth, is integrated in an eye-twinkle; and all the numerical calculation worked out in a way to frighten Zerah Colburn, George Bidder or Jedediah Buxton. In short, these atoms are most wonderful little creatures. *The presence of* MIND is what solves the whole difficulty; so far at least as it brings it within the sphere of our own consciousness and into conformity with our own experience of *what action* is. . . . Will without Motive, Power without Design, Thought opposed to Reason would be admirable in explaining a chaos, but would render little aid in accounting for anything else."

(C) *Biology.*

Huxley:[49] "The teleological and the mechanical views of nature are not, necessarily, mutually exclusive. On the contrary, the more purely a mechanist the speculator is, the more firmly does he assume a primordial molecular arrangement, of which all the phenomena of the universe are the consequences, and the more completely is he thereby at the mercy of the teleologist, who can always defy him to disprove that this primordial molecular arrangement was not intended to evolve the phenomena of the universe."

And again:[50] "By the expression, *made out of nothing,* the Mosaic writer is taken to imply that where nothing of a material nature previously existed, this substance appeared. That is perfectly conceivable, and therefore no one can deny that it may have happened." John Stuart Mill had said much the same in "Three Essays on Religion," pp. 172-174: "It must be allowed that in the present state of our knowledge the adaptations in nature afford a large balance of probability in favor of creation by intelligence. And page 137: "There is nothing to disprove the creation and government of nature by a Sovereign Will."

Dr. W. B. Carpenter,[51] having discussed the "Secretions of Plants," pauses to contemplate: "The important inferences which may be drawn from the foregoing details in regard to the Power, Wisdom and Goodness of the Almighty Designer." And again, in his "Mental Physiology," p. 706: "In regard to the Physical Universe, for the phrase 'Government by Laws,' it might be better to substitute 'Government according to Laws,' meaning thereby the

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[49] "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin." In Professor Huxley's chapters on the "Reception of the Origin of Species," II., pp. 201, 202.

[50] *Nineteenth Century,* Feb., 1886, pp. 201, 202.

[51] "Vegetable Physiology," CX., first ed., n. 404, pp. 258, 259.

direct exertion of the Divine Will, or operation of the First Cause, in the Forces of Nature, according to certain constant uniformities which are simply unchangeable, because—having been originally the expression of Infinite Wisdom—any change would be for the worse."

(D) *Natural History.*

Charles Darwin, in his autobiography,[52] is much to the point: "Another source of conviction in the existence of God, connected with the reason, and not with the feelings, impresses me as having much more weight" (than the consensus of mankind). "This follows from the extreme difficulty, or rather impossibility of conceiving this immense and wonderful universe, including man, with his capacity of looking far forwards, and far into futurity, as the result of blind chance or necessity. When thus reflecting, I feel impelled to look to a First Cause, having an intelligent mind in some degree analogous to that of man, and I deserve to be called a Theist."

Dr. A. R. Wallace,[53] writing of the progression in nature from the inorganic to the organic, from the vegetable to the brute animal, and from the animal to man—vegetative, sensitive, intellective life—says: "These three distinct stages of progress from the inorganic world of matter and motion up to man point clearly to an unseen universe—to a world of spirit, to which the world of matter is altogether subordinate."

(E) *Electricity.*

Sir William Siemens, president of the British Association:[54] "We find that all knowledge must lead up to one great result, that of an intelligent recognition of the Creator through His works."

(F) *Mathematics.*

Professors Stewart and Tait:[55] "We assume, as absolutely self-evident, the existence of a Deity, who is the Creator and Upholder of all things."

Blaise Pascal:[56] "Nous connaissons qu'il-y-a un Infini, et nous ignorous sa nature. . . . Ou peut donc bien connaitre qu'il-y-a Dieu, sans savoir ce qu'il est." ["We know that there is an Infinite, and we do not know its nature. . . . It is, then, easy to know *that* there is a God, without knowing *what* He is."] Pascal offers to the unbeliever a piece of advice akin to that of St. Paul and the author of "Wisdom"—to repress the passions rather than engage in the quest for proofs: "Travaillez à vons convaincre, non pas par

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52 "Life and Letters," I., p. 311.
53 "Exposition of the Theory of Natural Selection," pp. 475, 476.
54 Presidential Address, 1884.
55 "The Unseen Universe," p. 47.
56 "Pensées," Part II., Art. III., n. v.

l'augmentation des preuves de Dieu, mais par la diminution de vos passions."

Leibnitz expressed his conviction that the material elements of the world, considered in themselves, are capable of an order entirely different from that by which they are actually connected; from which he inferred that the realization of this one order out of many possible orders must be attributed to the determining mind of God.[57] And in another fine passage he says: "Prater mundum, seu aggregatum rerum finitarum, datur Unum aliquod Dominans. . . . Unum enim dominans universa, non tantum regit mundum, sed et fabricat, et facit, et mundo est superius, et (ut ita dicam) extramundanum; atque adeo ultima ratio rerum. Nam non tantum in nullo singulorum, sed nec in toto aggregato, serieque rerum, inveniri potest sufficiens ratio existendi."[58] ["Besides the world, or aggregate of things finite, there exists a certain One, the Lord of all. . . . For one Lord of the universe not only rules the world, but form and fashions it; He is superior to the world, and (so to speak) outside it, and is thus the Supreme Reason of all things. For not only in no individual thing, but not even in the whole collection, and chain, of things, can there be found the sufficient reason of their existence."]

Sir Isaac Newton is, if possible, more explicit than Pascal and more emphatic than Leibnitz. He is not at all of the mind of Professors Huxley and Tyndal that the man of science cannot infer from cause to effect, from the made to the Maker. On the contrary, he holds that "to treat of God as a deduction from what we see is a part of natural philosophy."[59] Moreover, that the universe is the product of a self-existent, intelligent, almighty—and, therefore, personal—God, Sir Isaac holds to be a truism: "The whole variety of created things could arise only from the design and the will of a Being existing of Himself." ["Tota rerum conditarum pro locis et temporibus diversitos, ab ideis et voluntate entis, necessario existentis, solummodo oriri potent."][60] "This most delicate machinery of sun, planets and comets could not originate but by the plan and power of an intelligent and mighty Being." ["Elegantissima haec ce solis, planetarum, et cometarum compages, nonnisi consilio et dominio Cutis intelligentis et potentis oriri potuit."][61]

And Newton, as sound a believer as he was a profound scholar, makes it quite clear that he was thinking of no blind force, no "Great

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[57] "Opera," edit. J. E. Erdmann, p. 506.

[58] "De Rerum originatione radicali," l. c., p. 147.

[59] Hœc de Deo, de quo utique ex phænomenis desserere, ad philosophiam naturalam pertinet."—"Principia, Scholion generale."

[60] *Ibid.*

[61] *Ibid.*

Unknown," no "Ignotum x," for he adds: "God is present everywhere, not only by His power, but also by His substance; for power cannot subsist without substance." ["Deus omnipraesens est, non per virtutem solam, sed etiam per substantiam. Nam virtus sine substantia subsistere nequit."][62]

(G) *Physics.*

Sir George Stokes, president of the Royal Society, discussing the phenomena of light, said:[63] "When we contemplate all this, it seems difficult to understand how we can fail to be impressed with the evidence of design. But design is altogether unmeaning without a designing mind. The study, then, of the phenomena of nature leads us to the contemplation of a Being from whom proceeded the orderly arrangement of natural things that we behold."

Lord Kelvin, president of the Royal Society,[64] tells us that: "Overpowering proofs of intelligence and benevolent design lie around us, showing to us through Nature the influence of a free-will, and teaching us that all living beings depend upon one ever-acting Creator and Ruler." And again, in a letter to the *Times,* May 4, 1903, p. 12: "Scientific thought is *compelled* to accept the idea of Creative Power." And again, in a lecture at University College, May 1, 1903:[65] "There is nothing between absolute scientific belief in Creative Power and the acceptance of the theory of a portentous consensus of atoms."

This long catalogue of names, which might be indefinitely increased, I wind up with the honored name of Lord Bacon, who in his "De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientarum"[66] speaks, like St. Paul and "Wisdom" of the knowledge to be gained by inference from the creature to the Creator: "Knowledge . . . such as can be acquired about God, by the light of nature, and by the contemplation of created things." He holds that God worked miracles for the conversion of idolaters, and not of atheists, because for the latter the light of nature was enough: "Because the atheist can be led to the knowledge of God by the mere light of nature." ["Quia athens poterat, ipso naturae lumine ad notitiam Dei perduci."][67]

And he assigns the reason: "For as the works of the handicraftsman manifest his ability and skill . . . so the works of God, the Creator, manifest His Omnipotence and Wisdom." ["Sicut enim opificis potentiam et peritiam ostendunt opera

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[62] *Ibid.*

[63] "Burnett Lectures," pp. 334-5.

[64] Presidential Address, 1882.

[65] *Times,* May 2, 1903.

[66] Bk. III., ch. ii., "Scientia . . . quates de Deo haberi protest per lumen naturae et contemplationem rerum creatorum."

[67] *Ibid.*

equs . . . sic opera Dei conditoris omnipotentiam et sapientiam ostendunt."][68]

And in his "Essay on Atheism" Bacon writes: "I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran than that this universal frame is without a mind. And therefore God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because His ordinary works convince it."

Men nowadays often plume themselves on their atheism as if (in some mystical way) it was clever to doubt. Bacon, however, takes another view: "It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. For while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."[69]

Of the debasing and vulgarizing effects of atheism, he says: "They that deny a God destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity and the raising of human nature. . . . Man when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favor, gathereth a force and faith which human nature, in itself, could not obtain. Therefore, as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty."[70]

Hence Bacon does not believe that there can exist such a thing as an atheist at heart. He says in the same essay: "The great atheists are hypocrites. The Scripture saith: 'The fool hath *said* in his heart, There is no God.' It is not said: 'The fool hath *thought* in his heart.' So as he rather saith it by rote to himself, as that he would have, than that he can thoroughly believe it or be persuaded of it." And he suggests that denial of God proceeds not from conviction, but from self-interest: "None deny there is a God, but those for whom it maketh that there were none."

And this father of modern physical science in England, the first strenuous upholder of inductive methods, and the staunch believer in those facts which, as Mr. Huxley proudly assures us, present-day scientists have driven like bolts through the thickest skulls, thus begins his profession of faith: "I believe that nothing is without beginning but God; no nature, no matter, no spirit, but one only and the same God. That God, as He is eternally almighty, only

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[68] *Ibid.*

[69] *Ibid.*

wise, only good in His nature, so He is eternally Father, Son and Spirit, in persons."[71]

From this long list of names and quotations, more useful perhaps than abstract arguments, this fact stands out conspicuous, that whatever other excuse the atheist may have for his atheism, at least he cannot claim the support of physical science and scientists.

VII.

As to the moral effects of atheism, both on the atheist himself and on the society of which he is a unit, it may be noticed that the moral consequences, emphasized by St. Paul, though expressed in the *form* of a divine visitation, are really the natural and (in the main) inevitable results of unbelief. The Apostle says of the Greek and Roman agnostics: "Wherefore *God* gave them up to the desires of their hearts unto uncleanness (Romans i., 24). . . . For this cause *God* delivered them up to shameful affections (i., 26). . . . As they liked not to have God in their knowledge, *God* delivered them up to do those things which are not convenient" (i., 28). But this only means that God, having given a rational nature, to the reasonableness of which the atheist does violence, God leaves him to the natural consequences of his unbelief. For the *logical* (though not necessary) consequence of unbelief is "to do those things which are not convenient." Nature never forgives, and as agnostics are (in St. Paul's words) "vain in their thoughts," "their foolish heart darkened," professedly "wise," but in reality "fools," "inexcusable" (Romans i., 21-22), the national punishment is moral degradation. For immorality, or non-morality, is the logical outcome and inevitable effect of real unbelief—if not for this or that individual, at any rate for unbelievers as a class. And how could it be otherwise? For if there be no God, neither is there any moral Lawgiver, and therefore no moral law. Deny the existence of the Immaterial Spirit of God, and thereby you deny the immaterial soul of man, and therefore the freedom of will of that soul. For unless man's soul be spiritual it cannot be free—as Rational Trychology shows. Atheists, then, must logically deny free will—as they do. But without free will there is no moral responsibility. For how can a man be morally responsible unless he has a choice? To blame such a one for misdeeds would be as absurd as to blame a horse or a locomotive. For the sequence is obvious; no moral Lawgiver, no moral Law, no moral responsibility, no moral blame. If God is not, man becomes a mere mechanism, knit together by material forces, a machine compounded of soul and body as a locomotive is a machine compounded

[70] *Ibid.*

[71] Bacon's "Confession of Faith," Section I.

of iron works and steam. And if that be so, there are man-machines and monkey-machines; and moral obligation has as much meaning for the one as for the other—that is, none whatever.

Thus atheism countenances monstrous vice, the doing of "those things which are not convenient." Morally it ruins the individual; it destroys the family; it subverts society; it overturns the commonwealth. For obviously where the individual is in no sense bound to curb his evil cravings, the bonds of family life cannot hold together, and the divorce court comes into being. And as the good order of the commonwealth is based on healthy family life, atheism logically overturns the commonwealth. Given atheism, society's only sanction is brute force and the rule of the stronger. Not right, but might. Not morality, but the policeman. So that if the individual, armed with bombs, overthrow social order, or the peasant oust the landlord, or the worker rise up against the capitalist, or the masses overwhelm the classes, still there is no one to blame; it is quite right, because it is only a fresh exercise of might.

The practical objection will no doubt be made that agnostics are morally as good as theists. Well, but not *as* agnostics! If they are good, it is in spite, and not because, of their agnosticism. It is because they do not act on their own principles. They invert Ovid's saying into *"video deteriora proboque, meliora sequor."* There is a grim sentence of Aristotle's which has always tickled me and is applicable here. Discussing the blank skepticism of Heraclitus, who denied the validity of the principle of contradiction, and maintained that the same thing, at the same time, in the same sense, could both be and not be, the Stagirite dryly answered that "there is no need to suppose that what a man *says,* that he holds!"[72] And so with the atheist, he *"says* in his heart: There is no God." He does not really think it, and still less does he act upon it.

The *logical* consequences, in the moral order, of unbelief Spinoza boldly and barefacedly drew and defended. In his "Ethics" he says: "No action, considered in itself, is either good or bad." ["Nulla actio, in se solâ considerata, bona aut mala est."][73]

To him killing, for instance, is no evil. The slaughter of a man-machine is of no more moment than the slaughter of a monkey-machine. Truth and falsehood, honesty and cheating, stealing and almsgiving, incontinence and chastity—they are all in the same category—"neither good nor bad!" And having thus unblushingly and most logically stated his premises, Spinoza uncompromisingly draws his practical conclusion: "To enjoy ourselves, in so far as this may be done short of satiety or disgust—for, here, excess were no

[72] "Metaphysics," III., ch. iii., Christ's ed., n. 25, p. 68.

[73] Part IV., prop. 59, "Aliter," etc., Bruder's ed., Vol. I., p. 372.

enjoyment—is true wisdom." ["Rebus itaque uti, et iis, quantum fieri potest delectari (non quidem ad nauseam usque, nam hoc delectari non est) viri est sapientis."][74]

The existence of moral obligation—"I *ought* to do this" (for instance, obey my parents)—"I *ought* not to do that" (for instance, steal) is at least as certain as the law of gravity or the law of the uniformity of nature. "Ought" is an intuition, nor can it be analyzed into anything else; not into "convention;" not into "heredity;" not into "convenience;" not into "utility." "I *ought*" is the basic proposition of every ethical system, and can therefore be never anything else than ethical. If the materialist contend that the root proposition of morality is *"It is convenient"* (for instance, to observe the marriage vow), or *"It is not convenient"* (for instance, to carry off one's neighbor's wife), he is always confronted with these ulterior questions: "Why *ought* I to do what is convenient? to avoid what is inconvenient?'

"Ought" is primary, "convenient" is secondary. "Ought" is an intention beyond and behind which the mind cannot go. Therefore the man who denies the existence of the moral law thereby also denies his own primary intuitions.

Consequently the atheist does violence, by his atheism, to both his intellectual and his moral natures; to his intellectual nature by denying the obvious existence of the Personal First Mind; to his moral nature by denying the existence of the Moral Legislator.

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FELICITE DE LAMENNAIS: A SKETCH.

OF ALL the nations of Europe, that to which Christian society owes most, whether in the domain of religion or of thought, is undoubtedly France. Her annals are rich in heroes of religion, martyrs, confessors and founders of orders, and the contemporary history of the true France—not the France of the Grand Orient and its servant the *Bloc*—continually affords proof that the Eldest Daughter of the Church has not yet forfeited her title. And if in the province of thought she has given many hostages to error, there are yet in her records names as brilliant on the side of truth. Even now, when it is the fashion to speak of her as "infidel France," we have examples of intellectual conversions so remarkable as those of M. Brunetière and M. Coppèe.

The French mind, brilliant, idealistic and daring, has, however, the

[74] *Ibid.*, Prop. 45, Scholion II., p. 363.

defects of its qualities, foremost amongst which is a certain relentless logic which leads it, in its pursuit of an ideal, into blunders and pitfalls from which more sober intellects with less devotion to the syllogism are preserved. And this trait, which, when regulated by religion, has produced such and so many saints and has won for the missionaries of France the first place in the admiration of the world, has run riot in her politics and philosophy, bringing disaster after disaster upon her national life. The noble ideal of liberty, for instance, which was the springhead of the Revolution, so rapidly got out of hand that it first (quite logically) degenerated into anarchy, and then (still logically) through regicide into tyranny. Having taken off the crown from their King, logical sequence impelled them to take off his head, too; and if *his* head, obviously his Queen's also.

Generalities are, of course, fatally liable to exaggeration; but it is probably true to say that in no country does a man with an idea get so wide a hearing as in France, and having got a hearing, find so much encouragement to abuse it.

Féli de Lamennais was a Frenchman of the French. His character was an epitome of the characteristics of his nation, and his career only failed to be a miniature of her history in that he lacked that marvelous power of recuperation which, in spite of everything, still maintains her at the head of civilization. A little more flexibility, a little less self-confidence, and he would not have been hurried into the excesses which were only the natural result of his intolerant and dogmatic spirit. Had he been able to command his impatience, and to face the fact that nothing really good is ever done in a hurry, his name might be now in honor among the valued champions of religion instead of heading an occasional paragraph in a text-book as an opponent scarcely worth refuting.

With the unerring instinct of genius, he saw that the real danger that menaced the Catholic faith at the beginning of the nineteenth century was not the active persecution of Napoleon and Joseph II. in France and Austria, not the heretical propaganda from Protestant countries nor the infidel press of all Europe; not, in fact, anything positive; the real—and it was a most subtle—danger lay in the indifference to all religion which was the direct consequence of the rapidly widening gap that was forming between the ecclesiastical and the civil state, between the clergy and the laity, between the Church and the modern world. The *sensus communis*, which he was later to turn to such strange uses, was becoming not so much hostile to religion as indifferent to it. As he put it himself: "The most dangerous state of society is not that in which its members ardently embrace error; it is that in which they neglect and despise the truth.

When there is violence there is strength, and therefore hope; but when all movement has ceased, when the pulse is slack and numbness is creeping up to the heart, what can we look for but a speedy and inevitable dissolution? It is useless to blind ourselves to the facts. European society is rapidly advancing along this fatal way." In materialism and the worship of reason he saw the cause and origin of this despairing state of affairs; physical science, which should have furnished continual proof to man of his essential superiority over the brutes, had only brought him down to their level by causing his mind to centre, like theirs, about material objects alone. In the train of religious indifference he saw moral depreciation, political instability and every social evil. Therefore, he concluded, the only secure basis for society and the State must be religion. With this thought filling his mind, and urged no less by his own personal experiences than by his reflections on what was passing around him to do his utmost to arrest the evil, he began in 1814 his "Essay on Indifference in Matters of Religion," the work which was to be the cause of his fame, his sufferings and his downfall.

But before making an examination of this work it will be well, in order to fix our point of view, to begin with some account of the life of its author.

Félicité Robert de Lamennais was born in the year 1781 at St. Malo. In the time of Louis XV. his family, which then bore the name of Robert, was settled on a small estate in Brittany called "La Mennais;" and when, in return for pecuniary assistance, Louis conferred the noble particle upon them they assumed in addition the name of their property, and were thenceforth known as "de La Mennais." Féli, indeed, seems to have been a little uneasy under his nobility, for in after life he dropped the "de" and chose to be and to be called plain "Lamennais." He was the fourth of six children, of whom the eldest, Jean, survived him by six years. This brother, the Abbé Jean de Lamennais, was a man of great talent, but in ability he fell far short of Féli, and in disposition he was his very antithesis. He was a priest of great zeal and energy, founder of the "Brothers of Christian Doctrine," and died "in the odor of sanctity." During the time that he lived with or within reach of his brother Féli—that is, up to the latter's definite rupture with the Church in 1834—he exercised a wholesome restraint upon him, and if he had been left to himself might have saved him. But by many of the clergy he was regarded as to some extent identified with the errors of his brother, and their watchful suspicion kept him at a distance. One can almost hear them saying to the brothers, with Dogberry: "Masters, it is already proved that ye be little better than false knaves, and 'twill go near to be thought so shortly."

Féli possessed extraordinary gifts and an indefatigable energy. His ardor in the pursuit of knowledge might almost be called ferocious; and at an age when most boys are just beginning to go to school, he was already devouring the works of Diderot, Voltaire and Rousseau and developing a precocious skepticism. So far, indeed, did this highly-spiced diet disagree with him that it was thought prudent to defer his First Communion for some ten years. His mother was dead, and it is probable that his father, distracted by monetary losses, concerned himself little with the education of his youngest son; indeed, he left it almost entirely in the hands of an eccentric uncle, Robert des Sandrais, who allowed him the free run of his books. The influence of this early emancipation and these ill-regulated studies on his after life was profound. To the end of his days Féli always displayed that tendency to begin at the top and build downwards that he had acquired in his uncle's library; and though the productions of his genius are imposing, there runs through them all a vein of irresponsibility and incompleteness which was its consequence.

But on the score of industry no one can reproach him. He tells us that at the age of fourteen he had printed articles in some Paris journal, and his executor, M. Forgues, discovered among his papers of this date a treatise on the Hebrew points and accents, and the plan of an Arabic grammar, besides copious annotations to many Greek and Latin authors. By the time he was eighteen his skepticism had become a little worn, and in a short time he recovered his faith, an event which he solemnized by preparing a translation of Blosius' "Spiritual Guide," which he published in 1809, having the year before printed his "Reflections on the State of the Church in France During the Eighteenth Century." This work, in which appear traces of the democratic sympathies that engrossed his later life, brought him into collision with the government, and to avoid prosecution he retired to his native St. Malo. Here, in 1811, he received the tonsure and joined his brother at the Petit Seminaire of that town in the capacity of professor of mathematics.

In 1814 he was again in Paris, where he brought out in concert with his brother Jean a work entitled "The Tradition of the Church on the Institution of Bishops." When, a few weeks afterwards, came the fall of Napoleon, Féli rejoiced and hailed the return of the Bourbons with enthusiasm. But the escape of Napoleon from Elba and the flight of Louis XVIII. upset all his visions of a new and golden age for his country, and with a promptness which would have been ludicrous anywhere but in France, where the government takes note of even the meanest pamphleteer, he fled incontinently to Guernsey, where he passed several months under the convincing

pseudonym of Patrick Robertson. From Guernsey he went to London, arriving there in a condition of absolute destitution, and if it had not been for the kindness of the Abbé Carron, an emigré priest and an old friend of his, who gave him some work in a small school which he was conducting, he must have starved. Before he met the abbé he had applied at several Catholic houses for employment as tutor, but nowhere with success. Lady Jerringham, to whom among others he presented himself, declined his services on the ground that he "looked stupid." It is curious that later when he entered the seminary of St. Sulpice the same judgment was formed of him by the professors, and he left it at the end of two weeks.

The result of the battle of Waterloo reanimated his hopes, and in November of the year 1815 he returned to Paris with the Abbé Carron and took up his residence at the house of the Feuillantines. Yielding to the solicitations of his brother and of his friends, the Abbé Carron, Bruté and Gerbet, he began to prepare for the priesthood. But it was with ever recurring fits of doubt, hesitation and even repugnance. Indeed, he himself related how, while vesting for his first Mass, he experienced a very agony of repulsion. There can be little doubt that he was not a fit subject for the priesthood, and in after years the Abbé Jean had good cause to reproach himself bitterly for his share in urging it upon him. He was ordained in 1816, at the age of twenty-four, having made his First Communion only two years previously.

In 1817 appeared the first volume of his "Essay on Indifference in Matters of Religion," on which he had been working before he left London. Its success was immediate and complete. Lacordaire hailed him as a second Bossuet; de Maistre, de Bonald and de Chateaubriand wrote enthusiastically of the book and its author, and under their guidance he made his entry into the highest literary and philosophical circles and plunged into the vortex of politics. In 1820 the second volume of the "Essay" was published, and it is in this volume that de Lamennais explicitly formulates the doctrine of traditionalism already put forward by de Bonald.

And here we may stop, in order first to take a rapid survey of this theory as advanced by de Bonald, and secondly to offer some explanation of the immunity from censure—or rather the almost universal approbation—which it at first enjoyed. The Vicomte de Bonald had emigrated to the Low Countries with his family on the outbreak of the Revolution, and perhaps it was from his Lutheran neighbors that he had caught his theory of the essential debility of the human faculties. At any rate, when he began to beguile his exile with philosophical speculations, he started from that assumption—or something like it—and laid down as a postulate that man's

intellect is incapable of certitude in any of the religious or moral truths which are indispensable to rational life, and that in fact the sole means of arriving at such certitude is a primitive revelation transmitted to us by way of instruction through the medium of language. His guiding maxim—"well meditated" he calls it—is "Man thinks his speech before speaking his thought;" speech, therefore, before thought. In the second chapter of the first volume of his "Recherches" he says: "There was geometry in the world before Newton, and philosophy before Descartes; but before language there was nothing, absolutely nothing, but bodies and phantasms of bodies; for language is the necessary instrument of all intellection and the means of all moral existence. Just as the primitive matter of the world was, as the Scripture tells us, void and without form before the pregnant word of God drew order from the chaos, so the mind, before it has known language, is utterly empty and shapeless." His whole thesis reduces to this—that man, being incapable of thought without words, and equally incapable of inventing words for himself, received the gift of speech direct from God, and with it, implicitly, all the principal religious and moral truths, such as the existence of God, the spirituality of the soul, and so forth. These truths, thus given to man in a primitive revelation, have been handed down through the ages by tradition through the medium of speech, so that all his certitudes rest ultimately on the infallible authority of God the Revealer. How this doctrine of de Bonald's was assimilated and developed by Féli de Lamennais we shall see presently. The object of both writers was good. They wished to destroy the indifferentism which was everywhere undermining religion, and finding its source and origin in rationalism, they set themselves to destroy that effectually by replacing all existing philosophies based upon the sovereignty of reason, by a new philosophy resting upon the authority of tradition, or—as they put it—upon the "sensus communis" of humanity. But they defeated their own object. First, they explicitly denied a doctrine of the Church—since defined by the Vatican Council—viz., that human reason *can* unaided arrive at a certitude of the existence of God, and secondly, in attempting to strengthen the authority of revelation at the expense of reason, they in fact weakened it and left religion more open to attack than ever. For though the formal motive of faith cannot be reason or anything founded on reason, yet there are many parts which reason can play *about* the facts of faith, and the value of all these is immensely depreciated by such a low view of its power and capacity.

It would not be quite true to say that the second volume of the "Essay" passed entirely without hostile comment. But it certainly is remarkable that when, after the appearance of the third and fourth

volumes, de Lamennais, not content with the advice of de Maistre to "let those frogs croak themselves hoarse," rushed into print again with a "Defense of the Essay," and then set out for Rome to submit his work to the Sovereign Pontiff, the Pope—Leo XII.—should not only have received him with open arms, but (it is said) to have addressed him as "the latest Father of the Church" and to have offered him a Cardinal's hat. It is possible, of course, that fired with enthusiasm for the object to which this work was directed, and accepting already in the sense of a fact—accidental and not intrinsic to human nature—the power of the "sensus communis" in compelling intellectual assent, the Pope—and in general that section of the clergy who approved of de Lamennais' work—did not at once perceive that this fact was put forward by him as a physical necessity (not accidental, but essential) of human nature.

Or if, as may easily have been the case, the Pope relied in part—or even wholly—on the reports of French ecclesiastics, admirers of the author (and there must have been many such in Rome, since de Lamennais was an extreme Uultramontane at deadly war with Gallicanism), then the difficulty is resolved. For it is well known that at the beginning of the nineteenth century theology in France was at a very low ebb, and the clergy had attained to extraordinary heights of incompetence. It will be sufficient to quote a few words from "The Institution of Bishops," the work written in collaboration by Féli and his brother, remembering that the Abbé Jean was a man of great prudence, moderation and charity, and by no means likely to exaggerate. Speaking of the text-books used in the seminaries at that date, these books, they say, teach "no breadth of view, no connected system, no grand unity; they offer nothing to attract the mind, nothing to nourish it, nothing to rouse it to enthusiasm. After a course of this kind one may, perhaps, know one's theses, but one has but an imperfect knowledge of religion." And again: "The strength of the assault on religion lies not in the knowledge of the aggressors, but in the ignorance of the defenders. Never, for centuries, have the clergy, taken in the mass, been so ignorant as they are to-day; yet never has knowledge been so greatly needed." In fact, we may suppose that but for the political hostility of his Gallican enemies, Féli might long have flourished his book in the faces of the united theologians of France without eliciting a rebuke.

The teaching of the "Essay on Indifference" may be summarized thus: The question of the truth of the Church, it says, reduces to that of the principle of certitude. Now, the only means of knowledge which we as individuals possess are those afforded us by the senses, the ideas and the reason. To these correspond three systems of philosophy—the materialism of Locke, the idealism of Berkely and

Kant and the rationalism of Descartes. Of these the first is manifestly false, since the senses are convicted of error at every turn. The second is no less so, and for a similar reason; for who does not know how infinitely various are the effects of the same idea on different individuals? How the simple notions of true and false, of good and bad vary with circumstance, interest or passion? The third system, too, solid as it appears, is seen to be built upon a foundation in the air. Descartes, in the course of his "methodical doubt," having flung away the whole furniture of his mind in order to arrive at the one first principle of certitude with which to begin refurnishing, thinks he has found that principle when he has said *"Cogito, ergo sum,"* whereas, if he only knew it, by so doing he has stultified his whole system—he had no conceivable right, on his own ground, to say *cogito,* or indeed to use any verb in the first person singular. What are we to think of a system of philosophy whose first principle is that whatever we distinctly and clearly perceive to be true, *is* true; and which for proof appeals to the conviction that we cannot possibly doubt what we clearly and distinctly perceive? No, the dogmatists, as he calls all philosophers but himself, have erred on two essential points—first, in wishing to base their cognitions on a *proved* truth instead of on a truth believed invincibly without proof, and secondly, in obliging each man to look within himself for the motives of his judgments and the foundation of his certitudes. "O miserable feebleness of the human mind," he cries, "when it strays away from the high road that nature has opened to all! How is it that they do not see that one can prove nothing without the aid of certain undemonstrated and undemonstrable truths; that it is a contradiction in terms to talk of proving a first principle, and that in consequence, so far from certitude depending on demonstration, no demonstration is possible without an anterior certitude? Thus the dogmatists begin by assuming that they already possess what they are searching for; that they both are and are not certain at one and the same instant!"

"No," he continues, "there can be no such thing as certitude for the dogmatists, unless we are prepared to believe every man's reason infallible, and if we do that, how are we to account for so many contradictory judgments and conflicting opinions whose existence we cannot deny? If they are consistent, they must deny the very possibility of error."

This rapid sketch must suffice for an exposition of de Lamennais' summary and typical fashion of dismissing the dogmatists. We must now listen to him dogmatizing on his own account.

"The common consent," he says, "the *sensus communis,* is for us the seal of truth—there is no other."

If the wretched "dogmatists" object that many and grave errors have for centuries been accepted for truth, he smothers them with evolution, the action of the infinite on the finite, and the necessity of an absolutely universal and not a partial unanimity; so that the pertinent questions of why? and what?—that is, *why* are we to accept the sensus communis as infallible, and *what* are these universally accepted truths in this or that particular case, pass unheeded. Besides, by his own theory he is spared the necessity of answering objections; to do so would be to descend once more into the arena of dialectics, from which he has at a blow emancipated himself.

A direct consequence of his theory, and one which he fully accepted and elaborated, was that the whole body of truths must have been revealed in the beginning once and for all. The inconvenient deductions which might be made from such a proposition, boldly stated, are avowed by the idea that this primitive revelation was not explicit at all points, but required the development of ages, which development has been guided, assured and handed on from generation to generation by the infallible assent of collective humanity. Thus the first man received the first truths on the testimony of God, who is the *Supreme* Reason; and these truths are preserved among men and perpetually developed and manifested by the testimony of all men, which testimony is the expression of the *Common* Reason. So that the first act which the intellect makes is an act of faith. In a word, de Lamennais extended, in a quite illegitimate manner, the undoubted facts that all advance in knowledge is a process of accumulation, that no individual can discover all knowledge for himself by the light of his own unaided intelligence, and that, in point of fact, great part of a man's mental furniture consists of opinions and beliefs, his assent to which is no result of his own analysis of them, but rests, consciously or unconsciously, on the bare authority of other minds than his own; or, perhaps, in the language of Newman, to which he gives only a *notional* assent, while to his authorities they are matters of *real* apprehension. If he had been contented to state this by way of a powerful support and confirmation of the religious and moral truths in whose defense he was so urgent, he would have done no more than amplify an argument already well known to apologists, but he would certainly have presented it in an attractive dress borrowed from the store of erudition and astonishingly varied illustration which he had at command. But undeterred by the remonstrances of his friend Rohrbacher, the historian, he went further, and in his lectures to his pupils at Malestroit propounded dogmas, all depending on his system of the "communis sensus," which it was impossible to reconcile with the true doctrine

of the revelation of Christ, the institution of the Church and the economy of grace. These pupils were the members of the "Congregation of St. Peter," founded by Féli and his brother, with the object of reviving the sacred studies and particularly the study of church history. This institution, of course, collapsed on the secession of Féli, but while it existed it accomplished much good work. It had unfortunately in its midst a principle of decay in the shape of Féli de Lamennais' philosophy, which fiercely pulled down all other systems, despised scholasticism and essayed the defense of religion and, above all, of the sovereignty of the Pope, with weapons that broke in the hands of their users.

We have mentioned Descartes as one of Féli's favorite objects of attack, and it may be of interest to show in this place how effectively he could call ridicule to his aid for this purpose. In the preface to the "Defense" of his "Essay" he gives his reasons for having undertaken the cause of religion on new lines, and apparently assuming that most of his opponents are Cartesians, he says he will give them an example of the strength of their system. A certain Cartesian one day met a lunatic who confided to him that he was indeed no other than Descartes himself. The Cartesian, feeling that such a delusion could by no means be suffered to endure, begins to reason with him, and so the dialogue goes on:

Cartesian. "You must surely be joking when you say that you are Descartes; just think, he has been dead more than 150 years."

Lunatic. "On the contrary, it's you who are joking, and in very poor taste, too, when you say Descartes is dead, because *I* am Descartes, and here I am talking to you."

C. "What! You the author of the 'Meditations' and of the 'Principles of Philosophy'—those magnificent works which for two centuries have drawn upon themselves the admiration of all Europe! Get along—you're mad!"

L. "Abuse, my friend, is not argument; at any rate it's not the method of argument that I taught in those two little works of mine, of which you have just spoken so handsomely. If I'm *not* Descartes, you prove it to me. I should be sorry to deceive myself in so important a matter."

C. "Well, look here; I've just told you that Descartes has been dead 150 years. If you don't believe me, go to Sweden and you may see his grave there."

L. "I think it is now my turn to call *you* mad! Do you seriously propose that I should undertake a journey to Sweden in order to convince myself that I'm not only dead but buried?"

C. "But surely you know that no man has ever lived two hundred years?"

L. "Pardon me, I know nothing of the sort; but even so, I am content to be the first to have done it."

C. "But, my good sir, I've only got to look at you to see that you're not 200 years old!"

L. "Then your senses deceive you—and the proof is simple; because, since I *am* Descartes, it is impossible on your own showing that I should *not* be 200 years old."

C. "This is ineffable! My poor fellow, go, go at once and ask the first man you meet, ask as many men as you choose, and see if they don't all agree with me that you are not Descartes and can't possibly be Descartes."

L. "Pooh, men may be deceived on any point, so why not on this? Besides, why do you talk of asking other men? Don't you remember what I have said in my 'Meditations?' I said: 'You must remember that in addressing me you address a mind so disengaged from corporeal things that it cannot say with certainty whether any one but itself exists—*Cogito, ergo sum;* that's all it knows.'"

C. "Well, you can listen to reason anyhow."

L. "That's just what I'm trying to make *you* do. Tell me, now, do you believe that you exist?"

C. "Of course I do; but what has my existence to do with your pretensions to be Descartes?"

L. "All in good time; just you answer my question! On what proof do you rest your belief in your existence? *How* are you certain of it?"

C. "Because when I say 'I think,' 'I am,' 'I exist,' I have a clear and distinct perception of what I say."

L. "Good; then you agree that whatever one perceives clearly and distinctly, is true?"

C. "Certainly; it is the first principle of my philosophy."

L. "And how do you *know* that you have this clear and distanct perception?"

C. "Why, because it is impossible for me to doubt it."

L. "Capital! I can't tell you how pleased I am, my dear friend, to see that you have assimilated my doctrine so completely! I count it a privilege to be able to call you my disciple, and *you* can disavow your master no longer; for I solemnly declare to you that I have a *very clear* and *very distinct* perception of the fact that I am Descartes. And the proof that this perception *is* very clear and very distinct, is that it is impossible for me to doubt it!"

The Cartesian is left soliloquizing: "I was right, the poor fellow is mad—what a pity! Still he is none the worse Cartesian for that."

After this it is interesting to note that three years later, when Victor Cousin published his translation and collection of Descartes'

complete works, he dedicated it in these words: "To M. Royer-Collard, Professor of the History of Modern Philosophy in the Academy of France, who first among his colleagues combatted the Philosophy of the Senses, *and rehabilitated Descartes.*"

Féli de Lamennais returned from Rome in 1825, full of hope and courage for the future. The fourth and last volume of his "Essay" was finished, and the whole appeared to have the approbation of the Holy See.

During this year he published a translation of the "Imitation of Christ," with copious reflections between the chapters which show that he was not the hard, dry man of mere intellect which some have thought fit to style him. This translation has maintained its place in the general favor up to to-day. The next year he printed a work entitled "Religion Considered in Its Relation to the Civil and Public Order." His theme was "No Pope, no Church; no Church, no Christiantiy; no Christianity, no Religion; no Religion, no Society." In it he defends the right of the Church, in the person of the Pope, to the ultimate decision in all great questions of social justice, divine law, the sovereignty and its duties, citing Gerson and Fenelon for the coercitive power of the Papal authority, and attacks the Gallican doctrine of a national church in an independent nation, and in particular singles out Mgr. de Frayssinons, Bishop of Hermopolis and Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, for his most caustic animadversions. As an attack on Gallicanism was, at that time, an attack on the government, action was at once taken against him on the ground of treasonable writing. His advocate, M. Berryer, however, pulled the charge to pieces, and Féli escaped with a fine of thirty francs on the head of incitement to contempt for the "Déclaration" of 1682. We may note in passing that this "Déclaration," formulated in the reign of Louis XIV., amounted in effect to this, that the political, being wholly distinct from the moral and religious order, the State not only is, but ought to be, atheist.

But Féli had done more than offend the government. He had stirred up the dominant Gallican party to compass his complete destruction at any cost. And this factor must always be allowed for in all the agitations which were raised against him henceforth until his downfall.

Meantime, politics were moving in the most approved French fashion. On July 26, 1830, Charles X. (who had succeeded his brother Louis XVIII. in 1824) suddenly suspended the liberty of the press, broke up the recently formed Chamber of Deputies, and issued a new set of regulations for the elections. The Parisians rose to the occasion. On the 27th the streets of Paris were barricaded. On the 28th the Tuilleries was stormed, a provisional government, with

the Duke of Orleans as Lieutenant General of the Kingdom, was established, and Charles X. abdicated. On the 7th of August the Duke of Orleans mounted the throne under the title of Louis Philippe, King of the French.

Féli hailed the downfall of the elder Bourbon dynasty with unconcealed joy. Together with Lacordaire (himself a priest, but not yet a Dominican) and the Comte de Montalembert, he founded the *Avenir,* a journal devoted to religious and social reform, bearing the device "God and Liberty—the Pope and the People." His darling object was to bring about a strict alliance between the Church and democracy, and in language of the loftiest eloquence he urged the clergy to shake themselves free of the State, to repudiate all concordats, to give up their stipends and return to the poverty of the Early Church, and finally to ally themselves with the people and enjoy to the full the liberty of worship and the schools which had just been proclaimed. At the same time he professed an ultramontanism that passed the bounds of discretion. As was only natural, there arose a storm of opposition which took shape in another journal called *L'ami de la Religion.* The combat did not last long. In three years' time de Lamennais had cast away half of what for thirty strenuous years he had given all his talent and energy to defend, had flung defiance at the Papacy—the former object of a jealous devotion—and after alienating one by one the intimate friends of a lifetime, ended twenty years of embittered solitude by an obscure death in the midst of poverty, an object of pity to a few, but of indifference to most.

Leo XII. had died in 1829, and his successor, Pius VIII., had been followed in 1831 by Gregory XVI. On his accession, in February, the three collaborators of the *Avenir* at once set out for Rome to fortify their position by obtaining his approval of it. In the statement which they prepared for the consideration of the Sovereign Pontiff they withdrew, or in some way mitigated their doctrine of complete separation between Church and State, but laid stress on the derivation of power from the people. Pending a decision, however, they temporarily suspended the publication of the *Avenir.* "We do this," wrote de Lamennais, "not because we are discouraged or weary of the combat; we are going, as the soldiers of Israel went, to consult the Lord in Shiloh."

Their hopes were completely disappointed. They procured, indeed, an interview with Gregory, but only on the understanding that there was to be no mention made of the object for which they had come. They had, in fact, been outmarched by their opponents, and an inquiry was already in progress at Rome, powerfully stimulated by complaints from the Governments of France, Russia, Austria and

Prussia. After a fruitless stay of several months, de Lamennais, in a state of profound depression, set out on his return journey. While he was lingering at Munich on his way, he received the encyclical *"Mirari Vos,"* dated August 15, 1832, in which his teaching and that of his colleagues was explicitly condemned, without, however, any mention being made of their names. So, in a day, as it seemed to him, the dream of a lifetime was rudely overthrown. At the age of fifty-two he found himself standing with empty hands, with all his life to begin over again, and with all his ideals to reconstruct. He submitted, however, at once; stopped the publication of the *Avenir,* and on the 10th of September despatched to the Pope, through the hands of Cardinal Pacca, a signed statement to that effect. At the end of October the Cardinal wrote to the friends at Paris that Gregory had been much gratified by their submissive attitude; but by that time Féli had quitted the capital and had retired alone to the solitude of La Chenaie, and his mood was already causing anxiety to those who having known him in prosperity and in adversity, had learnt to expect almost anything from his determined and mutinous temperament. Their fears were soon justified. De Lamennais began to write again, and every word he wrote was put under a microscope by his enemies. Irritated, perhaps, by this sort of persecution, he grew reckless and was accused of having once more overstepped the bounds laid down by the encyclical. When he was notified of this by the Archbishop of Toulouse, he wrote a letter to his own diocesan, the Bishop of Rennes, requesting him to forward the substance of it to Rome, in which he announced his intention of abstaining in future from all discussion touching the Church and State, professed his sincere devotion to the Holy See, and asked Gregory if he were not yet satisfied, to send him a formula of submission for his subscription. After much correspondence, many advances and as many withdrawals, Féli consented at last, on the earnest entreaty of his brother and the Archbishop of Paris, to sign a document embodying an unconditional surrender of all his suspected doctrines, and promising an unequivocal obedience to the encyclical. But he told the Archbishop that in signing this paper he considered himself to have implicitly signed that the Pope is God. "However," he added, "for the sake of peace I am willing to sign that even explicitly." On receiving this document Gregory XVI. addressed a brief to Féli full of congratulations on the step he had taken, and expressive of his own joy at this happy termination of the affair. But the end was not yet. It is probably fair comment to say that Féli's enemies, having triumphed, could not forego the satisfaction of pushing their triumph home. Because we must remember that though in the matter at issue between de Lamennais

and the Holy See, he was wrong, and had rightly incurred censure—still, the whole controversy was for many of the upper clergy in France a contest between ultramontanism and Gallicanism, and Gallicanism seemed to them to have conquered. So it was indeed a grateful spectacle for them when they saw the foremost among the defenders of the Papal authority himself lying under the condemnation of that authority. Anxious, therefore, to make their victory absolutely complete, to goad him to some irretrievable act, and aided, no doubt, by many good persons whose zeal would not permit them to leave well enough alone, they urged upon de Lamennais the necessity of making some definite and suitable acknowledgment of the brief. Soon it came to an order from the Archbishop of Paris to do so, and thus to dissipate the suspicions of his sincerity, which were again being bruited about. Perhaps, too, it befel him in part, as it has not infrequently befallen men of inconvenient originality, when the orthodox prefer the easier means of silencing them by shoveling them out of sight and labeling them and all their works, "Poison; not to be taken," to the more formidable task of first understanding what they mean before condemning what they have said.

For a long time de Lamennais was silent. Then, in May, 1834, he answered with "Les Paroles d'un Croyant," and so once and for all, and at a blow, broke away from the Church, severed the bonds of the closest friendship, and renounced the ideals which had inspired all his thoughts and acts for thirty years. We have it on the authority of Rohrbacher that the Abbé Jean, hearing of the approaching publication of this work (probably from Ste. Beuve, to whom it was intrusted), hurried down to La Chenaie and succeeded in obtaining from his brother permission to cancel it. He rushed off to Dinan to give notice to the printers, but it was too late. On the very next morning the book was out in Paris, and Féli, recovering himself, resolved to abide by it.

"Les Paroles d'un Croyant" was formally condemned within two months of its appearance, and Gregory XVI. took occasion to point out that it was the legitimate offspring of the fallacious system of traditionalism, by which certitude in matters of religion was seriously shaken in being referred to an inadmissible and unstable principle. The book is written in a quasi-prophetic style, to which English readers will recognize a distant approximation in some of the essays of Carlyle. Briefly, its scope is as follows: Hereditary rulers are the children of Satan; the Church has sold herself and betrayed mankind; the nineteenth century is of all previous centuries the most irretrievably infamous, and revolution is a sacred duty. From the assimilation of these principles, and the performance of these duties, will arise in time a new State, a new Christianity

and a new Gospel of the people. Féli de Lamennais was not a man to do things by halves. He developed and preached his new faith with all the energy and fierceness which he had at one time devoted to a very different ideal. His democracy became communism, his Christianity of the people degenerated into an amorphous system of civic morality devoid of sanction or a divine origin, and his own personal beliefs seem to have lost all focus. If such a contradiction in terms be admissible, it might be said that he became a kind of theistic positivist—since in his later writings he seems in some way to have made his own Comte's theory of the "Three States" and to have adopted even his classification of the sciences.

Comte's leading idea, it will be remembered, was that social and political phenomena are as calculable and as explicable by law as are physical phenomena. Considering, therefore, the novelty of this doctrine as compared with the views that had hitherto prevailed, he was led to divide the progress of the human intelligence into three tages, or *states.* First, the *theological,* in which the mind explains all phenomena by recourse to personal *will,* either in the objects or in some external and supernatural being; secondly, the *metaphysical,* in which phenomena are accounted for by abstract *force* in, but independent of, the objects, so that their properties are discussed in a state of precision from their existence; thirdly, the *positive,* in which the mind is content to ascribe all phenomena—mental, moral and physical—to *law;* but to law ruling not through the principle of causality, but by way of succession, relativity and resemblance. From this unthinkable definition of order he was ready to deduce the speedy abdication of all theological and metaphysical explanations of social phenomena in favor of positive ones, and to make of sociology as accurate a science as chemistry or conic sections. To this end he classified all the sciences in an order corresponding to that of the Three States; each science, from mathematics in the first place to sociology in the last, decreasing in extension and increasing in comprehension. To fill up the vacuum which he recognized would be caused by the elimination in this way of every form of theism or deism, he offered to mankind a new Deity in the shape of Humanity, whose worship was to consist in the practice of altruism. Henceforth the rich were to be self-restrained and moderate, and the poor contented and sober, for the glorious ideal that in generations to come the rich might be still more self-restrained and moderate, and the poor still more contented and sober—that is, if such distinctions as riches and poverty should still exist to divide the world. That any one (Comte most of all, whose domestic life was so unfortunate and his circumstances so narrow) could believe, outside the four walls of his study, in the efficacy of such a shadowy and impalpable

motive to rule the human heart for good, is plainly incredible. And Comte seems to have had some doubts on the point himself, as is witnessed by the grotesque parody of a priesthood, a hagiology and a sacramental system, with which he crowned his edifice; as if to satisfy by a brave show on the roof for the structural defects of the walls.

It will, of course, be evident that de Lamennais, who always called himself a Christian and was certainly always a theist, could not follow Comte as far as this. But in his "Esquisse d'une Philosophie," published from 1841 to 1850, he appears to have absorbed a good deal of the Comteist philosophy, no doubt with the intention of applying to "Christianity" whatever in it seemed likely to help him in his self-imposed task of religious reconstruction. It should be noted, too, as illustrative of the Nemesis that always overtakes the member who separates himself from the head in order to find his true perfection in independence, that de Lamennais in embracing even so much of the tenets of positivism as he did, was in fact readmitting reason to the empire from which in his "Essay" he had expelled it, and admitting it, moreover, to a more absolute sway than ever. In fact, after his secession, Féli de Lamennais seems to have changed his whole nature, except in just those points which had been the causes of his downfall. He was as ardent, as opinionated, as positive as before, but the grain of his mind had coarsened; one is conscious of a certain unreserve, almost vulgarity, in him, which to some degree lessens one's sympathy with his misfortunes.

The remainder of his life need not detain us long. In 1840 he underwent a year's imprisonment in Ste. Pélagie for opinions expressed in a book entitled "The Country and the Government." After the Revolution of 1848 he entered the Chamber of Deputies for one of the quarters of Paris, but the *coup d'etat* of December 2, 1851, withdrew him from all further political activity. His last work was a translation of the "Divina Commedia."

In January, 1854, he was attacked with pleurisy and succumbed in a few weeks, being then in his seventy-fourth year. He angrily repulsed all attempts to bring a priest to him, and gave directions for his funeral to be conducted without any religious ceremony and with nothing, not even a plain stone, to mark his grave in Père la Chaise.

During the hours that immediately preceded his death he had remained perfectly silent, lying with closed eyes; but just before he died the few friends who stood beside him saw tears stealing down his face. On these tears some of those who had never quite despaired of him—his brother Jean, Maurice de Guerin, de Montalembert—founded a hope of his salvation. To quote the words of a recent

writer, they tried to see in them "some confirmation of the view according to which the soul receives in that crucial hour a final choice based on the collective experience of its mortal life. We would hope that as there is a baptism of blood, or of charity, so there may perhaps be some unconventional absolution for one who so earnestly loved mankind at large, and especially the poor and oppressed; who in his old age and misery was found by their sick beds; who willed to be with them in his death and burial."

A very few words will suffice for a general commentary on Lamennais and his work. It would be quite a mistake to condemn wholesale even the doctrines of his later life; for though he strayed far and wrote wildly, he was still a man of exceptional ability and genius, and when prejudice and indignation were not blinding him, knew how to make use of his gifts. But apart from whatever effect his democratic theories may have had upon modern social problems, it is incontestable that he rendered most valuable services to the Church in France and to sacred studies in general. Though he himself went too far, it was under his leadership that the Roman movement began its victorious march against Gallicanism; and it was under the stimulus of his ceaseless activity that the seminaries of France awoke from their lethargy and began to realize that theology in a fossil state is neither ornamental nor useful. If proof be needed of the genius of Féli de Lamennais and of the real value of much of his work, the names of his intimate friends—Lacordaire, Montalembert, Rohrbacher, de Chateaubriand, de Maistre—who admired, praised and appreciated him, will guarantee it.

What hindered him from doing more, and spoilt so much of what he did, was the incomplete, or rather ill-designed nature of his education. M. Bellamy, in his work, "Catholic Theology in the Nineteenth Century," says of him: "De Lamennais had scarcely any theological formation. Obliged by circumstances to study largely by himself and in a somewhat haphazard fashion, he never properly assimilated theological principles, and on more than one occasion he allowed this deficiency to appear with very bad result. His aversion to scholasticism and his contempt for it tended to accentuate the evil. Hence there is nothing astounding in the words with which he commended his famous theory of the *sensus communis* to his friend, the Abbé Carron: 'If my theses are rejected,' he wrote, 'I see no other means of effectually defending religion.' By this phrase we may judge the apologist and the theologian."

R. H. J. Steuart, S. J.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE MAGI.

MOST of those writers who wrote about the Magi before modern research had helped to throw light upon their history held that they were natives of Persia. The Gospels make no mention of their fatherland, and St. Matthew merely says that when Jesus was born at Bethlehem of Juda in the days of King Herod there came wise men from the East saying: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?"

The "East" may mean either Parthia, Persia, Mesopotamia or Arabia; but both the profane and the sacred writers speak of Arabia as the Eastern land. Tacitus in his history (B. V.) when describing Palestine states that it was bounded on the east by Arabia, Egypt lying to the south, Phœnicia and the sea being to the west, whilst the northern frontier extended towards Syria. "Terra, finesque qua ad Orientem vergunt Arabia terminantur."

The land of Moab, Amalec and Maclian, where the Nabrathœan Arabs dwelt in tents and roamed over the trackless wilds between the Jordan and the Euphrates, whilst their kinsmen dwelt amidst the fertile valleys and plains of Oman, Hadramant and Yemen, is called the "East" in the Books of Genesis and of Judges.

When the Patriarch Abraham gave his possessions to his son Isaac and bestowed gifts upon the children of his concubines he bade them go into the land of Madian and Moab "into the East country." (Genesis xxv.) When the Madianites had become a great people they grievously oppressed the people of Israel so that they made themselves dens and caves in the mountains and strongholds; and when Israel had sown, Madian and Amalec "and the other Eastern nations came up" (Judges vi.).

The southern peninsula of Arabia also is called "the East" in the sacred writings of the Old Testament. The Prophet Jeremias calls the inhabitants of Cedar "the children of the East." "Against Cedar and against the kingdoms of Azor, which Nabuchodonosor destroyed, thus saith the Lord. Arise and go up to Cedar, and waste the children of the East" (lxix.). Arabia was called Cedar in ancient times. Isaias writes: "The burthen in Arabia—within a year according to the years of a hireling, all the glory of Cedar shall be taken away" (xxi.). Ezechiel also writes: "Arabia and all the Princes of Cedar, they were the merchants of thy hand" (xxvii.).[1]

St. Jerome writes that Arabia was the land of the Saracens, and that the word Saracen was derived from the Arabic word Sharki, which has the meaning of "Eastern," and the Dead Sea or Salt Sea,

[1] Cedar, the second son of Ismael, gave his name to Arabia.

which lies between Palestine and Arabia Petrœa, is called in Holy Writ the "Eastern Sea."

The inspired writers of the Old Testament, who foretold the coming of the Magi to Judea to worship the new-born King of the Jews, and to lay their treasures at His feet, make known in unmistakable words the country whence they came.

"In his days justice shall spring up and abundance of peace; and he shall rule from sea to sea; before him the Ethiopians shall fall down, and his foes shall lick the ground. The Kings of Tharsis and the islands shall offer gifts; the Kings of the Arabians and of Saba shall bring gifts." (Ps. lxxi.) The Prophet Isaias, whilst declaring how the light of true faith should shine out in the Church of Christ, and be spread throughout the world, beheld in vision the Kings of the earth bowed down in adoration before the Child-God, and he burst forth into these gladsome praises at the sight of the great glory of Israel: "Then shalt thou see and abound, and thy heart shalt wonder and be enlarged, when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee, the multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Madian and Epha, all they from Saba shall come bringing gold, and frankincense, and showing forth praise to the Lord" (lx).

Southern Arabia is called Saba by both Greek and Roman writers, and the St. Jerome translates the Hebrew Septuagint and word Saba by Arabia.[2] "The Greeks and Romans," writes the celebrated German historian Mommsen, "call these Arabians Sabæans after the people most prominent at the time." These wonderful outpourings of the sacred writers are used in the magnificent liturgy of the Catholic Church at the feast of the Epiphany, and their prophetic utterances are applied to the wise men who hastened to Bethlehem at the birth of Jesus Christ."

St. Augustine, St. Jerome and St. Epiphanius, when treating in their writings of the coming of the Magi, say only that they came "from the East"—"from afar;" and some of the ecclesiastical writers of the early Church are wholly silent about their birthplace, but nearly all the first Fathers of the Church held that they were Arabians.

St. Justin, who lived during the first half of the second century (A. D. 114-165), writes in his "Dialogue with Trypho:" "Now this King Herod at the time when the Magi came to him from Arabia and said that they knew from a star which appeared in the

[2] "In medio ejus (Arabia) fere sunt Atramitae pagus Sabæorum in monteexcelso a quo octo mansionibus distat regio eorum thurifera Saba appellata."—Pliny (H. N.). Saba, son of Chus, settled in Arabia, according to St. Jerome.

heavens that a King had been born. Accordingly the Magi from Arabia came to Bethlehem and worshiped the Child, and offered Him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh. While they were there Mary brought forth the Christ and placed Him in a manger; and there the Magi, who came from Arabia, found Him. So Herod, when the Magi from Arabia did not go back to him, as he had asked them to do, ordered all the children then in Bethlehem to be killed."

Tertullian, who lived during the second half of the second century (A. D. 160-230), writes: "Let those Eastern Magi wait on the new-born Christ, offering to Him in His infancy their gifts of gold and frankincense, and surely an Infant will have received the riches of Damascus without a fight." Moreover, with regard to the gift of gold David also says: "And there shall be given to Him of the gold of Arabia." And again: "The Kings of Arabia and Saba shall offer gifts to Him."

St. Cyprian (A. D. 200-58) writes: "When the Redeemer was born at Bethlehem His presence on earth was heard in Effata, and the fame of this new birth spread unto the woodlands and meadows of the Gentiles. Those glad tidings were celebrated first of all in Judea by the shepherds and the angels, and not long afterwards the knowledge of this thing penetrated beyond the boundary of the Arabians; and the star of the wonderful light of the heavenly Deity made it known by its unwonted brightness to the people of Saba. There were in those regions men given to the watching of the stars, who knew by the art of mathematics the power and the courses of the planets. They had heard before from the prophecies of Balaam that a star should arise from Jacob and a man in Israel."[3]

St. Ephrem (A. D. 306-373) alone of the Fathers and Clement of Alexandria and Juvencus alone of the ecclesiastical writers of the early Church held that the Magi were natives of Persia. St. Ephrem writes: "A star lit up Persia; the rising of Christ allured her, and announced to her that the Victim was come. The heavens sent one of the stars to the Persians, that they might hasten to meet the King and worship Him."

Clement of Alexandria, writing towards the end of the second century, says: "The Persian Magi, who indeed also made known the birth of the Redeemer, coming to Judea preceded by the star," etc.

The Christian poet Juvencus, who lived in the age of Constantine, writes:

> Gens est ulterior, surgenti conscia soli,
> Astrorum solers, ortusque notare.
> Hujus primores nomen tenuere Magorum;
> Hinc lecti proceres Solymos per longa viarum

[3] De stella et Magis.

Deveniunt, regemque adeunt, orantque do ceri
Quae regio imperio puerum Judæa teneret
Progenitum.
Tunc jubet Herodes, Persas pertendere gressum
Inventumque sibi puerum monstare colendum.

St. John Chrysostom, who lived during the latter half of the fourth century, calls the Magi Persians in many places of his writings: "When the foreign and barbarian Magi arrived in order to behold Him lying in a manger." "He caused barbarians to come from a far-off land to inquire about the King who was born amongst them; and they learned first in the Persian tongue what they were unwilling to learn from the prophets." He, however, seems not to have had a settled opinion about their birthplace, for at the beginning of his "Homily on St. Matthew" he says: "We need much carefulness and many prayers in order that we may be enabled to unravel this difficult passage and find out who the Magi were and whence they came."

St. Augustine (A. D. 354-430) and St. Leo (A. D. 418-460) call the Magi Chaldeans: "For those Chaldean Magi followed the tradition of Balaam, who said: 'A star shall arise in the East.'" "The Chaldeans, as we read, therefore came from the East; they follow the first star." Chaldea, however, was not a country, according to Herodotus, and all philosophers in the East were called Chaldeans, as Clement of Alexandria writes in his "Stromata:" "The chiefs of philosophy were called Chaldeans by the Assyrians, Druids by the Gauls and Magi by the Persians."

The great Jesuit theologian Suarez, having made an exhaustive study of the question in the writings of the Fathers of the Church, concludes from their testimony that it is most likely that the Magi came from Arabia Felix; and he holds that the prophecies of the Old Testament about them conclusively prove that they were Arabians. "Recte intelligitur Magos Arabes fuisse" (xix. 236, art. 8).

Southern Arabia, as St. Cyril Alexandria writes, was sometimes called Persia; and St. Isidore of Seville, in his "Book on the Passion of Christ," asserts that "the Magi came from the Persian people, from Arabia and Saba," because Arabia is so near to Persia that it was called sometimes by that name.

The tradition that the Magi were Persians, however, having once begun, speedily spread throughout the Eastern and Western Churches, so that St. Cyril of Alexandria, in the fifth century, and many ecclesiastical writers in after ages have declared that Persia was their birthplace, although most of the earliest writers of the Church had held that these royal pilgrims were natives of Arabia.

The learned writers who hold the opinion that the wise men who

worshiped the Infant Saviour at His birth were Persians rely mainly on the fact that they are called Magi in the Gospel of St. Matthew, and that whereas Persia was a highly civilized empire, with its Princes, its Magi and its Satraps, at the beginning of the Christian era, Arabia was then a barbarous and barren land.

The Magi in olden times, according to Arabian and Syrian chronicles and the traditions of the Greeks, were the priests and philosophers of the religion which was founded by Zoroaster. They were astrologers learned in the natural sciences and worshiped the sun and the stars. Herodotus in his history writes that they belonged to a people rather than to an office, and they were one of the six tribes into which the Medes had been divided. They yielded great influence in social and religious life like the Druids amongst the Gauls, and Magianism was the chief part of a princely education.

Cicero ("De Divinatione") says that "the Magi were looked upon as wise men and teachers by the Persians, and no one could be a Persian King unless first he had learned their doctrine and teaching." The learned Jew Philo writes that: "True Magianism, the speculative knowledge which enables us to read more deeply into the secrets of nature, seems so excellent and so worthy of all the faculties of man that not only private persons, but even Kings, and the greatest of Kings—I mean the Kings of Persia—devoted themselves to this science; and it is said that none amongst them reach the royal dignity unless first he has become one of the Magians." Pliny also asserts (N. Hist., xxxi.) that "Magianism ruled in the East over the King of Kings."

But there were Magi also in Arabia, as most learned writers allow. The rich and lovely land of Oman, which lies along the eastern shore of Southern Arabia, was known from the earliest ages as the "land of the Magians." The Arabians became more eminent as astrologers and philosophers even than the Medes and Persians, as the Medes and Persians had surpassed all other nations in their knowledge of the star-lit heavens and of the deep secrets of nature. Pliny speaks of the Arabian Magi and St. Justin calls them "the wise men of Arabia."

The Nabathean Tribe in the Kingdom of Oman, who were of Chaldean or Persian origin, worshiped the sun and the stars, and the Sabæans of Central and Southern Arabia had the same religious customs and ceremonial as their Persian neighbors. There was a tradition amongst the Arabian Mussulmans that when Mahomet was born the sacred fire of Zoroaster, which had burned for a thousand years, was suddenly extinguished. Each tribe had a special star, and when the Arab shepherds watched over their flocks at night they curiously scanned the star-lit sky, noting the movements of the

heavenly constellations, which boded good or evil for their lives and fortunes. The rude and hardy Bedawin even now bend down in lowly worship and pour forth their simple prayers as soon as the bright orb of day appears above the horizon, gilding with its beams the brown sand of the desert. The Arabians, however, were not idolators, for they considered the burning fire of earth and the glittering stars and planets of the midnight sky as symbols of the Deity. When the Sun of Righteousness shone upon the world Magianism was held in high esteem in Arabia, but it had fallen from its high estate in Persia, for when Alexander the Great conquered that great kingdom by his arms he introduced Greek colonists and Greek religious customs; and when through the dissensions of his successors the savage Scythians of the North founded on the ruins of the Persian monarchy the great Parthian Empire the Persian Magi became serfs instead of princes.

Arabia was a prosperous and highly civilized country at the time of the birth of Jesus Christ, whereas Persia, under the Scythian sway, had become sadly wanting in both the material and moral elements of civilization. The developments of this remarkable Arabian people, as the learned historian Mommsen writes, reached a high state of perfection before the Romans ruled over Egypt. Its native seat of government, the Arabia Felix of the ancients, the region of Mocha and Aden, is surrounded by a narrow plain along the hot and desolate coast line, but the healthy and temperate interior of Yemen and Hadramant even now produces on the mountain slopes and valleys a luxuriant vegetation, and the numerous mountain streams cause everywhere a garden-like cultivation. We have to-day a clear witness to the rich civilization of this land in ancient times in the remains of the city walls, towers, aqueducts and temples, with inscriptions which fully confirm the account given by olden writers of the magnificence and luxury of that country. This region also was one of the chief centres of wholesale traffic both by sea and land, not only on account of its produce—frankincense, precious gems, gum, cassia, aloes, senna and myrrh—but because this Semitic race was formed by its peculiar character for commercial pursuits, for Strabo asserts that the Arabians were all merchants and traders, and the whole amount of purchase money paid yearly for Oriental wares to the Arabians and Indians is valued by Pliny at 100,000,000 and for Arabia alone at more than 50,000,000 sesterces. Thus writes the learned historian of "The Provinces of the Roman Empire" (V. II.).

We can know best whence the Magi came by the gifts which they offered to the Infant Saviour. St. Matthew writes: "When Jesus therefore was born in Bethlehem of Juda, in the days of King Herod,

behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying: Where is he that is born King of the Jews? And behold the star, which they had seen in the east, went before them until it came and stood over where the child was. And entering into the house they found the child with Mary his mother, and falling down they adored him; and opening their treasures they offered him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh."

Arabia was the land of gold (III. Kings x., 15), frankincense and myrrh at the time when the star of Jacob shone upon the earth. Its rich plains and low-lying valleys abounded with odoriferous shrubs and aromatic trees, and its mines teemed with gold. Its ships and caravans brought the gold and spices of the East to the various markets of the world, and so it prospered exceedingly until Mahometanism arose and threw the blight of its evil influence over Araby the Blest. The goldsmiths and silversmiths of Oman were renowned throughout the Eastern nations, and its alluvial plains were covered to the foot of its lofty mountains with spice-bearing shrubs and trees.

O'er Dhofar's plains the richest incense breathes.—Camoens.

Hadramant, in Southern Arabia, the Sabæa of the Roman poets and the Saba of Holy Writ, was rich in gold, in cinnamon and in spices of every sort, and its wealthy merchants sailed on every sea and their merchandise were seen in every bazar of Palestine, Egypt and Persia.

Centumque Sabiæo
Thure calent aræ.—Virgil.

The Kingdom of Yemen, which was called Arabia Felix by the ancients, was the chief seat of the spice industry. Its wide valleys were fragrant with every kind of sweet-scented shrubs, and its harbors were filled with ships bearing their rich freight to many foreign lands. The harbors of Sheher and Dowani, whence Arabian incense was sent yearly to smoke on Jewish altars and in Persian palaces, are now silted up with sand, and the crumbling stones of ruined cities now strew the plain; but Arabian sailors when sailing in their clumsy barques on the waters of the Red Sea or the Persian Gulf, still sing of the frankincense of their native land as the French peasant sings of his vines and the Italian husbandman sings of his green olive groves. The Sabæans were the most renowned for their frankincense, as Pliny writes (N. Hist. vi., 32).

Solis est thurea virga Sabæis.—Virgil.

Pliny relates how "when Alexander the Great was a youth he burned incense unsparingly on the altars, and that his teacher,

Leonides, chided him for his prodigality, saying that he might thus worship as soon as he had conquered the frankincense-producing people; but when he had subdued Arabia he (Alexander) sent to him a vessel laden with frankincense, exhorting him meanwhile to worship the gods with generosity" (xxii.). Pliny, who in his "Natural History" gives a full description of the products of the then known world, asserts that frankincense was found nowhere save in Arabia, and not everywhere even there. (Lib. xii.)

Whilst Arabia was growing rich by its widespread commerce of gold and spices, Persia, crushed beneath the sway of its warlike Parthian rulers, had become merely a great military empire, ever warring against the might of Rome. The Prophet Ezechiel, when describing the glories of Tyre, declares that its wealthy citizens got fine linen from Egypt, silver, tin and lead from Carthage, slaves and vessels of brass from Greece, silk and precious stones from Syria, lambs, rams, kids, spices, precious gems and gold from Arabia, and Persians, Lydians and Lybians were the soldiers of her army (xxvii.).

Some writers who favor the opinion that the Magi were natives of Persia draw attention to the fact that the wise men who came to lay their gifts at the feet of the Infant Saviour are represented on the mural frescoes and sarcophagi in the Catacombs at Rome as wearing the pointed head dress, tunic, cloak and sandals of the Persians; but the Southern Arabians were Persians in dress and customs, and they wore the Persian high-pointed cap, as Pliny states in his history: "Arabes mitrati degunt, aut intonso crine."

There has been a widespread tradition always in the Catholic Church that the Magi, who followed the star from the East to the birthplace of the Messiah, were Kings or Princes. St. Ephrem calls them "Princes" and Tertullian calls them "almost Kings." He states that nearly the whole Eastern world looked upon them as Kings: "Nam et Magos Reyesfere habet Oriens;" and St. Isidore of Seville writes that they were held as Kings by the East: "Nam et Magos reges habuit Oriens." St. Augustine in one of his sermons also asserts that they were Kings.

There were at all times independent Princes or Kings in Arabia from the beginning of the Arabian people until the Christian era. Ismael was the father and founder of the Arabian race, as St. Jerome writes: "Cedar, the second son of Ismael, gave his name to Arabia. Cedar is the country of the Saracens, who in Scripture are called Ismaelites." When the fierce Arab warriors in after years, filled with Moslem ferocity, overran the fertile plains of Palestine and Syria, and by wiles and force of arms captured their strongly built fortresses and high-walled cities, Constantine, son of the Emperor Heraclius, who was commander-in-chief of the Greco-Roman

army, entered into a treaty of peace with Amru, the leader of the Mahommedan host, which lay encamped beneath the walls of Cæsarea. He then upbraided the Arabian general for waging war upon the Greco-Roman Empire, reminding him that the Romans and Greeks and Arabians were brethren, as they were descendants alike of the Patriarch Noah; and, although the Arabians were children of Ismael, the son of a slave and concubine, it was sinful, nevertheless, for brethren to fight against each other. But the proud Arab warrior answered that what Constantine had said was true, and that the Arabians gloried in having Ismael for their forefather. God promised to Abraham that He would bless and increase Ismael, who dwelt from Hevilah to Sur, which looketh towards Egypt, and that he should beget chieftains and become a great nation (Genesis xvii.). And when Ismael and his mother, the Egyptian bondswoman, having been banished from their home by Abraham, through the jealousy of his wife Sara, had wandered, weary and footsore, through the wilderness beyond the Jordan, an angel sent from heaven renewed the promise to her as she laid her child beneath a tree, waiting afar off to see him die of want before her eyes, saying that he should become a great nation, and that his sons should become "the twelve princes of their tribes" (Genesis xxv.). King Solomon got gold from the Kings and Governors of Arabia. "And the weight of gold that was brought to Solomon was six hundred and sixty talents of gold, besides what the men, who were over the tribute brought to him, and the merchants, and they that sold by retail, and all the Kings of Arabia, and the governors of the country" (III. Kings x., 15). The Greek historian Strabo, who lived at the beginning of the Christian era, states in his geography that in his time there were many independent chieftains in the Arabian Peninsula. But there were then neither Princes nor independent Kinglets in the great Parthian Empire of Erân (Persia).

Balaam, the son of Beor, who dwelt by the river of the land of Ammon, having come to Arabia Petræa at the invitation of Balac, King of Moab (Numbers xxiii.), foretold the coming of the great Ruler and Redeemer of the world, saying: "A star shall arise out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall spring up from Israel" (Numbers xxiv.). The knowledge of this prediction, as St. Jerome writes, found its way into the country of Arabia, and it made known to the inhabitants of Saba the coming of a wonderful star from heaven. Men looked forward throughout the ages to the fulfilment of this prophecy. The knowledge of it spread even to Rome, for Suetonius (A. D. 75-160) writes: "An ancient and abiding belief had pervaded the whole Eastern world that it was decreed that then there should come from Judea those who would gain the mastery." And the Roman his-

torian Tacitus (A. D. 51-117) writes: "Many were persuaded that it was written in the ancient documents of the priests that the East should then bear sway, and that from Judea should come forth those who would rule the world." Nowhere was the prophecy of Balaam so well known as in Arabia, where it had been uttered.

The Arabian Princes were wont then, as it is still the custom, to ascend after sunset to the flat-roofed housetops of their palaces, and seating themselves clad in saffron-colored garments with golden-hilted swords by their side, to listen to the ancient tales and traditions of their nation beneath the dark blue sky glittering with numberless bright stars. When, as St. Jerome writes, the fulness of time had come, a star suddenly appeared in the heavens and the wise men, having searched into the meaning of their time-worn manuscripts, and being strengthened by the ancient traditions, hastened forward to Judea to greet the new-born King of the Jews. This star, writes St. Augustine, was a magnificent voice that spoke from heaven; and as the voice of the Apostles announced to us the Gospel, so the star made known to them the birth of the Redeemer.

Whilst the heaven-sent Babe of Bethlehem, as He lay in the arms of His Mother, was beginning His life of expiatory suffering for the redemption of mankind, the Magi sped onwards through the bleak sandy deserts of Arabia and the rock-strewn valleys of Moab to lay their mystic treasures at His sacred feet. They left their pleasant homes, their affairs of state and their native land, led by the silent star, as representatives of the heathen world moving onwards by an invisible power to the manger throne of the promised Redeemer. They bestowed with loving worship their worldly wealth on the new-born Child, and they received in return the heavenly riches of faith, hope and charity; and going back by another way to their own country, they became the Apostles of their nation. An ancient tradition states that the Apostle St. Thomas baptized them when he was on his way to India.

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Scientific Chronicle

A RETROSPECT OF 1905.

Although the Chronicle is a continual retrospect, and as such should include everything of scientific import during each quarter, the limitations of space impose upon us the duty of a judicious selection, which selection necessarily leaves out much of interest and worth. This will warrant us in attempting a brief resumé of the achievements of the past year in pure and applied science.

During the last twelve months a number of great engineering works have been completed, or have made rapid progress. Not to speak again of the reclamation work in the West, the year saw completion of two great reservoirs, the Wachusett reservoir for Boston's water supply, and the new Croton reservoir for that of New York. The former is notable for its dam, which is 129 feet high, measured from the ground, and 158 measured from its lowest foundation. The corresponding data for the latter give 157 feet and 297 feet. The Boston dam impounds 63,000,000,000 gallons of water, that of New York 32,000,000,000. A portion of the Jerome Park reservoir for New York city is ready for water, and the first steps have been taken for providing this city with an additional water supply of from 500,000,000,000 to 600,000,000,000 gallons. While speaking of dams we must mention the great sea wall of Galveston, a huge wall of concrete four and one-half miles in length and seventeen feet in height, tapering from a width of sixteen feet at the base to one of five feet at the crest. It rests on piles which have been sunk to a depth of forty feet and is protected in front by an apron of granite rip-rap thirty-five feet wide and three feet deep. Very different in its purpose and method of construction was the dam built by the commissioners of Victoria Park, on the Canadian side of Niagara, in order to raise the level of the water at the water-works' intake. This dam was erected as a concrete column, fifty feet high and seven feet four inches square, on top of a trestle twenty feet high. The column was tipped over, breaking into six parts as it fell through the agency of five wedges which had been inserted at intervals of about eight feet, the six parts being kept together by a huge chain which passed through the centre.

The two methods of river crossing—bridging and tunneling—have kept close together during the year. We have already spoken in the Chronicle of the completion of the Victoria Falls Bridge

over the Zambesi river. Gratifying progress has also been made on the great cantilever bridge across the St. Lawrence at Quebec, with a main span of 1,800 feet, the longest in the world. A second tunnel has been finished under the Hudson at New York, and the work of joining this and its twin with the new railroad terminus uptown is proceeding with unexpected rapidity. A very notable feature in engineering construction during the year has been the great increase in the use of reinforced concrete. The indications are that this material will work as great a revolution in building as that wrought by Bessemer steel not so many years ago.

A very astounding result of the Russo-Japanese War has been the fact that the Japanese navy has been increased nearly fifty per cent. in tonnage, mainly through the addition of Russian vessels captured or refloated by them. Japan now ranks fifth among the navies of the world, or next to the United States. In the merchant marine the tendency is now to build larger and roomier vessels of moderate speed, but capable of carrying a great cargo and with accommodations for several thousand passengers. The new Hamburg-American liner Amerika is a type of these, having a speed of seventeen knots and a passenger capacity of nearly 5,000, including the crew. The turbine liner has enhanced its prestige during the year. Three of these steamers are now in transatlantic service and one has made a successful thirty and one-half day trip from Glasgow to Australia. The turbine steamer King Edward in the English Channel service during eighty days of sailing consumed 1,429 tons of coal in steaming 12,116 knots, whereas a similar vessel with reciprocating engines consumed 1,909 tons in steaming 12,106, the average speed for both being 18½ knots. An entire novelty has been the appearance of a sixty-foot vessel driven by a producer-gas engine at a speed of thirteen miles an hour. This boat, the first of its kind, ran ten hours at the above speed and consumed only 467 pounds of anthracite, costing $1.08.

In astronomy we have had the notable discovery of the sixth and seventh satellites of Jupiter by Professor Perrine, of Lick Observatory, as well as the discovery of a tenth satellite to Saturn by Professor W. H. Pickering, the discoverer of the ninth. This latest companion to the nine is extremely minute and is beyond the power of the telescope, having been discovered by photography. Photography, by the way, seems to have proved conclusively the existence of the canals on Mars. The same agent has been of much service during the total eclipse of the sun of August last, which was viewed with varying success in different parts of the globe by many astronomers. One thing of interest connected with these observations has been attention devoted in many cases to the

so-called "shadow bands" well described by a writer in the *Observatory* as "long dark bands, or sometimes lines of patches, separated by white spaces, which are seen on the ground or sides of buildings just before and just after the total phase of an eclipse, moving rapidly." Two theories are offered to account for these bands, the first being that they are diffraction phenomena, the second that they are due to the interference of two pencils of sunlight which have passed through adjacent layers of air of different densities. The latter seems the better explanation, for if the bands were due to refraction, it is hard to see why they do not move over the earth's surface at the same relative speed as the moon and the earth, *i. e.,* about a mile a second. The fact is that they move only a few yards or feet a second. These bands are of interest to meteorologists, who hope to learn something from them of the movements of the upper currents of the atmosphere.

We must mention here the discovery of a new star in the constellation of aquila by Mrs. Fleming, an observer of the Howard Observatory, on a star plate taken there. This is the second "nova" of this constellation, the first having been discovered in 1899. Schaen, of Geneva, in Switzerland, discovered a new bright comet on the night of November 17. During the year it has been forcibly brought home to astronomers that variable stars are exceedingly numerous. The number known has been doubled within a year, and the indications are that these will be added to enormously when new plates are examined with this object.

Those of our readers who are interested in geology will hear with interest of the discovery of an undoubted glacial deposit in China, immediately underlying cambrian strata. There seems to be a growing impression among geologists that the severe change of climate that brought about the glacial epoch was frequently repeated in the course of the geological ages.

RECENT PROGRESS OF THE RECLAMATION SERVICE.

It was inevitable that, when the area of well-watered land in our Western States, which was available for settlement, should have dwindled away under the increasing tide of immigrants, that attention should be turned to the arid lands that abound in these regions, and that the possibility of rendering them available by irrigation should be discussed. The result of the discussion was the establishment of the United States Reclamation Service, which at present has eight projects under construction, the area of irrigable land

involved amounting to eight million acres, at a cost of over $17,000,000, in Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Nebraska, Wyoming, Nevada, New Mexico and South Dakota, while there are plans for the reclaiming of a million acres more in California, Oregon, Montana and North Dakota.

On the 17th of last June an immense irrigating canal was formally opened in the State of Nevada, and thirty thousand acres of desert land were thereby made amenable to cultivation. This marked the first stage in the completion of what is known as the Truckee-Carson Irrigation Project, whereby 375,000 acres of productive land will be added to the acreage of the State of Nevada, which has an arid area of 36.15 per cent. and an agricultural area of only 12 per cent. A brief description of the plan of this work and of its completed portion will give a good idea, it is hoped, of the progress and methods of the Reclamation Service. Something will be added about a similar work in Arizona.

The arid area in Nevada under consideration was once the bed of an ancient lake, called Lake Lahontan, which covered 8,422 square miles in Western Nevada and was 500 feet deep. During the existence of this lake the soil of the valleys was deposited. As the climate grew dry the lake shrunk, leaving as remnants in the southern and western portions of its basin six lakes which still exist, of which two, Pyramid Lake and Lake Winnemucca, were fed by the Truckee river, a stream rising in Lake Lahoe, situated at the foot of the Sierras on the California-Nevada boundary, outside the old boundary of Lake Lahontan, while two more, North and South Carson Lakes, were fed by the Carson river, which arises in the high Sierras and is fed by melted snow and numerous small lakes. The enormous amount of water poured into these lakes was wasted. A few dozen miles away were over 200,000 acres of desert land, only waiting for water to transform them into gardens. So an immense dam was planned which should divert the waters of the Truckee river so as to permit of their union with the waters of the Carson river by means of a canal thirty-one miles long. This canal is known as the Main Truckee Canal, and discharges its water into the Carson river at a point nine miles west of Leetville, in Churchill county, Nevada, where a reservoir has been constructed and from which it flows in the channel of the river to a diversion dam at the head of a distributary system of smaller canals and ditches, some of which are for drainage and of which 250 of the projected 1,200 miles have been completed.

To guard against excessive diminution of the water supply dams have been built to raise the level of Lakes Tahoe and Donner, and five reservoirs for storage will be provided on the upper Truckee,

three on the upper Carson and one on the lower Carson. An interesting feature is the use of concrete in the construction of these reservoirs and for lining portions of the canals, but especially for lining throughout the three tunnels along the Truckee. Provision has been made for accidents to the canal by the construction of two wasteways, by which the waters of the canal can be quickly emptied into the Truckee river, and in case of overflow two spillways will throw the excess of water back into the river again.

It is popularly supposed that the providing of water for spreading over an arid region is all that is necessary to insure its reclamation. But this provision would be of small advantage if a complementary drainage system were not provided, not only to prevent what is called the water-logging of the soil, but also to keep the alkali, so large in amount in arid regions, from ruining its productiveness by becoming concentrated. Such a drainage system has been provided, although it has increased the cost from $5 to $10 an acre. It will take eight years to complete the entire work, which will cost, according to estimate, $9,000,000, a good percentage of the $17,000,000 spoken of above.

In Arizona the engineers of the Reclamation Service are constructing what will be, when completed, the highest dam in the world—250 feet high. The waters to be retained by this dam will irrigate 250,000 acres of land about Phœnix. The project, known as the Salt River Reclamation Project, is to cost $3,000,000. The engineering problems involved can be imagined from the fact that before the dam could be commenced eighty miles of road had to be constructed. An instance of economy in engineering is furnished in connection with the building of the dam. Cement delivered at the dam site would have cost $4.81 a barrel. The government can make it for $1.60 a barrel. The plant for making this cement cost $120,000, which will make the total cost of each of the 200,000 barrels needed $2.20, making a total saving of $522,000.

THE ANTI-TRADE WINDS.

The existence of the steadily blowing winds from the northeast and northwest in the Northern Hemisphere, and from the southeast and southwest in the Southern, is a familiar fact in meteorology. The northeast and southeast winds, being usually below the other two, are more popularly known as the "trade winds," although the others ought to be included in this designation also. Some meteorologists have claimed the existence of an anti-trade wind belt blowing

from the southeast, south and southwest, above the trades. This has been denied by others, who claim that the observed phenomena, which gave the foundation for this theory, were purely local. In the October number of the QUARTERLY we inserted a notice of some experiments which were being carried on over a portion of the tropical Atlantic, under the auspices of Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch, of the well-known Blue Hill Observatory, and Mr. L. Teisserenc de Bort, of the Observatory of Trappes. In the words of these gentlemen, from a communication to *Nature:* "The results confirm the accepted theory of the *trades* and upper *anti-trade* in those parts of the Atlantic explored by the Otaria (between latitudes 11 and 37 degrees north, longitudes 15 and 26 degrees west), and prove that, contrary to the opinion of Professor Hergesell, there exists a return current or anti-trade, with a well-defined southerly component."

THE PANAMA CANAL.

The widely prevalent interest in this great waterway, the completion of which means so much for the commerce of the world, will be sufficient justification for a description of the various plans under discussion and for a resumé of the advantages and disadvantages of each.

As the crow flies, the distance between Colon on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus and Panama on the Pacific is about thirty-six miles; but the route which the canal will follow, which is that of the present Panama Railroad, is about twenty miles longer. The original plan of the old Panama Canal Company called for a sea-level canal, with a depth of 29.5 feet, a bottom width of 72 feet and a total length of 47 miles. Leading direct from Colon, it ran to Gatun, six miles to the southeast of Colon, where it entered the valley of the Chagres river, which it was to follow for a distance of twenty-one miles to Obispo, passing thence into the valley of a small tributary of the Chagres, cutting through the continental divide at Colebra and going by way of the valley of the Rio Grande to the Bay of Panama. At the point where the canal cuts it the Culebra divide is 334 feet above sea level. Here is situated the great "Culebra Cut." A difficulty in this plan, as in all others, was the control of the flood waters of the Chagres river, floods sometimes reaching enormous proportions. The method that appealed most to the engineers was that of damming the waters of the upper river and leading the surplus waters off by two independent channels. De Lesseps estimated the cost of this canal at $127,000,000, and required eight years

for its completion. When it was found impossible to build in this time with the money then available, an expedient of a lock canal for temporary use was adopted, but this, too, failed, and work ceased altogether in May, 1889.

The new Panama Canal Company declared for a lock canal. The French engineers offered two plans. In one there were two levels above the sea, the one on the Atlantic side created by damming the Chagres at Bohio, about sixteen miles from Colon; the other, the summit level, to be supplied by water from a reservoir in the upper Chagres valley, the ascent to these and the descent to the Pacific levels to be made in each case by a flight of two locks. In the other plan there was only one level above the sea, that of the enormous Lake Bohio, formed by the damming of the Chagres at that place, which would be entensive enough to control the floods, or nearly so. This plan is fundamentally that of the first Isthmian Canal Commission, except that, for good reasons, the engineers of this commission would raise the level of Lake Bohio from 32 to 90 feet above sea level. The present commission, however, favors a sea level canal. They would control the waters of the Chagres by a dam at Gamboa near Obispo. Indeed the advantages of this site for a dam over that at Bohio must have greatly influenced their decision. The differences in the height of the tides on either side of the Isthmus would be regulated by a tidal lock at Minaflores, six miles from the Bay of Panama. This sea level canal would cost $230,500,000 and would take from ten to twelve years to construct. In the opinion of the engineering committee of the commission this time and expense are both justified. The advantages of the sea level project over the lock canal are summed up by the committee as follows: "It would be a waterway with no restriction to navigation, and which could easily be enlarged by widening or deepening, at any time in the future, to accommodate an increased traffic without any inconvenience to the shipping using it, whereas a lock canal is in reality a permanent restriction to the volume of traffic and size of ships that use it. Although it is possible to design and construct locks adapted to the future transformation to a sea level canal, that transformation cannot be made without serious inconvenience to navigation and at a cost so great as to be excessive.

"The additional cost of a sea level canal over that of a canal with locks, with a summit level of 60 feet above mean tide, is $52,462,000, or $79,742,000 more than the estimated cost of the lock canal with a summit level 85 feet above mean tide, proposed by the former Isthmian Canal Commission, after allowing $6,500,000 for the Colon breakwater and direct entrance not previously estimated."

In the popular mind the problem of excavation is the most prominent feature and the most absorbing. But there is another problem, of lesser magnitude perhaps, but whose solution is, or rather was, for it has been well-nigh completed, vital to the success of the digging—the problem of sanitation. During the operations of the French company the loss of life from fever and disease was frightful. Much of this loss, if not all, could be traced to the filth that abounded everywhere. There was no drainage and no pure water supply. Fever-bearing mosquitoes bred in millions. Conditions, in fact, were so awful that there was great difficulty in obtaining sufficient labor. Under the direction of Governor Magoon a transformation is being effected. The whole Isthmus is being literally scrubbed and fumigated. The effect of this is shown by the following figures, taken from an address by Theodore P. Shonts, chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission. In June last there were 62 cases of yellow fever there; in July, 42; in August, 27; in September, 6, and in October, the worst month of the year for yellow fever, 3. In August, 1882, the second year of the French occupancy, with a force of 1,900 men, the death rate was 112 per 1,000. In August, 1905, with a force of 12,000 men, there were only eight deaths, or two-thirds of a man per 1,000. To use a hackneyed phrase, "these figures speak for themselves."

THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

A report has just come from Alaska that the historic Northwest Passage, the goal of many explorers for centuries, has been at last discovered and traversed by Captain Roand Amundsen, of Norway, who also succeeded in locating definitely the North Magnetic Pole on King William Island. The report has not been confirmed, but it has all the appearances of truthworthiness.

M. J. Ahern, S. J.

Boston, Mass.

Book Reviews

THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. In twelve volumes. Edited by William Hunt, D. Litt., and Reginald L. Poole, M. A.
Vol. II. From the Norman Conquest to the Death of John (1066—1216). By George Burton Adams, Professor of History in Yale University.
Vol. X. From the Accession of George III. to the Close of Pitt's First Administration (1760—1801). By William Hunt, M. A., D. Litt., President of the Royal Historical Society.
Demy, 8vo., each about 500 pages, with index and maps. Sold separately or in sets. Each volume complete. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This is one of the most important literary announcements of the year. England has occupied so large a place in the world's history, especially in former times, that she is constantly in the student's eye. No other country has had so many historians, and yet time passes so rapidly and events succeed one another so quickly that a permanent periodical publication would be required to keep pace with them. Since the student has not time to follow such a history, even if it were written, he must look forward with much pleasure to the production of a work like that before us.

It is being completed quickly because it does not depend on the labors of one man only, but is the joint production of a corps of able editors chosen because of their special fitness for the work; it is being written at a specially opportune time, when the accumulation of materials for such a work is most encouraging; and it is called a political history, not because it records political events only, but because it is written from the political point of view, which has always been the most prominent point in English history.

We hope in the future to be able to examine the merits of the work in greater detail, and to quote from it that our readers may understand the temper of the editors on mooted points. For the present we cannot do more than call attention to the necessity for such a history, to the excellent planning of the publishers and to the promise of ultimate success in every particular which the appearance of the first three volumes holds out to us. We consider the work sufficiently important to print the publisher's announcement and description of the volumes entire:

"Seventy-five years have passed since Lingard completed his 'History of England,' which ends with the Revolution of 1688. During that period historical study has made a great advance. Year after year the mass of materials for a new history of England has increased; new lights have been thrown on events and characters, and old errors have been corrected. Many notable works have been

written on various periods of our history; some of them at such length as to appeal almost exclusively to professed historical students. It is believed that the time has come when the advance which has been made in the knowledge of English history as a whole should be laid before the public in a single work of fairly adequate size. Such a book should be founded on independent thought and research, but should at the same time be written with a full knowledge of the works of the best modern historians and with a desire to take advantage of their teaching wherever it appears sound.

"The vast number of authorities, printed and in manuscript, on which a history of England should be based, if it is to represent the existing state of knowledge, renders coöperation almost necessary and certainly advisable.

"This History is an attempt to set forth in a readable form the results at present attained by research. It will consist of twelve volumes by twelve different writers, each of them chosen as being specially capable of dealing with the period which he undertakes, and the editors, while leaving to each author as free a hand as possible, hope to ensure a general similarity in method of treatment, so that the twelve volumes may in their contents, as well as in their outward semblance, form one History.

"As its title imports, this History will primarily deal with politics, with the history of England and, after the date of the union with Scotland, Great Britain, as a state or body politic; but as the life of a nation is complex, and its condition at any given time cannot be understood without taking into account the various forces acting upon it, notices of religious matters and of intellectual, social and economic progress will also find place in these volumes.

"The footnotes will, so far as is possible, be confined to references to authorities, and references will not be appended to statements which appear to be matters of common knowledge and do not seem to call for support. Each volume will have an appendix giving some account of the chief authorities, original and secondary, which the author has used. This account will be compiled with a view of helping students rather than of making long lists of books without any notes as to their contents or value.

"That the History will have faults both of its own and such as will always in some measure attend coöperative work, must be expected, but no pains have been spared to make it, so far as may be, not wholly unworthy of the greatness of its subject.

"Each volume, while forming part of a complete History, will also in itself be a separate and complete book, will be sold separately, and will have its own index and two or more maps.

"Vol I., to 1066. By Thomas Hodgkin, D. C. L., Litt. D., Fellow

of University College, London; Fellow of the British Academy. In January, 1906.

"Vol. II., 1066 to 1216. By George Burton Adams, M. A., Professor of History in Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut. In October, 1905.

"Vol. III., 1216 to 1377. By T. F. Tout, M. A., Professor of Mediæval and Modern History in the Victoria University of Manchester; formerly Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford. In November, 1905.

"Vol. IV., 1377 to 1485. By C. Oman, M. A., Fellow of All Souls' College and Deputy Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford.

"Vol. V., 1485 to 1547. By H. A. L. Fisher, M. A., Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford.

"Vol. VI., 1547 to 1603. By A. F. Pollard, M. A., Professor of Constitutional History in University College, London.

"Vol. VII., 1603 to 1660. By F. C. Montague, M. A., Professor of History in University College, London; formerly Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford.

"Vol. VIII., 1660 to 1702. By Richard Lodge, M. A., Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh; formerly Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford.

"Vol. IX., 1702 to 1760. By I. S. Leadam, M. A., formerly Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford.

"Vol X., 1760 to 1801. By the Rev. William Hunt, M. A., D. Litt., Trinity College, Oxford. In September, 1905.

"Vol XI., 1801 to 1837. By the Hon George C. Brodrick, D. C. L., late Warden of Merton College, Oxford, and J. K. Fotheringham, M. A., Magdalen College, Oxford; Lecturer in Classics at King's College, London.

"Vol. XII., 1837 to 1901. By Sidney J. Low, M. A., Balliol College, Oxford; formerly Lecturer on History at King's College, London."

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF THE CONFESSIONAL. A Guide in the Administration of the Sacrament of Penance. By *Dr. Casper A. Schieler*, Professor of Moral Theology at the Diocesan Seminary of Mayence. Edited by Rev. H. J. Heuser, D. D., Professor of Theology at Overbrook Seminary. Introduction by the Most Rev. S. G. Messmer, D. D., D. C. L., Archbishop of Milwaukee. Pp. 662. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers, Printers to the Holy Apostolic See, 1905.

Probably the first thought in the mind of a priest who sees the announcement of this book is one of surprise that a work of moral theology should be published in the vernacular. We have all heard discussions on the subject, and we have been informed that such

works have been brought out in the German and Italian languages. We know also that some years ago an English translation of Capellman's "Pastoral Medicine" came from the press in this country, but we remember, too, that its appearance excited a great deal of unfavorable comment, and rather shocked our sense of the proprieties. It has been out of print for several years and was never republished. We have heard that the ecclesiastical authorities objected to it, but we do not know if this is true. Thoughts like these must have been in the mind of the editor of the book before us when he began the preface with the following words:

"An English translation of Dr. Schieler's exhaustive work on 'The Sacrament of Penance,' for the use of theological students and missionary priests had been advised by some of our Bishops and professors of theology. It was felt that, under present conditions, a work in the vernacular on a subject which involved to a very large extent the practical direction of souls was an actual necessity for many to whom the Latin texts dealing with the important questions of the confessional were for one reason or another insufficient.

"There was one serious objection to the publication of a work in English which, since it deals with most delicate subjects, might for this reason cause an unqualified or prejudiced reader to misunderstand or pervert its statements, so as to effect the very opposite of what is intended by the Church in her teaching of moral and pastoral theology. Between the two dangers of a lack of sufficient practical means to inform and direct the confessor and pastoral guide of souls in so difficult and broad a field as is presented by the missions in English-speaking countries, and the fear that a manual from which the priest derives his helpful material of direction may fall into the hands of the ill-advised for whom it is not intended, the latter seems the lesser evil, albeit it may leave its deeper impression upon certain minds that see no difficulty in using the sources of information in which the Latin libraries abound.

"One proof of both the necessity and the superior advantage of having a vernacular expression of this branch of theological literature for the use of students and priests in non-Latin countries is readily found in the fact that authorized scholarships and pastoral industry in Germany have long ago seen fit to supply this need for students in its theological faculties, and for priests on the mission, and that the benefit of such a course has shown itself far to overlap the accidental danger of an unprofessional use of the source of moral theology in the hands of a lay reader or one hostile to the Catholic Church who might pervert its doctrine and arouse the zeal of the prudish.

"The work was, therefore, not undertaken without serious weigh-

ing of the reasons for and against its expediency from the prudential as well as moral point of view. As a competent translator of it, the name of the Rev. Richard F. Clark, S. J., of the English Province, whose editions of Spirago's catechetical volumes had given him the advantage of special experience in kindred work, suggested itself to the publishers. Father Clark actually undertook the translation, and had fairly completed it when death overtook him. The manuscript was placed in my hands with a request to prepare it for publication. After much delay, due to a multiplicity of other professional duties, I found it possible with the coöperation of the Rev. Dr. Charles Bruehl, who kindly consented to undertake the principal work of revision, to complete the volume which is now placed at the disposal of our clergy.

"The confessional is a tribunal. It demands a certain knowledge of the law, exercise of discretion and prudence in the application of the law and the wisdom of kindly counsel to greater perfection. As the lawyer, the Judge, the physician learn their rules of diagnosis and prescription in the first instance from books and then from practice, so the future confessor, for three or four years a student of theology, deems it his first and important duty to study moral theology, and this with the single and almost exclusive purpose of making use of it in the confessional. Moral theology gives him the principles of law and right, the rules to apply them to concrete cases and certain precedents by way of illustration, in order to render him familiar with actual and practical conditions. But the young priest learns much more during the first few months and years of his actual ministry by sitting in the confessional and dealing with the consciences of those who individually seek his direction.

"There is some danger that the practical aspect, with all the distracting circumstances of sin's work in the soul, may in time obscure the clear view of principles and make the confessor what the criminal Judge is apt to become during long years of incumbency, oversevere or overindulgent, as his temper dictates. He may thus lose the fine sense of discrimination, that balanced use of fatherly indulgence and needful correction which the position of the representative of eternal justice and mercy demands.

"To obviate this result, which renders the confessional a mere work of routine and absolution, instead of being, as it should be, a means of correction and reform, the priest, like the Judge, needs to read his books of law and to refurbish his knowledge of theory and practice and his sense of discernment. But the theological texts with which he was familiar under the seminary discipline, where nothing distracted him from the attentive use of them, are not now so readily at hand. Their Latin forms are a speech which, if not more strange and difficult than during his seminary course, seems

more distant and uninviting. The priest, even the young priest, would rather review his moral theology in the familiar language in which he is now to express his judgments to his penitents."

It is not our purpose to argue against the publication of a work of this kind in the vernacular, although we are free to confess that we do not believe it should be done, and we think that the necessity for it is growing less each year. With the increased educational facilities in this country, which enable the majority of applicants for the seminary to get a high school education, and with the long course now followed in most of our seminaries, it is rather humiliating to have to confess that any priest requires English text-books. We do hold that nothing short of necessity warrants the risk involved.

When all this is said, however, we must acknowledge that those who are in favor of English manuals of moral theology cannot find a better argument for their contention than this book. Excellent in the original, it must have gained much in value by passing through the hands of Rev. Richard F. Clark, S. J., and Rev. H. J. Heuser, D. D. Those who knew the translator, and know the editor, need not be told that their names are a guarantee of learning, prudence and accuracy. Instead of giving the table of contents we prefer to call attention to the salient points in the words of the editor:

"Of special importance are the suggestions in the third chapter, touching the integrity of the confession; the number, circumstances, certain and doubtful, of the sins and the reasons which excuse the penitent from making a complete confession; likewise the treatment of invalid confession, their purpose, necessity or danger, as the case may be; satisfaction, its acceptance or commutation.

"The main object of the treatise lies, however, as might be supposed, in the exposition of the confessor's powers and jurisdiction and of the reservation and abuse of faculties. These matters are in the first discussed from the theoretical standpoint. Then follows the application which takes up the second principal part of the work. Here we have the confessor in the act of administering the sacrament. He is told how he is to diagnose the sinner's condition by the proposal of questions and by ascertaining his motives—how far and to what end this probing is lawful and wise. Next the qualities of the confessor, his duties and responsibilities, are set forth in so far as they must lead him to benefit his penitent both in and out of the tribunal of penance. The obligation of absolute secrecy or the sigillum is the subject of an extended chapter.

"From the general viewpoint which the confessor must take of his penitent's condition and the safeguards by which he is to protect the penitent both as accused and accuser, our author leads us into various aspects of the judge's duty towards penitents in particular

conditions. Thus the sinner who is in the constant occasion of relapse into his former sin, the sinner who finds himself too weak to resist temptation, the penitent who aims at extraordinary sanctity, the scrupulous, the convert, form separate topics of detailed discussion. The last part of the volume deals with the subject of confessions of children, of young men and young women, of those who are engaged to be married, of persons living in mixed marriage, of men, religious women, of priests and of the sick and dying."

CHURCH MUSIC. Advent number. Vol. I., December 1, 1905. No. 1. Published quarterly. Annual subscription, $2.00. The Dolphin Press. Philadelphia: 1305 Arch street.

No one who has followed the course of the *Ecclesiastical Review* and the *Dolphin* will be surprised at the appearance of the first number of the new ecclesiastical musical quarterly from the Dolphin Press, and under the editorial direction of Rev. Dr. Henry. On the contrary, those who know Dr. Heuser expected that he would take up this work promptly, because his fame as a leader in ecclesiastical periodical literature is international. Those who realize the lasting importance of the Holy Father's encyclical on church music understand well the necessity for an organ on the subject, and it is a matter for congratulation that it has fallen into such competent hands as those of Dr. Heuser and Dr. Henry. From them we are sure to get the best promptly, and we need not fear to trust ourselves to their guidance.

The subject is so important, and the prospectus of the new publication is so clear and comprehensive that we place it before our readers without any apology:

"*Church Music* will present the following departments: Gregorian Chant, Sacred Polyphony, Modern Church Styles, Congregational Singing, Correspondence, Discussion, Training of Choir Boys, Decrees and Documents, Current Literature, Reviews, Notes and Queries, Special Repertoires.

"It is a curious fact that, up to the present time, our English-speaking choirmasters, organists and singers engaged in Catholic Church work have had no representative organ of ample dimensions. During the months of misinterpretation and misrepresentation of the Pope's famous 'Instruction on Sacred Music,' the need of such a periodical publication has been keenly felt. The binding force of that much-discussed document—the *Motu proprio,* of November 22, 1903—is coming to be more and more realized, and the signs are that it will soon have reëstablished everywhere the pure ecclesiastical music it makes obligatory upon all. Already, indeed, in practically

every diocese throughout the English-speaking world we can point to churches where the reform has been successfully accomplished.

"The *Ecclesiastical Review* has consistently from the beginning—and with redoubled efforts since the publication of the Pope's 'Instruction on Sacred Music'—urged the reform of the abuses mentioned in the Pope's 'Motu proprio.' By article after article, and by published treatise from experienced pens, we have aimed at the practical solution of our choir difficulties and the elimination from our churches of profane and distracting music. And now as a further means to this end we have undertaken, with the enthusiastic coöperation of leading church musicians in every part of the English-speaking world, the publication of *Church Music,* a quarterly for choirmasters, organists and singers, a publication professedly addressed to them, and one in which the clergy are at the same time vitally interested in view of the present movement for reform in church music.

"*Church Music* will be of generous dimensions, each issue containing 112 pages of the same size as the present sheet, with musical supplements to each issue. Briefly, the scope and treatment of the principal departments will be:

"The spirit, uses and execution of Gregorian Chant—so much insisted on in the Papal instruction—will receive adequate treatment at the hands of the most eminent specialists. For instance, beginning with the first issue, *Church Music* will publish serially the authoritative 'Method of Plain Chant,' under the title of 'Gregorian Rhythm, Its Theory and Practice,' upon which Dom Mocquereau is now engaged. The learned prior of the Solesmes Benedictines in this important contribution will sum up the lessons of his long and profound studies in the chant. An excellent feature of this department will be the answering of any difficulties our readers may encounter in their work; and with this end in view, correspondence on questions of any kind relating to the chant is invited.

"To the sacred polyphony of the sixteenth century, founded upon the chant modes, the St. Cæcilia Society have in recent years added many splendid compositions. The Papal instruction makes it incumbent on all choir directors to familiarize themselves thoroughly with this admirable vehicle of religious expression in song. Among other composers and recognized masters of the literature of this art-form we may mention as among our contributors Fr. Ludwig Bonvin, S. J., Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. R. R. Terry, choirmaster of the Westminster Cathedral, London, England, and the Rev. Dr. Henry Bewerunge, Maynooth College, Ireland.

"What are the liturgical laws and the proprieties to be observed in compositions of the modern style? Here is opened up a field for detailed examination. Diocesan commissions will have such ques-

tions before them for practical solution. Here *Church Music* will aid by advice in the selection of repertoires suited to the different conditions and necessities of the various dioceses.

"The department 'Training of Choir Boys' will take account of the best methods of training the voice, of sustaining the interest of the choir boys, of securing constant and punctual attendance at rehearsals, of maintaining discipline during practices, etc., etc.; also questions concerning the best location of the choir in the church or in the sanctuary, due regard being had to the peculiarities of certain styles of church architecture. The movement looking to boy choirs is spreading so rapidly as to make it incumbent on all choir directors, and, indeed, on all concerned, to familiarize themselves as soon as possible with the methods of training of choir boys.

"While the literature of the phase of the reform movement which treats of congregational singing in church services is not very extensive, much of interest has already appeared in non-musical periodicals. *Church Music* will lay before its readers practical articles written by those whose experience in meeting successfully the difficulties involved will assure the validity of their methods and suggestions.

"As it is the purpose of *Church Music* to become a permanent record of easy accessibility in all important matters within the domain of church music, it will make a specialty of decrees and documents.

"In the important department of 'Current Literature' *Church Music* will present in each issue an ample summary or digest of the literature of the reform movement appearing in magazines and reviews—whether in English or in foreign languages—not generally accessible to choir directors. An intelligent survey of this field will be as interesting as it will be useful, and we are sure that this department of *Church Music* will be greatly appreciated by its readers.

"Well-considered 'Reviews' will appear regularly, giving presentations of the scope, plan, achievements of the publication discussed, so that a fair estimate of their value may be had.

"Discussions will be welcomed, due regard always being had for the well-established amenities of controversy. *Church Music* will be irenical in character, since it is recognized that while there should always be freedom in matters doubtful, there must be in all things charity.

"In the department of 'Correspondence' will be given a clear view of the work being done throughout the Catholic world in the domain of church music. Readers will find these pages highly stimulating and informing.

"Requests for information on all details of the theory and practice of plain chant, polyphony and modern church music, training of

choir boys, congregational singing, liturgy, repertoires for special occasions, etc., etc., will be welcomed and submitted for answer to trained and competent specialists.

"*Church Music* begins issue as a quarterly. In choosing this term of publication we have been mindful of the fact that the music of the Catholic Church is essentially liturgical in character, and by following the convenient division of the Breviary in its four seasons —winter, spring, summer, autumn—*Church Music* conforms to the liturgical year. As each ecclesiastical season has practically its own special atmosphere, so each number of *Church Music* will have its own special character and individuality."

OF GOD AND HIS CREATURES. An annotated translation (with some abridgement) of the Summa Contra Gentiles of St. Thomas Aquinas. By *Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* Received from B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Price, $7.00 net.

The favor with which this welcome publication of Father Rickaby is being received in the learned world is a fresh confirmation of the wisdom of the old adage that "Truth is mighty, and shall prevail." For four centuries Protestants, with rare exceptions, have followed the example of Luther in reviling the great Angel of the Schools. It has been recently demonstrated by Father Denifle that Luther's acquaintance with the writings of St. Thomas was of the most superficial kind; that in fact he was blaspheming things he knew next to nothing about. In this he has been followed by his admirers, who affect too much contempt for the Angelic Doctor and the scholastics generally, to take the pains to read their "barbarous Latin." Even in Catholic circles, though St. Thomas has remained throughout the ages the prince of Catholic Doctors, yet he is known to the vast majority only at second hand. This is due largely to the fact that, although the saint is at all times forcible and logical, yet his language, which was perfectly intelligible to his immediate hearers and readers, is now clear to those only who have made a special study of scholastic terminology. This does not mean that such a language was "barbarous," unless we apply the same epithet to the still more grotesque terms of modern science. However, Father Rickably has performed a valuable office to the English-speaking world by rendering this monumental defense of Christianity into the vernacular. And he has accomplished his difficult task so perfectly that his work will last and his name will be associated with the name of his master as long as the English speech shall endure. He wisely decided not to give a slavishly literal rendition of the text, but to endeavor to clothe the author's ideas and

arguments in modern vesture, as the saint would undoubtedly have done were he wrestling with the same problem. "If St. Thomas' works are to serve modern uses," he says, "they must pass from their old Latinity into modern speech; their conclusions must be tested by all the subtlety of present-day science, physical, psychological, historical; maintained, wherever maintainable, but altered where tenable no longer. Thus only can St. Thomas keep his place as a living teacher of mankind." This sensible treatment of a great classical work, destined for all time, would be as acceptable to the saint as it is to the reader.

The work known familiarly as "Summa Contra Gentiles" was written by St. Thomas at the instigation of his great brother Dominican, St. Raymond of Pennafort, who was desirous of putting into the hands of missionaries among the Moors and Jews of Spain and elsewhere a succinct summary of the arguments which sustain the Christian religion. It differs, therefore, from the later and greater "Summa," inasmuch as the arguments are not founded on the authority of Scripture, but on reason. It was composed when the saint was at his prime, a veteran in the art of composition, having read all that had been written pro and con and perfectly acquainted with the errors he meant to confute. No one can compare with the Angelic Doctor, except possibly St. Augustine and Cardinal Newman, in the ability to enter thoroughly into the minds of his opponents, in the candor and fearlessness with which he states their position and arguments, and in the gentleness with which he treats their person whilst mercilessly riddling their errors. What a contrast between this calm, truly philosophic spirit and the brutal violence of the Renaissance and Reformation!

The "Summa Contra Gentiles" is divided into four books. The first treats of the existence and attributes of God; the second, of "God the Origin of Creatures;" the third, of "God as the End of Creatures;" the fourth, of "God as the Author of Supernatural Revelation." The argument advances step by step, like the laying of stone upon stone, until we lay down the book with the feeling that we are standing before a most beautiful edifice founded on the immovable rock.

We must thank Father Rickaby not only for having so ably translated the mediæval Latin into such clear and elegant twentieth century language, making the work entirely modern in tone, but even more for the extremely valuable foot notes which all along illustrate, and at times point out the want of cogency in the arguments, slight defects generally proceeding from a defective knowledge of physical phenomena. It is by all odds the most important English publication of the year and has a great mission in an age of unbelief.

The typographical setting of the work deserves all praise. One picks up the book fearing that its weight will make it unmanageable, but finds, to his surprise, that it is lighter than many a smaller book. The printing is large and clean cut.

HUMILITY OF HEART. From the Italian of Father Cajetan Mary Da Bergamo, Capuchin. By Herbert Cardinal Vaughan. Pp. 211. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. 1905.

The preface, by Bernard Vaughan, S. J., best tells the story:

"The 'Thought and Sentiments of Humility' were written by Cardinal Vaughan during the last months of his life. Being ordered by his medical advisers out of London, the Cardinal went to Derwent, where, as the guest of Lord and Lady Edmund Talbot, he found that perfect freedom and multitude of peace of which he had long felt the need.

"It was while reposing his soul in quiet prayer and feasting his sight on the fine scenery of this ideal spot among the moorlands of Derbyshire that the thought came to him of translating, while yet there was time, Father Cajetan's treatise on humility.

"For more than thirty years Cardinal Vaughan had known and studied that work, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that he made it during the last fourteen years of his life his constant companion, his *vade mecum.*

"What lessons it had taught him, what sights it had shown him, what stories it had told him, those only know to whom he revealed his inmost soul. However, even those who knew the Cardinal less intimately could scarcely fail to realize in their dealings with him that they were treating with a man whose growing characteristic was humility of heart. A more truly humble man I have seldom, if ever, come across. It was the humility of a child, it was so sweet and simple, and yet so strong and saint-like—may I not even venture to say, Christ-like?

"It was the sort of humility that could not go wrong, for it was founded on truth. Does not St. Bernard remind us that 'humility is truth?' It is a truth which, inasmuch as it is a home-thrusting truth, none of us can afford to ignore. It is the truth all about oneself in one's triple alliance with God, with one's neighbor, with one's own soul.

"To his own soul Cardinal Vaughan found so much benefit from the cultivation in it of humility, that he resolved at no small cost to himself, in the feeble state in which he then was, to gird himself and to go forth sowing broadcast, into the soil of the hearts of the laity as well as of clergy, this despised little mustard seed of which men speak so much, but know so little.

"It was Padre Gaetano's work on humility that had been the instrument in God's hand of helping the Cardinal. Accordingly in his zeal for souls he proposed to put it into English, so as to bring the work within the reach of all such as care for the health, growth and strength of their own individual souls in solid virtue.

"That the Cardinal has left us a precious legacy in this treatise on humility will, I feel sure, be the verdict of all who study or who only peruse these pages, done into English from the Italian of the devout Minor Capuchin whose death occurred two centuries ago.

"This treatise is a sort of last will and testament of Cardinal Vaughan, bequeathed to those with whom he was most intimately associated in the work for the good of souls. It is a legacy from one who made humility a life-long study, and who had more opportunities than most of us know for making tremendous strides in it, through the humiliations which he welcomed as most precious opportunities offered him by God for the salvation and sanctification of his soul. May he rest in peace."

PRAYER. By *L'Abbe Henry Bolo*, Vicar General of Beauvais. Translated by Madam Cecilia, religious of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

We always prefer to let some one more competent than ourselves take the reviewing chair, and therefore on this occasion we yield the pen to the Bishop of the author, who thus wrote to him of the book before us:

"My Dear Vicar General: Although I have rarely had the privilege of hearing your eloquent sermons, I have, nevertheless, had some compensation in reading your book on 'The Sublimity of Prayer,' a work of great doctrinal and literary merit. Those same qualities which have made your fame as an orator are noticeable in your writings. You excel in drawing from the Sacred Scriptures the very substance of their poetical style and of their divine inspirations. I find united in your works Scriptural knowledge and personal inspiration woven with consummate art. You grasp so clearly the meaning and the words of Holy Scripture that by your writings your readers are reminded of those old commentaries in which it is difficult to discern where the interpretation begins or where the sacred text ends. While your book contains the authorized Scriptural doctrines, it is also both modern and original. It is clear that, writing on such a subject as prayer, an author need seek no new theories; the essential has been said, and there is nothing important which can be added to the teachings of the fathers and of the doctors of the Church. While wisely avoid-

ing new doctrines as regard the matter, you have admirably succeeded in presenting them under a new form. To a blameless orthodoxy you have added an agreeable and varied mode of expression, fresh comparisons and the attractions of a sympathetic tone. Believe me, I have no intention to address you with mere congratulations, but I venture to add to them my earnest wish that you will continue your literary labors. Heaven has endowed you with a precious gift, the 'gratia sermonis.' I beg of you not to allow this sublime talent to remain sterile. Continue to utilize it for the glory of God and the good of your brethren.

"Accept, my dear Vicar General, the assurance of my affection and devotedness. ✠ FREDERICK, Bishop of Beauvais."

We shall not add one word to this, except to quote the author's preface, which we think proves the words of the Bishop and compels attention to what follows:

"When a man's last hour approaches the lips are silent, the intelligence wanes and finally the heart ceases to beat and the cold rigidity of death sets in. In the human soul the progress of spiritual death follows a like course; for if so many who have received the grace of baptism had not neglected prayer, their intelligence would not have lost the divine light, nor would their heart have been chilled by indifference and neglect of God."

ADDRESSES TO CARDINAL NEWMAN, WITH HIS REPLIES, etc. 1879-81. Edited by the Rev. W. P. Neville (cong. orat.). With two illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co., 91 and 93 Fifth avenue, New York; London and Bombay.

Everything from the pen of Cardinal Newman has a charm all its own, which is irresistible. Probably we shall not receive much more, and the wonder is that there has been so much to receive, and all so rich. The letters in the present book have a special charm, because they show us the mind of the great man in his moment of triumph. Like all great men, he was misunderstood, and misinterpreted, and misquoted, and doubted, and questioned, but finally the Holy Father elevated him to the Cardinalate, and the atmosphere was cleared. A small man at such a time would have tried to make himself large, but a truly great man is humbled by dignity and honors. Cardinal Newman was a truly great man, and he shows it in these letters.

"This volume is given to the public as material actually printed from Fr. Neville's MS., the staple of it almost ready for press at the time of his death. It virtually comes from him.

"It has been deemed best to issue, with as little delay as may be,

what stands complete in itself and forms not an unimportant part of the Cardinal's work. Indeed, some few portions are, perhaps, equal to anything he has written, and deal occasionally with subjects of special interest to the religious world at the present day.

"A prefatory narrative introduces the various replies made by His Eminence to addresses received in 1879-81, on occasion of the Cardinalate conferred upon him in the former year by Pope Leo XIII.

"In an appendix will be found the Italian and Latin versions respectively of two out of three letters given after the prefatory narrative; also a letter from Dr. Newman to Bishop Ullathorne, the terms of which gave rise to the impression that the Cardinalate had been declined; and three notes are added in connection with his journey from Rome, a projected second journey thither, the duties of the Cardinalate, etc. Finally a small index has been added."

ADDRESSES—HISTORICAL, POLITICAL, SOCIOLOGICAL. By *Frederick R. Coudert.* 8vo., pp. 452. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, London. The Knickerbocker Press.

The addresses contained in this book were delivered by their distinguished author at various times throughout his long public life, and are grouped under the following heads: "Arbitration and International Law," "History and Biography," "Morals and Social Problems," "Social Organization."

We feel that Mr. Coudert needs no introduction to the American public, and least of all to the American Catholic public. Nor is any apology required for presenting his addresses to the public. His personal character, his education, his ability as a Christian Catholic gentleman and lawyer render his public utterances very valuable.

"The addresses and articles here brought together comprise but the recoverable fragments of the record of a life singularly broad and useful. Taken up mainly with the work of a profession which vouchsafes little leisure, the life of a lawyer rarely leaves any surviving residuum other than the latent influence born of every effort to make good the reign of law, order and justice. However broad his sympathies, however alive his realization of the manifold fields in which there is good work to be done, it is rare for the lawyer who does not virtually abandon his profession to leave any other record of his usefulness than the evanescent memory of an advocate's labors —'brief as lightning in the collied night.'

"Mr. Coudert's intellectual activity and the wide reach of his sympathies were such that neither the science of the law nor the

active exercise of its profession, deeply as they engrossed his attention, could suffice to absorb the individual or to monopolize his heart and brain. From his college days to the last hours of his life his spirit moved, 'without haste, without rest,' through the orbit of all human interests, throwing out its illuminating sparks and diffusing its cordial warmth upon every endeavor and aspiration within its ken."

RITUALE ROMANUM. Pauli V. Pontificis Maximi iussu editum et a Benedicto XIV. auctum et castigatum, cui Novissima accedit Benedictionum et Instructionum appendix; Editio octava post typicam. 16mo. Neo Eboraci: Sumptibus et Typis Friderici Pustet.

It was our pleasure recently to notice what we considered the best medium-sized Missal on the market, which had come from the house of Pustet, and we are now glad to place beside it what we believe is the most convenient Ritual yet published. Those who use the Ritual constantly feel the need of a small book, yet complete, with paper and type that really make it attractive and practical. Hitherto we have been divided between the large Ritual, badly indexed, and the small "excerpta," which was constantly proving insufficient at some critical moment. In the Ritual which has just come from the Pustet Press we have the ideal book; it is complete, convenient and dignified in size, large enough to be used in the most solemn public functions, and small enough to be carried in the pocket or handbag. We appear to be striking the happy medium in liturgical books. For a while the very large were very fashionable; then there was a demand for the very small; now we are getting the golden mean.